The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

JANUARY
1926
Winnipeg, Canada

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The Gentleman Adventurer—Leslie E. Howlett

Dora O. Thompson *G. Appleby Terrill*

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THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

My Country

THE following words, from an unknown writer are worthy of attention. Sometimes we are satisfied to drift along with no ideal to guide us. This writer believes that our ideal should be more than an increase in material wealth. The great things for which men have lived and fought and died, have been mental and moral improvement, spiritual and social freedom. A nation is great not when its people have something, but when they are something.

"Bless my country with a power that is more than temporal. This is my prayer for my country. I have seen nations that seemed impregnable and all-powerful. I have watched them appear in history and challenge the wonder of mankind. And then I have seen them totter, tumble, and fall, and then lie strewn like wrecks along the coast-line of the world's life, honeycombed by sin, worm-eaten by greed, undermined by injustice, overturned by the course of righteousness moving through the course of events. Such I do not want my nation to be. May her power become eternal, because its foundations are embedded in right and justice, knowledge and truth, and an unselfish public spirit.

"Bless my country with a prosperity that is more than material. This is part of my prayer for my country. I have seen people blinded by the glare of a merely material prosperity, gloating because of an accumulation of crass physical things, content to substitute things of sense for those of the spirit. And then, at points in human history, I have seen nations wealthy with a spiritual prosperity: Greece with her ideal of a rich culture and of the eternal worth of things of the spirit; Israel with her passionate devotion to a vital religion centered about a transforming faith in God; the thrift and stability and sturdy idealism of the European peasant, the fruitful dreaminess of the East, the robust venturesomeness of the conquerors and builders of the New World. Such are the gifts that I crave for my nation.

"I fear the vermin that shall undermine
Senate and citadel and school and shrine:
The worm of greed, the fatted form of ease,
And all the crawling progeny of these—
The vermin that shall honeycomb the towers
And walls of state in unsuspecting hours.

"Bless my country with a people that are more than patriotic. Such is my prayer. Patriotism of the right sort I would not scorn, but the selfish flag-waving that many people use to hide their own greed and self-seeking must not be prayed for by any man. I want my country to excel others, to lead the world, to compel the admiration of mankind, to be the greatest and best, but I want it to win all these signs of leadership by the purity and justice of its institutions, by the fairness of its industry and business, by the worth of its schools, by the idealism of its churches, by the beauty and vigor of its outlook upon life.

"What do we need to guide and keep us whole?
What do we need to prop the state? We need
The fine audacities of honest deed;
The homely, old integrities of soul;
The swift temerities that take the part
Of outcast fight—the wisdom of the heart.
We need the Cromwell fire to make us feel
The public honor or the public trust
To be things as sacred and august
As some white altar where the angels kneel;
We need the faith to go a path untrod,
The power to be alone and vote with God.

The School

WHAT one says about any institution depends largely upon the facts that are before his mind at the time. Is he discussing the church? Then if things are going to suit him, if in his own little assembly everybody, from preacher to the child in the infant class, is happy and interested, he has nothing but good words and kind wishes; but if formalism rules, if there is bickering and dissatisfaction, he may think and say bitter things not only about his church and denomination, but about religion generally. Similarly, in reflecting upon the home, his mind may be influenced by immediate experience, so that he may be either over-optimistic or over-pessimistic.

Just now the public school is under discussion and there appears to be many who are far from satisfied with its contribution to individual and national life. It may be that the criticism is well founded or it may be that the critics are expecting too much, or blaming one institution for shortcomings due to others.

Among the criticisms that appear to stand out are these—the unpractical nature of the course of instruction, the failure to develop the religious sentiments of childhood, the lack of thoroughness in all things.

It is said that much that is in the authorized text-books is antiquated and ridiculous, and is there merely because teachers find it easier to transmit what they know, than what circumstances make essential. For instance, it is asked why pupils spend so long on grammar and yet not find any practical value in the study, and why they spend so long in the study of arithmetic and yet fail when face to face with life situations. This is no doubt a justifiable criticism, and it applies not only to these two subjects but to nearly everything. Pupils spend time in skimming the pages of books, but really do not know how to read; they can spell words of interminable length but make errors in ordinary letter writing; they can tell about Caesar, Cicero, and Alexander, but know next to nothing of the constitution of modern society. And all of this because the text book rules.

Yet if one is in better temper and can transport himself into the past when he himself attended school he will perhaps say that it was always so. Children do not go to school to get that which they are bound to pick up outside of schools, but to master in a systematic way the elementary truths and aptitudes upon which all knowledge and culture depend. Naturally the school will emphasize other things than were placed in the front fifty years ago, because the homes do not make the same contribution as formerly. For instance, fifty years ago manufacture was carried on in the homes and children learned a thousand things they miss today. Some of these the school does well to teach. Hand-work is a sample. Then, too, the world has hundreds of things to talk about that were unknown in the days of our childhood. A child of today takes the automobile, the telephone, the radio and the aeroplane for granted. The old knowledge would be a misfit. It is ever so in matters social and religious. The only question that is pertinent is this: Does the school, considering all the circumstances, give the training which is not practical or does it give a training which is bookish, teacherish and ultra-scholastic? We are inclined a little to the latter view.

The second criticism that the school does not impart religious information is true, but it is not a valid criticism, for it is not the function of the school to give such information. None the less does the school exercise a great religious influence in every way. Probably it does more to develop reverence and righteousness than home and church combined, and this, though from necessity it has to dispense with formal religious teaching. It is to be regretted, however, that home and church are failing in their task. They will fail even more hopelessly, if they ask the school to assume their duties. After all the school does not give all education, and it should not be expected to give it. To institutionalize life would be disastrous. Let the home and the church accept their task and it will be found that indirectly the school is their greatest assistant, for on the whole it extols the two great virtues that religion seeks to enthrone.

The third criticism, that pupils are lacking in thoroughness is possibly true. It is true also of adults as well. It applies not only to learning in school but to everything in life. The circle of knowledge has grown so rapidly that it is difficult for any one to be thorough. Yet it should be possible to rewrite text books and to outline topics worthy of consideration in school in such a way as to distinguish between matters of primary and secondary importance. Many of the things pupils are asked to learn at school should not be learned at all. No attempt should be made to fix them in memory. It is enough that one knows where to find the information when called upon to furnish it. But there are other things, such as the multiplication table, the usual business forms, the spelling of simple words, the names of great world-centres, the laws of health, that every child should know. Probably the school has failed to distinguish clearly between important and unimportant, and possibly it has exaggerated the importance of text book and minimized the importance of life situations.

It is a good thing for a public institution to be under fire, but those who manage the guns should not be unduly offensive. It isn't very easy for a teacher to manage a school of from forty-five to fifty-six pupils. And the training of a pupil for a year is surely worth the price of six boxes of cigars.

Canada Again

BY painstaking scientific research, Dr. Banting and Dr. McLeod discovered insulin. By research equally thorough and scientific Dr. McDonald has been able to announce a cure for hardening of the arteries. These two great accomplishments by Canadian physicians bear testimony to the thoroughness of medical education in Canada, and prove that practice is tending more and more to become a matter of reasoned intelligence rather than a matter of guesswork.

What Rules Population

WITH her wide expanse of territory, and her great and costly railway systems, it is imperative that Canada have greater population. Everybody acknowledges this. There is general acknowledgment also that the place for an incoming population is on the land. With greater farming population there will be more hope for the manufacturers and better prospects for the railways. Mr. Robson Black, Manager of the Canadian Forestry Association, presents a new view of the situation in words that are worthy of consideration:

"Brought up as we are on public speeches that identify the getting of population with the opening up of 'farms' it sometimes takes us by surprise to learn that the forest is, in large sections of Canada, the best agent of immigration we have and as regards millions of acres is the only member of the family of resources that can provide human sustenance. We have talked of population for so long in terms of prairie acres that we have entirely overlooked the fact that on eighty per cent of the area of Canada there are no farming possibilities; forest growth, and forest industries alone can attract people. We have equally forgotten that the deforesting of great areas of Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick has exiled from those districts and the Dominion large bodies of population. In our hurry to greet new batches of immigrants we have neglected to consider the problem whereby hundreds of once prosperous, well populated Canadian towns and villages have decreased in population or closed-up shop altogether because of the disappearance of the forests, representing their reason for existence."

Local or National

IN the Motherland no national appropriations are made for local improvements, and the system of Cabinet responsibility for public expenditure is enforced by a standing order of the House of Commons, dating from 1713, which prohibits any motion by a private member to insert an item on any appropriation bill, or to increase any item beyond the sum asked for by the Government.

In the United States there are no such safeguards, nor are there actual safeguards in Canada. "The reason I want to see Mr.—— go to Ottawa, is that he'll get something for this constituency." That appears to be the conception of some electors.

But this practice of working for a constituency, is not quite so serious as working for an economic group. A public servant should not represent the manufacturers, nor labor, nor the railways. Group government has advantages but also dangers. The great danger is that issues will not be regarded from a national view-point.

Chivalry

NOTHING could better illustrate the change in the spirit of war than the following extract from a letter in "The Spectator."

"Chivalry was a legacy handed on to the professional by his predecessor, the knight of old; and, knighthood being international, had its international code. The modern version of that code lingered in our little professional army longer than in others, for it was not engaged in Europe between the Crimean War and the Great War. To the bulk of our officers of those days war was an exciting adventure rather than a business, and Kitchener complained of them that they treated the Boer War "like a game of polo with intervals for afternoon tea." It therefore came as a greater shock to us than to others to find war treated as a brutal business. It is the citizen, not the professional soldier, who has brought this to pass, and he has done so because he finds war in which he is now obliged to take part not an adventure at all but a very horrible interuption of the ordinary processes of his life. He wants to be done with it as quickly as may be."

It is not to be inferred from this that those who go to war are lacking in bravery. Never was there a greater exhibition of bravery than during the late war. Indeed, it had to be so, for men had not to depend upon their natural power and their skill in the use of arms, but were over and over again the victims of circumstance. It requires greater bravery to sit in the trenches wondering where the next shell shall fall, than to face an enemy in hand-to-hand conflict. Yet in modern warfare their is something brutal and repugnant, and perhaps this very thing will make people anxious to settle their difficulties in another way. Swordsmanship was an art, and a man could be understood who took pride in proving himself superior, but in shot and shell and poison gas there is nothing that appeals to the heroic, unless passivity or waiting is considered the greater heroism.

I'll Pay You Cash for your Spare Time at home.

T. W. Chadburn.

T. W. CHADBURN,
President,
The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co.,
Limited

HAVEN'T you often wished that you knew of some way of making money at home? Not by selling or canvassing or studying a course by mail, but something you could learn easily and work at just when you felt inclined?

IF you knew—absolutely—that this afternoon or this evening you could sit down in your own home and earn extra money—wouldn't you be glad to do so? If you knew—positively—that there would be no canvassing and that your pay cheques would never fail—wouldn't that add to your happiness? And if I were to show you one thousand letters from men and women who are earning spare-time money—wouldn't that be very convincing?

HERE, briefly, is the Home-Earning Plan. In the quiet privacy of your own home you knit socks for me with the Auto-Knitter—a wonderful hand operated machine that knits a pair of beautiful wool socks in half an hour. I pay you cash for the knitting—so much a pair—and, in addition, I keep you supplied with the yarn that you use. There is no limit to the quantity you may knit because I have immediate sale for every pair that I can possibly get.

THE great success of this Home-Earning Plan has been built upon two things. First, there is nothing to sell but your spare time—the hours and half hours that might otherwise be lost. Second, it does not make one bit of difference where you live because I pay the parcel post charges on the work you send to me, and also on the new yarn which I return to you. Your wage cheque is clear profit.

I AM addressing this message to men and women who are sincerely interested in making money at home. Not by any Get-Rich-Quick scheme, but in a proven and established way. There is no miracle or mystery about the Home-Earning Plan. It is simply this: I make it possible—through the use of the Auto-Knitter—for men and women to earn spare time money knitting socks which I sell to wholesale firms—hundreds of thousands of pairs. Every month I pay out thousands of dollars to my workers.

IF you live in or near Toronto I would like you to come and see me—see for yourself the thousands of pairs of socks that are continuously coming in—see over one thousand letters from delighted workers—see the wonderful machine and marvel at the speed with which a pair of socks can be knit. I offer you a most cordial invitation to visit at any time. If, however, you cannot do this, I would like to send you full particulars by mail.

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T. W. Chadburn

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T. W. Chadburn, President, Dep. 731,
The Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Limited,
1870 Davenport Road, Toronto, Ont.
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Name .....

Address .....

Western Home Monthly, Jan. 1, 1926

I Have 1000 Letters like these

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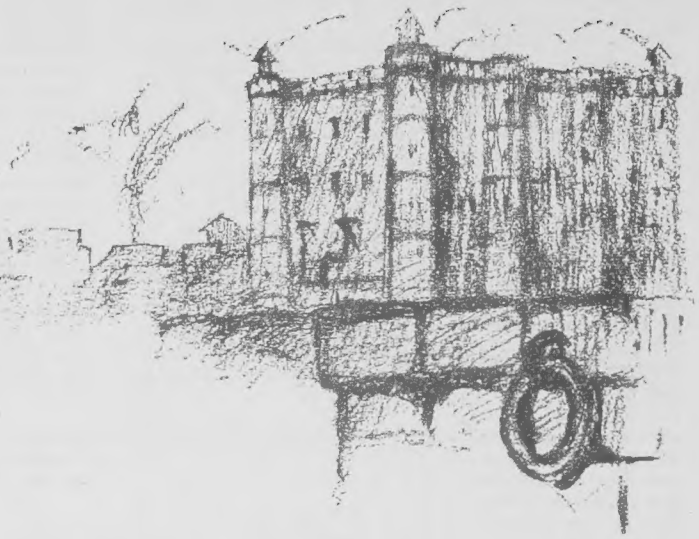


The Gentleman Adventurer

By

Leslie E. Howlett

Illustrated by Kathleen Allen

THE rays of the afternoon sun were pouring through the mullioned windows of the anteroom of Duc Guillaume de Mentoix, accentuating the bareness and lack of furniture displayed there. The only thing that served to relieve the nakedness of the walls was the family escutcheon which occupied the place of honor at one end of the room. A ray of sunlight had just struck this, throwing its vivid colors into such strong contrast with the surrounding sombreness that the coat-of-arms seemed to dominate the whole room. It was like the overshadowing influence of the great Duke himself and seemed to partake in some measure of his personality and life. Beneath the western window was a built-in seat, the only convenience of its sort, with the exception of two very straight-backed chairs, that Duc Guillaume provided for those who sought an interview with him. A narrow strip of rather worn carpet ran the length of the room from the fireplace to the door. It had been laid, so one wit remarked, to enable impatient petitioners to pace away their annoyance before entering the inner sanctum. Judging from the fast disappearing pattern down the middle, it had done good service in this fashion. Within a recess made by the fireplace and the wall was a small table on which lay a plumed hat, clearly the property of some fine court gentleman. Its owner, Marquis Joliet Gaston de St. Croix, was at present the sole occupant of the room. He, as many others had done in the past, was working off his annoyance on the carpet. To further increase his irritability the room was suffocatingly hot.

The Marquis was a finely-built man, above ordinarily handsome and possessed of that sureness of bearing which is the result of centuries of breeding. His clever, piercing eyes well became an intelligent face. On occasion these eyes could be cold and calculating. It was at these times that they best revealed the character within. Although not more than thirty-five, a life of reckless dissipation was causing premature signs of age. He realized this only too well and endeavored to prevent notice of it by taking meticulous care with his dress. No other court gentleman would ever match St. Croix's well groomed appearance even in the latter's off moments.

With considerable influence of his own in court circles, it galled the Marquis unutterably to be kept cooling his heels in another man's anteroom even if it were that of a powerful minister. So it was quite natural that his usually calm exterior was somewhat ruffled after a lengthy wait. At last the door opened and a wizened little secretary clad in sombre black appeared. The Marquis swung round in the middle of his stride.

Monsieur le Duc will see you now," announced the little man in squeaky, high-pitched tones, bowing very low.

"Mon Dieu, 'tis time."

Once again the secretary bowed and then conducted the Marquis down a gloomy corridor to a heavy door at the extreme end. This he opened, and ushered in the visitor.

"Monsieur le Marquis de St. Croix!" he cried and then, closing the door, departed.

The room in which the Marquis found himself was much more sumptuously furnished than the one he had just left. Behind a table, with his back to the strong flood of light from a window, was seated the King's Minister, a spare dynamic man, radiating personality and power. As the Marquis entered he rose and acknowledged the other's bow with equal courtesy if not with the same finish.

"Bon jour, Monsieur le Marquis," he said gravely, "this is a great honor you bestow on me and you must forgive me if I have kept you waiting overlong. I was closeted with that infernal Necker. Will you be seated?"

"Thank you, and pray do not concern yourself over the delay. It was in no way inconvenient. Time is not the important thing to me it is to you. So Necker is still troublesome?"

"Troublesome is not the word. Wherever I turn I find that meddlesome bourgeois at my side. It's insufferable!"

"Could he not be removed?"

"Vertudieu! Do you think he would still be there if that were possible? But the King fears to move against him; the rascal is so much the idol of the people that Heaven knows what might happen if he were dismissed just now."

"Perhaps your present situation will give you sympathy with mine. I, too, have a man who is inconveniencing me and I wish to be rid of him. But I believe that my case is more happy than yours in that I think my end can be obtained with your help."

The Duke looked politely solicitous.

"My sympathy is indeed yours if he causes you half the trouble this cursed Necker causes me, but in what way can I be of service to you? A man of your reputation with a rapier shouldn't find it hard to get rid of an enemy." He smiled good-humoredly at his little pleasantry.

"Unfortunately that avenue is closed in this case. The rascal happens to be my step-brother and public opinion might be rather severe if I disposed of him in that charming manner."

The Duke did not know the Vicomte de St. Croix personally, but he had heard of his arrival in Paris a short time ago after some years of fighting in Italy. Why the Marquis wanted the young man out of the way he could not imagine. During the past few weeks the two had been seen a great deal together at the homes of the Parisian nobility. However, his was not the part to show surprise. In fact the Duke prided himself on facial control under all circumstances.

"A most unfortunate situation," he commented evenly, "but in what way can I help you?"

The Marquis paused to take a pinch of snuff before replying. "A lettre-de-cachet," he said at last.

The other raised his finely pencilled eyebrows. It was the only outward concession he made to his inward surprise.

"Impossible, my dear Marquis; lettres-de-cachet are things of the past."

"Really, monsieur, and might I ask why the Comte de Toulon disappeared so suddenly last week?"

"I know nothing of it, Marquis."

"And yet I heard he was taken from his house by a body of the King's Guard. Some even say they saw him entering the Bastille."

The Duke, seeing that the other was well informed, wisely shifted his ground.

"If it's true, the Comte de Toulon was guilty of a serious political offence," he explained glibly.

"So is my brother. Is it not treason to consort with the publishers of scurrilous pamphlets against the government and to help in the writing of them?"

"Most assuredly, Monsieur."

"Well, here is one of my brother's latest efforts. You will notice his name at the bottom." Saying this the Marquis drew a printed pamphlet from his pocket and handed it to the minister. It was a dissertation on the injustice of the Divine Right of Kings, and urging the people to assert their power even to defying Louis XVI. Dead silence reigned while the Duke carefully read this seditious document. At last he looked up.

"This is certainly a dastardly and dangerous piece of writing, Monsieur. The insolent young puppy even brings my name into it. Yet, I hesitate to pursue the course you ask. So many things are involved."

"How unfortunate," commented the Marquis, placing two leather bags on the table, "each of these bags contains five hundred pistoles. I had proposed to offer them to the government if it could meet with my suggestion."

"Five hundred pistoles in each bag!" exclaimed the other. "Ah, my good friend, I fear you misunderstood me. I said I hesitated to do what you asked for certain reasons of state, but I was about to add that I would waive these out of consideration for you."

At that he picked up the money and dropped it into a drawer of his desk. From another he took a parchment on which was written an order for imprisonment in the Bastille of him whose name was placed in the blank. At the foot of the paper was the flowing signature of Louis XVI of France and Navarre.

"What is your brother's full name?" he asked.

"Vicomte Henri Florimund de St. Croix."

The Duke wrote down the name in the place provided, sanded it and then rang a silver bell on his desk.

"I only wish I could be rid of Necker half so easily," he remarked rather longingly. Before the

Marquis could reply a secretary entered the room in obedience to the summons.

"Take this to Captain D'Auverne and instruct him to execute it immediately," commanded his master.

As soon as the man had departed on his errand the Marquis rose. "I must keep you no longer from your work, my dear Duke," he said, "but first accept my grateful thanks for this service."

"Pah! It is nothing, the pleasure is quite mine."

With that the Marquis took a graceful leave of the old Minister and departed. After recovering his hat from the anteroom he started off in the direction of Palais St. Croix. A devilish expensive business, he was thinking, but well worth while.

ABOUT the same time as the Marquis was leaving the residence of the King's Minister, his step-brother was taking his ease before the complicated task of dressing himself to attend a dinner and dance, arranged for that evening by Madame la Duchesse de Guise. Having just dismissed his servant, he was lolling on a couch in his dressing room, considering which of his newly-acquired suits he would wear that evening.

On his return to France he had not accepted his brother's invitation to stay at Palais St. Croix, but had instead reopened a small house in Rue des Bons Enfants, which he had inherited from his mother. He had done this not because he did not care to live with his brother, but because he soon hoped to marry and thought it well to start an establishment of his own at once.

The Vicomte's career thus far could not have been called an unparalleled success. He possessed a strong streak of arrogant pride, which had more than once led him into serious trouble. Worse than this, however, was a certain vacillation of purpose which bade fair to definitely ruin him. Undoubtedly there was latent power to conquer this latter trait, but as yet no influence had been sufficiently strong to bring it out. Several times, while fighting under Guilo del Monti in Italy, he might have been advanced to positions of no mean power by reason of his repeated displays of originality and resource, had not that illustrious prince, ever a keen judge of men, seen that his ability was not linked with continued application to work. At first it had greatly piqued this young man to see one after another of his friends pass to offices that, without egoism, he felt were better suited to his own superior talents. Finally there had come a realization of his weakness, and with a characteristic shrug of the shoulders he had consoled himself with those joys of youth which were ever open for one of his pleasing personality and appearance.

His body was tall, lean and muscular; his hair was jet black and in keeping with his swarthy olive complexion; his eyes were keen and intelligent; his face, although not exactly handsome, showed manliness without a trace of that damning weakness; the fierce moustachios capped a martial bearing.

The last two or three years had been spent in idle dissipation at Monti's Court with little or no thought of the future, until one day he remembered that in his fifteenth year he had been betrothed to Mademoiselle Solange de Rambouillet, the only daughter of his father's lifelong friend and neighbor, Comte Eugène de Rambouillet. The proposed alliance sprang from a desire of these two old friends to consummate their long friendship by the union of their families. The Vicomte had been made the other party in the contract through the desire of the late Marquis to swell the meagre portion his younger and favorite son could inherit from him, with the wealth of the vast Rambouillet estates. When the old Count had felt the near approach of death, having no close relation, he had begged his old friend to assume the care of his daughter. A scant few months later the old Marquis had followed his friend to the grave and the present Marquis had taken on the guardianship of Solange until such time as the nuptials should take place.

Having reviewed these facts and mentally calculated Mademoiselle to be nearly nineteen, a very marriageable age, he considered it high time he were on his way to see the one whom fortune and wise parents had destined to be his wife. The Vicomte possessed no great inclination to marry, but marry this girl he would if only to secure the comfortable revenues of her estates, unless she were very ill-favored as to face and figure. With one stroke he would retrieve himself from what, in another year spent like the last two, must be irreparable disaster. He thought it strange he should have so long overlooked this avenue of escape from his unfortunate position. So, bent on making up for lost time, he had take an hasty leave of Monti's court, amid the good wishes of all his friends, to set sail for France, there to woo a wife and a fortune.

On arriving in Paris he found his brother somewhat surprised at his return but apparently eager for the wedding. The ceremony was set for a month from that day. It was then that Solange would be leaving the Convent of the Good Sisters of St. Anne on her twentieth birthday. Satisfied with these arrangements the Vicomte settled down to while away the intervening time by renewing his acquaintance of Paris.

Behind Tomorrow's Door

By H. H. Fariss

Behind the closed doorway of tomorrow,
Hidden securely from our eager eyes,
Are golden moments, ours to waste or prize,
Set in filagree of joy and sorrow.
They are freely ours, yet none may borrow
A single one, so then, be ever wise
And seek your goal beneath today's clear skies,
For who knows what clouds may fill the morrow?
Tomorrow is a country all untried,
Through which, as yet, no pathway leads; a sea
Through which no ship has ever cleaved its way,
And yet, its possibilities are wide;
Fret not o'er what tomorrow's tasks may be,
But live content and do your best today.

The Paris he found quite different to the one he had known in the past. It was now in a ferment of unrest. The Estates-General was holding its stormy and turbulent sessions at Versailles. The Third Estate refused to follow the ancient custom of voting by order. They possessed as many representatives as the Clergy and Nobles together, but the ancient feudal usage of each class having one vote rendered them impotent. Realizing this they had demanded that the three orders should sit and vote as one body but the Clergy and Nobles had given nothing but categorical refusals to the invitation after invitation sent them to join the Commoners. Such was the situation on June 1, 1789, in spite of the fact that a large minority of the Clergy and a few Nobles under the leadership of that excellent yet dissolute statesman Comte de Mirabeau were ready to give in to the popular demands. The Vicomte de St. Croix was a supporter of this last-named party, and during the last month he had turned his versatile mind to the writing of political pamphlets against what he was pleased to call the selfish attitude of his own caste. He had even accepted a seat on the council of his party whence he wielded considerable influence.

The silvery tinkle of a clock on his dressing table roused him from his dreams. It was six o'clock. He rose hastily and was about to summon his valet when the man himself entered the room. The lackey, Andrea Agabito, was a swarthy, cadaverous Italian who, in return for the saving of his life, had espoused the Vicomte's fortunes two years previously at Milan. His face was now a picture of dismay.

"Master," he broke out before the astonished Vicomte could utter a word, "there is an officer of the King's Guard enquiring for you. He has soldiers with him; I feel there is trouble in the air!"

"Mortdieu, knave, what trouble could there be? Where did you leave this gentleman?"

"In the library, Monsieur."

"Then lead me to him."

Hardly had the Vicomte said this when the officer himself appeared. He had evidently become impatient at the delay and followed the servant upstairs.

"I am Captain D'Auverne of the King's Guard," he announced with an air of pomposity, ludicrous in one so short and portly. "You, I presume, are the Vicomte de St. Croix?"

His bleary eyes looked questioningly at the Vicomte, who bowed politely in agreement.

"Then," said the other, "I have come to arrest you in the Name of the King. Here is the order if you care to read it."

He handed St. Croix the paper. The young noblemen let his eyes run over the words:

"By these Presents, Greeting: We, Louis XVI, by the Grace of God, King of France and Navarre, do order and empower Our Captain D'Auverne to arrest and hold the person of

VICOMTE HENRI FLORIMUND DE ST. CROIX

and further, to convey and conduct the said person to the Bastille and hand him over to Our servant the Governor of the Bastille——"

And so on the Vicomte read through the legal verbiage till he came to Louis' signature and seal.

He looked up. "Do you know the reason for this document, Captain?"

"I know little of the why or the wherefore of it and care less. It is sufficient for you to know that you are under arrest." As a matter of fact the Captain and the little secretary had drawn some very shrewd conclusions as to the origin of the document, but he was officious and preferred to leave the Vicomte in ignorance.

"Your sword, monsieur." The tone and the manner of the man were insolent.

The Vicomte surrendered his sword. It was only by a great effort that he refrained from throwing this braying swashbuckler down the stairs.

"Have you any objection to my writing a note to my brother explaining my plight?" he asked with a calm he in no way felt.

The Captain laughed noisily. Such a request tickled his sense of humor.

"A dozen if you wish, so that you are quick. My time is too valuable to waste on you."

The Vicomte ignored the insult. He spoke a few words to Andrea in Italian. He prayed that a knowledge of the language was not one of the soldier's accomplishments. He was right, for that worthy gentleman, hearing an unknown tongue, jumped up.

"Here, stop, knave. What are you saying to that fellow," he cried, eyeing the two suspiciously. St. Croix' eyes opened with surprise.

"Merely sending for writing materials. He understands French but poorly."

The Captain hesitated a moment, but recollecting his stalwart Guardsmen below his suspicions vanished.

"Go, fellow," he said in surly tones, "but play me no tricks or I'll have you broken on the wheel!"

When Andrea had gone the Captain sat down and clasped his hands on his huge paunch. The Vicomte crossed to the window and stood gazing out.

Presently Andrea returned bearing a black leather writing case, the sides of which bulged with the mass of things stuffed into it. The Vicomte took this and placed it on his dressing table. His back was to the officer as he opened it. Andrea closed the door. Captain D'Auverne turned on him.

"Parbleu! Knave, open that door!" he blazed out, "it's hot enough in this blasted box without you closing the door!"

"Captain D'Auverne!" This was from the Vicomte in a quiet, insistent voice.

Something in the way his name was spoken made the Captain turn hurriedly.

"Dieu de Dieu!" he began, but stopped with surprise and fear. He was gazing down the barrel of a horse pistol which the Vicomte had ordered Andrea to place in the writing case. His first impulse was to shout for assistance.

"I would not do that if I were you, Captain," said the other with a mocking smile. He had divined the thought that was passing through the man's mind. "This pistol is plaguey tricky and it might go off if you make a noise," he added, pleasantly.

The Captain's jaw dropped and his face took on a pitiable expression of mingled rage and fear. But, being one of those who deem discretion the better part of valor, he did not shout for aid.

"Well," he taunted, "you have me, but you can't get past my men."

"No, not by myself, but you are going to give yourself the trouble of escorting me past them."

"I escort you past my soldiers! Do you think me mad?"

"On the contrary I deem you a very wise man where your own skin is concerned."

"And if I refuse to do it, what then?"

"No, no, Captain, let us talk of nothing so disagreeable."

"Bah, Vicomte, a fig for your threats. You can't shoot a helpless man. It would be murder. I won't do as you ask."

"No? How unfortunate you should so underestimate my capabilities." As he spoke his eyes half-closed and his finger stiffened on the trigger. The Captain watched him spellbound, his face ashen in hue. The suspense of the other's slow deliberate action proved more than he could stand.

"Stop!" he gasped in a voice hoarse with fear.

"Ah, I thought that my confidence in you was not misplaced. You agree to take me past your men without raising the alarm?"

"Yes, curse you, but wait until we meet again. No man lives to treat men thus twice."

"Captain! Your language! And let the future take care of itself. Give me my sword and then come here and take my arm."

Under the persuasive influence of the pistol the officer did as he was bid. Then his captor nestled the weapon under his coat in such a way that it covered the captain's breast and was at the same time hidden from the chance observer.

"Have a care with that accursed thing," begged the soldier, not liking the careless way the weapon was handled. "You will set it off!" Then a crafty look came over his face and he added: "Why not leave it here? I give you my word to do as you ask."

"Being a soldier, my good fellow, I never take chances. But have no fear, it won't go off if you behave nicely. Andrea, open the door and follow us."

Thus the strange procession made its way along the corridor and down the staircase to the hall below. St. Croix did his best to create an air of friendliness by keeping up a light train of bantering conversation

but the discomfited captain, in no mood for joking, puffed along in chilly silence. Andrea, bringing up the rear, displayed on his lean features the unbounded joy he felt at the turn of events. Arrived in the hall, the Vicomte stopped. Captain D'Auverne, who had been about to take another step, almost sat down on the floor in his anxiety to withdraw his foot, lest the other should misinterpret his action.

The soldiers, who had till then been noisily exchanging their rude jokes, now stood in respectful silence at the approach of the little party. As their thick heads began to take in the fact that their officer was walking arm in arm and apparently on the best of terms with the man whom he had come to arrest, their faces became pictures of surprise. Fortunately the light was too dim for them to discern the true state of affairs, yet in spite of that their expression of amazement gradually changed to one of suspicion that all was not as it should be. The Vicomte shed a radiant smile on them.

"Ah, my dear D'Auverne," he said cheerily, "we forgot about these good fellows of yours when we arranged our little walk. I must see to their entertainment. Andrea, take these men to the kitchen and serve them wine."

Andrea stepped forward but the soldiers, shuffling uneasily, looked to their captain for directions. The Vicomte saw their hesitation and turned to his companion.

"My congratulations, D'Auverne, on the discipline you keep. See, they await your commands like the good soldiers they are. You'll have to tell them yourself." He pressed the pistol more closely to the other's side as he said this lest the officer should be tempted to give somewhat different commands.

"Yes, go, mes enfants, I will return presently." He smiled a sickly smile.

Perhaps it was the perspiration that stood out over his face and the almost quavering voice, quite different to his usual dictatorial tones, that caused the men to linger still. The pistol jabbed his side again. Fear begat rage against those who were unwittingly increasing his danger.

"Nom de Dieu! dogs! varlets!" he bellowed, "did you not hear me? Go, curse you, or by the Blessed Virgin I'll flay you alive!"

"Splendid! spoken like a true soldier!" commented St. Croix under his breath.

The captain's blasphemy reassured the men. He was quite himself—perhaps a little above his usual style—so they departed blithely to their wine.

The Vicomte led the way across the hall to the open door. A light breeze was dispelling the heavy cloud of torpid heat which hung over Paris.

"A beautiful evening after the pestilent heat," St. Croix remarked pleasantly, but the only response he received was a sullen grunt. So, seeing his companion was sulky he fell to musing on this piece of misfortune almost on the eve of his marriage. The return of his lackey interrupted this train of thought.

"Are our friend's henchmen safely disposed of, Andrea?" he asked.

"Yes, monsieur."

"And no suspicions?"

"The wine banished any they had."

"Pah! what it is to have dealings with numbskulls!" D'Auverne blurted out.

"But, ah, what is this?"

The door had opened and the sergeant of the little band of soldiers appeared. Andrea stepped in front of the Vicomte and the captain lest the man should observe the pistol in the strong light of the doorway.

"Is there anything you wish, mon capitaine?"

"Yes, Robert, fetch—" He broke off suddenly; the weapon was jabbing his side. His mind changed on the matter of his wants. "But, ah, no matter. It will do later. You may return to your men," he concluded somewhat lamely.

"And now," said the Vicomte when they were once more alone, "we must get on our way. Your good fellows may get anxious presently and that would never do for your sake as well as mine. Allons!"

They descended the broad flight of steps to the road below, then turned to the right and proceeded in the direction of Rue de St. Dominique. The Vicomte walked briskly along whistling blithely. The lilting tune seemed to act like an irritant to the captain's much-tried temper. St. Croix halted the party at a cross-road, some three hundred yards from his residence.

"And now, captain," he said as if he were parting from an old friend, "you must hurry back. A thousand thanks for your company. I trust we soon meet again."

"Ventregris! No more than I and then you will rue the day you treated me like this." He noticed a change in the other's expression and hurriedly altered his tone. "Nay, nay Vicomte. I do but jest. Let me go and I'll not trouble you again."

"Pish. I said I would not harm you and I keep my word. Begone before I find it in my mind to do the world a service; but remember I can cover you with this pistol right down the street and if I should misinterpret your actions, then——"

There was no need to complete the threat; D'Auverne understood completely. Without so much as a word he hastened to beat his retreat with such circumspection as to leave no doubt of his good faith.

After watching the fat captain half way down the street and seeing he showed no signs of looking back, St. Croix pocketed his pistol.

"A scurvy knave, Andrea," he remarked, "get down and thank Heaven you were not born such as he."

"Aye, scurvy is right, monsieur, but treacherous like all cravens. Methinks it would have been well to put a bullet in him and save future trouble."

"God's truth! I think you are right, but in honor I couldn't shoot a helpless man."

At which Andrea would have remarked on the strange drawbacks of having an honor and even as he had done before thanked God he had been born an ordinary man, not a gentleman, but the Vicomte bade him keep quiet and follow him to Palais St. Croix.

As he walked Vicomte St. Croix' mind was engrossed in trying to discover a reason for this sudden menace to his liberty. Who was it that had secured this warrant against him? He could think of no powerful noble who had against him any grudge sufficiently strong to call for such drastic action. Yet if it were not a personal reason the only other thing was his association with the Reformers, but surely the Government would not be so foolish as to take steps against this party at such a time. Still in a maze of wondering, he arrived at his brother's house.

Palais St. Croix was a pretentious place standing back in several acres of well tended grounds surrounded by a high stone wall. Passage through this was given by large iron gates. In the middle of each the family coat-of-arms was emblazoned in such proportions that the motto "Deus pro nobis" could be clearly read from the road. A wide drive bordered with shady elms, which shed an alluring shade, extended from the gateway to the front entrance of the house. The mansion, itself, was in pure white marble and had been built by the St. Croix of Louis Quatorze's time. Its spacious grandeur proclaimed to the world at large that only those of patrician birth ever passed its threshold as guests.

The Vicomte strode up to the door and knocked like one accustomed to the place. A lackey appeared almost at once. Recognizing the visitor he admitted him with a profound bow.

On learning that the Marquis was out but would be likely to return at any minute, the Vicomte determined to wait and was shown into the salon. Andrea went with the lackey to the servants' quarters in the rear.

To while away the time the Vicomte picked up a little volume of Molière's plays which was lying on the table. For, in spite of his warlike pursuits, the young man was a sincere lover of reading.

The Marquis had left the Duke with the intention of returning straight home, but on second thoughts he had decided to visit a certain Juliette Ambré in Rue de la Paix. This young lady had for some time been the Marquis' mistress, but of late he had tired of her and was only making the present call that he might in some way put an end to the daily stream of pathetic letters. And that is why it was not until about an hour later that the Vicomte heard him enter the room.

Continued on page 18

"Gaston, you blackguard, stop this ceremony at once. I have business with you first."

How I Would Like to Spend $500 on Improving My Home

By. A. Ermatinger Fraser

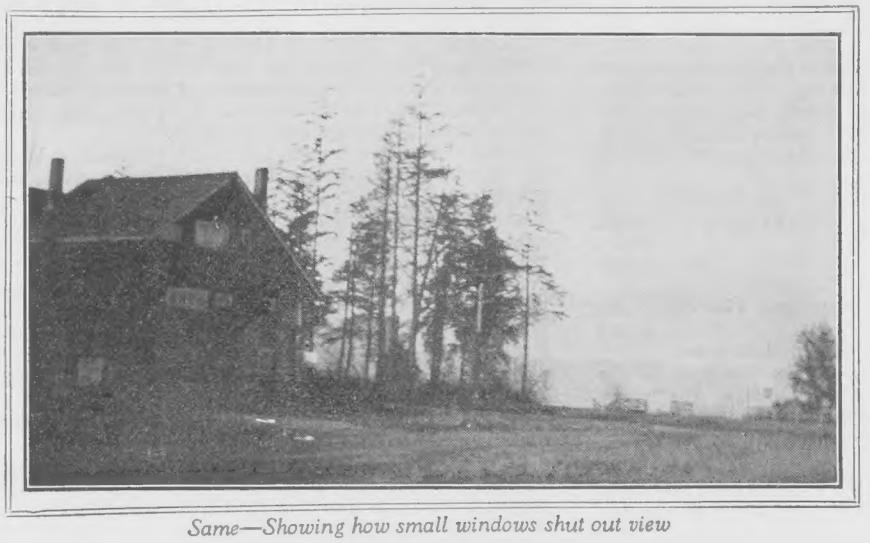
(Written in Answer to a "Questionnaire" of a Homemakers' Club)

The house to be improved

NOT all of our especially much-desired improvements are enumerated on the suggested list First, this house wants the new edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica—wants it so badly that many minor inconveniences could be cheerfully borne to attain that possession. We feel that it would be a great "comfort inside" our minds to have at hand the latest answers to the constantly recurring questions; and that we should make "a better appearance outside" in the world by imbibing a little more knowledge.

This, we unanimously consider, would be the "best thought-out," the "most thrifty," and "in our circumstances," the wisest domestic outlay of $166.75—if we only had it! (You see, we have the edition selected, and the green binding decided upon.)

However, our desires do not run entirely to matters literary and educational. Secondly, with almost equal intensity, we want the kitchen sink raised nine inches, which brings it exactly right for the usual dish-washer, who has to curl up like a measuring-worm three times a day over the present abomination of desolation!



Same—Showing how small windows shut out view

While being raised, which would cost $8.50, the sink could be placed in a strictly horizontal position; because, though a perfectly good, white enamel affair, it slopes ever so slightly; hence, the water does not drain properly, and every woman knows the sequel.

Above the sink is a small window, the lower sill of which is six feet, three inches from the floor, placed thus, evidently, with the laudable ambition of keeping the housekeeper inside from wasting her time in surveying her neighbors. Third improvement: cut the window down eighteen inches lower, and put a red geranium on the sill. Three results: the dish-washer can see what she is doing—more speed; she can enjoy the outlook, and the geranium—more joy; electric light in winter is not so much needed—less expense. (Cost, $10). P.S.—Everyman looks into the kitchen and says: "Well, you've got a big window on the other side of the room; why in thunder do you want to worry changing this little one!" But perhaps Everywoman can see why.

English Bay and Stanley Park, Vancouver, B.C. The view obtainable if windows were enlarged

Fourth: a small cooler with screened draught from outdoors running through it. (This will not appeal to readers in some of the other provinces, but in the mild climate of the Pacific Coast, milk, butter, etc., can be kept in such a closet on the north, or shaded, side of the house during the entire summer, with scarcely ever requiring ice). As there is already a cupboard with one end touching the outer wall of the house, only two holes, one at the top and one at the bottom, about eight inches square, need be cut in the wall, and covered with netting, entailing altogether 75c worth of labor.

Next, a coil of water pipes should be placed in the furnace, so that hot water would be available whenever the furnace is burning, thus saving gas, for heating purposes. Plumber's estimate, $25. Some houses in British Columbia have this coil placed in the back of a large open fireplace, and connected with the bathroom.

There is a latticed porch nine feet by five opening from the kitchen door. We would screen two sides with wire netting tacked inside from roof to floor, and have a screen door fitted in a frame of netting at the end where the steps go down; thus making a fly-proof, pleasant outdoor annex to the kitchen, where we could have breakfast on summer mornings, and sit with our knitting at odd times, comfortably cool, while still able to keep a vigilant eye on the progress of culinary affairs, at the expense of $5, or less.

There is already a wall-switch for the electric iron with a tiny warning crimson light. The next thing needed is to place a shallow cupboard in the wall beside it, for the ironing board, which can thus be hinged at the proper height when down, and folded back up in the compartment when not in use. A certain small corner of the kitchen needs to have a door in a frame cutting it off diagonally, thus making a capital broom closet. (Carpenter declared himself able to do both jobs for $2).

The most complicated improvement to describe is the building of a sort of double buffet in the separation wall between kitchen and dining room. This should have the work-shelf on top twenty inches deep and thirty-eight inches from the floor to accommodate this tall woman. (We had one built thus in a previous house which proved satisfactory). The lower part should have four large drawers opening out into the dining room (not into the kitchen), as a place to keep table linen conveniently is much needed in this house. Above these are two shallow drawers, which run through the wall, pulling out each way, so that table silver can be washed and put away in the kitchen, and taken out in the dining room, without the endless running back and forward. Above the work-shelf, there is to be a space fourteen inches high, with sliding panels which push back and forth, so that meals can be put through rapidly from kitchen, and dishes for washing returned the same way. Above this, in the dining room, is a shallow wall cupboard, with grooved shelves for plates and platters, and fitted with sliding glass doors. Estimated at $30.

Next, to come out of the kitchen, the sitting room has two windows on the east, and as the house is on a corner, we might have magnificent sunshine; but, since the windows are high up, and mere buttonholes at that, we don't. It is to be hoped that the people who built this house were not given to evil deeds; but certainly they loved darkness rather than light. To cut these windows twenty inches lower, with new frames, sash-painting, etc., would cost $20.

There are two front windows, commanding a view of English Bay and Vancouver's guardian mountains. But, also, they are placed too high, and cut up into four little casements, thus obscuring the beauties of the Bay and its surroundings. These should be altered into large, long windows.

Some readers will say here that the cost of new curtains should be included in all this changing of windows; but we have curtains of proper length from a previous house, so should need nothing new of that kind.

And, lastly, by trading in our old piano as part of price, we know we could get an excellent instrument for the sum of $150, and with the remaining $50 "ourself" would take a few music lessons, as the instruction imbibed in childhood seems to need revision—not to say considerable addition.

In summing up, it will be seen that our desires run to coaxing as much daylight as possible into our home; to arrangements which make the necessary labors as expeditious and enjoyable as possible; and from our opening and closing remarks, our firm conviction may be gathered: that the most permanently effective way of improving a house is to improve the people who dwell therein.

Another view of same scene

Mary Moore—Milliner

By Dora Olive Thompson

Illustrated by Tim Ashton

THERE had been something of mystery about Mary Moore when she first appeared in the small country town of Bonnie Springs. Mystery which grew up out of the strange circumstances surrounding her arrival. "For it's hodd," Mrs. Bragg used to say, as usual tacking her "h's" on with lavish indifference after dropping them from their rightful places, "it's hodd for a woman with a baby daughter to pop hup out of nowhere and settle down 'ere where none of us don't know 'er a-tall!"

And so, because Mrs. Bragg always voiced what the rest of the town folks thought, they eyed Mary Moore with an obvious hostility of which she, apparently, took little notice. She was busy during those first days after buying the tiny tumble down cottage on Main Street belonging to Ephraim Smith, the cottage which had stood empty for so many years and could be had, as everyone knew, for the proverbial "song." Almost immediately Jackes, the carpenter, under her directions inserted a large glass front window. "A store window!" It was Mrs. Bragg again, revelling in the horror-stricken surprise with which her friends, Miss Wimple and Mrs. McGann, greeted this announcement. And then, to increase that surprise, there appeared in that window a neatly-lettered sign, "Mary Moore, Milliner."

As a matter of fact there was nothing really mysterious in the past life of Mary Moore, milliner. Nothing more mysterious than a worthless husband and an early married life of unrelieved monotony and hard work, buoyed up with vague promises of a visionary future of luxury and of ease. And then had come the time when the worthless husband, after frequent absences from home, had disappeared altogether. It was then that his wife — capable, resourceful, courageous — had gathered together her meagre savings, severed the ties which bound her to the old life, summoned an almost forgotten talent, and had started life anew as Mary Moore, milliner, in the little Ontario town of Bonnie Springs.

But all this had happened years ago. Time, the great effacer, had gradually obliterated the mystery and subsequent hostility of the town folks. Mary Moore, her little daughter, her neatly-lettered sign, and her hats, had come to stay. They were good hats, lacking perhaps to a discerning critic in that all-important quality, style, but undoubtedly well-made, sturdy and sensible.

A quiet, almost happy life Mary Moore found it as time went on and the ghosts of past days slipped back into memory, becoming comfortingly dim. It was the future which engrossed her now, a future which, belonging to the little daughter Jean, terrified her with its dread possibilities; yet a future which, paradoxical as it may seem, without Jean would have loomed up in her eyes as empty and desolate.

From that merry, laughing baby of those early Bonnie Springs days Jean had romped with gay abandon through school, through childish pranks and misdemeanors, to become a red-headed little girl of twelve with abnormally long arms and legs and a freckled turned-up nose. And then, the "gawky" stage passed, she had developed—it was a somewhat breathless and startling transition—into a tall, beautiful girl with a glint of gold in her auburn hair and a lurking flash of mischief in the depths of her gray eyes.

And so it was for Jean that Mary Moore sewed and sold, scrimped and saved. Scrimped and saved toward the necessity of that further education which she determined Jean must have.

"I don't care, Mumsie," the girl would declare, flinging her strong young arms around her mother, "I don't care if I don't go to college—not a bit. I don't care that——" and she would snap her pretty fingers disdainfully, "for college!"

But Mary Moore knew that she must care, that, despite those brave words, she did care. The other boys and girls—companions of school days—were going off, eager and intent on college education. "And Jean," Mary Moore decided, sewing determinedly on the little hats, "Jean is going too!"

Jean must have the chance those others were having—those other girls, lacking her vivid beauty, her exuberance and joy in life. Occasionally in the rush season, or over a busy week-end she had gone up to the Springs Hotel—situated on the hillside over the famous Bonnie Springs—to "wait on table." But this Mary had always resented furiously.

As a result of those busy days, Jean's dream came true. The patrons of the Springs Hotel stopped to admire those little hats, and then, the lure proving irresistible, stepped inside to enquire and buy.

"Oh, but mother," the girl had protested with the enthusiasm that was so characteristic, "it's no end of fun."

Mary, remembering that remark as she sewed, dabbed her needle viciously through a red-velvet brim. That kind of future would never, never do for Jean.

There were moments when she faced the possibility of her husband forcing his way into her life again. Always that thought acted in the nature of a challenge, a stimulus, and spurred her on to greater efforts. If he did he must recognize that she was self-supporting now—aye, more than that, self-respecting as well.

It was one afternoon in late September—when the maples in the valley were flaming red—that all the scrimping and sewing and saving of Mary Moore finally bore fruit.

Jean was leaving for college.

"I know I shall hate it," she had rebelled furiously against the idea, "I don't want to go, and I know I shall hate it!"

But now at the last moment in company with the group of young folks who were going back for the fall term, all the attendant confusion and excitement was calling forth a gleam of anticipation in Jean's gray eyes, "I'm so glad you're coming," Jim Denison, the doctor's son told her, under the roar of the oncoming train.

"I know I'm going to hate it," Jean repeated stubbornly, but with perhaps a shade less conviction in her tone than before. She squeezed her mother's arm, "I'll miss you every single minute. Oh, mumsie—here's the train!"

A few minutes later the train rolled out. Mary Moore turned and walked back along Main Street with something round, and bright, and shining in her eyes. At that moment she faced a desire—an almost overwhelming desire to see her husband again. She would—she recognized the fact—welcome him eagerly, gladly; would shift with infinite relief from her shoulders to his that burden she had undertaken—that heavy, almost unmanageable burden of Jean's college education. Then suddenly, with her usual decisiveness, she banished that desire, characterizing it as weak, "despicably weak," so she told herself angrily, and went back to the little shop with her head held high and the flaming flag of courage flying in her heart.

Mrs. Bragg, who unfailingly kept abreast of the times, was telling her neighbor, Miss Wimple, all about it. "She's sent Jean hoff to college," she related, "an' it takes a mint o' money to do that. Who'd 'ave thought she'd 'ave made 'er pile out o' thim 'ats. I wish I'd 'ave gone in fer 'ats instead of fer gettin married."

"Still," little Miss Wimple with a nod, perhaps the least bit wistful, indicated the absent Mr. Bragg, "you've got him, you know."

"Oh, I've got 'im all right," Mrs. Bragg admitted, "but I dunno's I'd rather 'ave thim 'ats!"

CONTRARY to her own prophecies, Jean apparently enjoyed even those first days at college. "It's heaps of fun," she wrote, "Oh, mumsie, I'm so glad you made me come!"

And so Mary Moore went on with her sewing and selling, her scrimping and saving; sewing a little longer a little more closely, working a little harder than before. Slowly the months of Jean's course wore away, the girl returned home for her holidays apparently quite unchanged and unspoiled, despite her evident popularity in college—the same Jean, eager and enthusiastic.

It was, of course, impossible for Mary Moore to know since the girl said nothing of what she felt, that on each of those occasions the little shop seemed to have unaccountably shrunk in size, to have become cramped and duller, stuffy with an all-pervading heaviness as of felt and velvet. And the little hats themselves, well-made, sturdy and sensible, but—Jean recognized the fact now—hopelessly out of date and unattractive.

But to say anything, Jean knew, would spoil the joy attending those visits. There was a long, glorious summer vacation at the end of her first year, a brief holiday at Christmas, "far too short," Mary Moore said. And then in rotation, summer holidays, Christmas holidays, Easter holidays. Summer, Christmas and Easter.

It was one afternoon during the Christmas vacation before her graduation that Jean went for a snowshoe tramp with Jim Denison. Mary Moore, alone in the little shop, followed them over the hill with her thoughts. "It would be nice if they should decide they liked each other, rather well," she was thinking, after the manner of mothers, "Jim is such a nice lad." And then a little frown puckered her forehead as she remembered the impatience in the girl's voice when she had spoken of Jim. He had graduated recently in medicine, and had returned to his father's practice in Bonnie Springs. "He had the chance of going on for study in England, and turned it down to come home," Jean had told her, and there had been scorn in her eyes, "I think that's being dreadfully narrow."

But now, when they returned, laughing and rosy-cheeked, something had replaced that scorn in the girl's eyes. "Jim seems to be enjoying his work," she told her mother thoughtfully, wonderingly almost, when he left. "He's got baby-clinics started, and public health in the rural schools. He says his father has drifted lately, has been content to sit back on his reputation, but Jim says he has yet to establish his. He thinks there is a great future for this rural work."

"And your young men shall see visions," Mary Moore said softly, "and your old men shall dream dreams."

The girl smiled. "Well, don't go classing yourself with the old folks who dream dreams, mother o'

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Wild Geese

By Martha Ostenso

CONCLUDING INSTALMENT

Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

IN order to get all the work done before they left for the jubilee at Latt's School, every one was up at dawn the next day.

When Caleb had gone to the barn after breakfast, Lind ventured to show Ellen the costume she had made for her. Ellen's comments on it were sparing. But Lind could see that she was pleased. She put her arm about her and said, "Try it on."

The dress was made to resemble a great sunflower, with a skirt of petals. It was very becoming to Ellen's slight figure. She blushed when she looked down at herself.

Amelia and Judith went immediately to the potato-patch, where they began to dig up the potatoes. Martin was building a new bin for them in the cellar. It had been Caleb's request at breakfast that they should begin taking them up today. It was his way of reminding them that the duties on the farm must go on, jubilee or no jubilee.

Judith worked with Amelia in the potato-patch until well toward noon, when Amelia left her to make dinner. Then Judith sat down among the dried stems of the plants. The stooping she had done for five unbroken hours had produced a strange feeling. She made a pretense of pulling at the potato-vines so that no one from the house should notice that she was resting. Then, finally, she saw Amelia beckoning to her from the doorway.

In the afternoon they returned to the potato-patch with bushel baskets, and Amelia worked incessantly to keep from collapsing under the strain of her thoughts. It seemed that the awful knowledge of the possible outcome of the approaching night had stretched her mind until it would contain nothing more without breaking. In countless ways she pictured the scene in which Mark Jordan would learn the truth about himself. She went over and over the images.

At the end of the day Judith carried the last basketful of potatoes into the house and down to the bin in the cellar. Then she hurried up-stairs before Amelia could talk to her, and threw herself on Lind's bed. The teacher had gone to the Sandbos' to talk with Sven. Ellen was out gathering eggs, and the boys and Caleb were about, tending to the animals.

When Amelia came upstairs to talk with Judith she found her on Lind's bed, half asleep. The girl sat up and brushed her hair back from her eyes.

"What's the matter with you?" Amelia asked sharply.

"Nothing," said Judith, starting to rise. Amelia gave her a searching look.

"You don't look right to me. You better not go to this thing tonight if you feel bad."

"I don't feel bad. I'm just tired."

"Well I just want to tell you this," Amelia went on, "if you go, you go to Latt's School and nowhere else. And you go with Martin and Ellen. And you come back with them. If I hear different tomorrow, you needn't look to me to save you from *him*. It won't do you a bit of good to try to get away. Do you understand that?" Amelia's eyes were sharp and searching, her mouth firm.

When she got no response from her she leaned down and shook Judith by the shoulder. "What makes you so stupid, child?" she asked a little anxiously.

"Who're you to be talkin' to me?" Judith cried harshly. "You don't know—anything—about me! I don't belong to you—or him. And I'm goin' away—and I don't care—what happens! He can put me in jail. He can kill me—or you—or everybody. I don', care, I'm goin'! And you can't stop me! Do you hear?" She flung her body forward, and Amelia recoiled, aghast at her vehemence. Judith's eyes were terrible to see. Then suddenly she shrank backward and sat on the bed. She had become almost helpless.

Amelia stared at her. "You sha'n't go, Judith! I forbid you to go! You are *not* going to leave this farm."

"You're talkin' doesn't do any good," Judith said dully. "I've got to go."

"What do you mean—you've got to go?"

Judith stood erect. Her eyes were cold. "It's none of your business—what. I've said I've *got* to go. That's enough. You don't care anything about me—why should I tell you anything? Go away and leave me alone."

The older woman's eyes swept over her. Amelia felt suddenly as if cold water had been poured into her veins. The inevitable knowledge about Judith had come to her.

WITHOUT another word Amelia turned and walked carefully down the stairs. She felt as if a terrific, incognizable world had opened upon her. As she crossed the dining-room the floor seemed to swim about her. In the kitchen she stirred the fire and put more water in the tea kettle. Then she beat up a custard and began to peel potatoes for supper. One by one the others came in from the yard. The natural routine was still going on.

Caleb was in high spirits that evening. A group of horse-traders had passed by and he had made a profitable deal with them. He discussed the trade with Martin at some length.

"The fires up north have turned east. Swept out five homesteads, they said. No danger of us gettin' it down here—no danger at all. The rangers have checked it on this side," he said comfortably. "Could not 'a' stopped it down this way if it once got a hold, eh, Martin?"

Martin agreed that it would have been a bad situation.

"Goin' to have a good time tonight, everybody?" Caleb went on, including them all this time, magnanimously. "What're you goin' to wear, Ellen? You'll be the belle of the ball, like as not, eh?"

The girls went to the loft immediately after they had done the milking, and Lind helped them dress. Their brief comments on the costumes she had made them were pathetic to the teacher. She had made a flowing white Greek robe for Judith who felt ponderous in the garment. Her shoulders seemed too large for it, her arms too strong. It was the kind of thing more fitting for Lind.

"If I take a deep breath this will fall off me, Lind," she said doubtfully.

Lind laughed. "Oh, scarcely, Judie. You really look glorious in it, with your dark hair and shining eyes. And so does Ellen in hers."

Downstairs Amelia ran the separator. Her mind was stumbling about among confused objects that seemed to have no relation to each other. Jude must go away. That was what she had meant. There could be no doubt of it. Judith would have to go away—with Sven. Caleb would hold her responsible. It was a thing like this that he had been waiting for. What would happen now? Would Mark Jordan believe the story? Who was she, a poor, downtrodden woman of the land, to be the mother of Mark Jordan? It would be a dreadful blow to find him unable to believe—unwilling to believe it. And yet Caleb had proof. What would become of them all?

What would become of Mark Jordan, who had grown to manhood in the belief that he was well born? No no, he must not know—he must not know. Somehow she must outwit Caleb. She must pit her whole soul against his will.

She watched the last drop of cream enter the container under the separator, then she lifted it from the floor and poured the cream into a large can beside her. She heard Judith and Ellen come down the stairs with Lind Archer. Immediately after them came the boys. They all appeared in the kitchen to show themselves to Amelia. She managed a smile of pleased surprise as they stood before her and turned the boys around admiringly. Martin grinned and was apparently enjoying the novelty. Charlie regarded his high-pointed cap in the glass on the wall, and cocked it a little more to one side.

JUDITH returned to the other room while the children still stood and talked with Amelia. She suddenly felt faint from the suppressed excitement of getting ready. And the knowledge that Amelia had guessed the truth about her bored dully into her brain. They were not fine enough to know. They would denounce her for the thing she regarded with pride. She belonged to another, clear, brave world of true instincts, she told herself. Living only for the earth,

and the product of the soil, they were meagre and warped. She had not wanted them to know. Judith looked from the window. In the corral Caleb was bringing out the team, Prince and Lady.

The sun was dropping behind the poplar-grove, and the trees stood before it like long black bars. Sven would be ready to leave soon. He had sent word through Lind that he would meet Judith at Latt's School, to avoid any trouble with Caleb. It was safer that way. From there they would leave for Nykerk. He would arrange with somebody at the Siding to take his team back home. There was a train that stopped there for a few minutes on Saturday nights.

Judith had never seen a train. It must be marvelously free, riding on one. Tears sprang into her eyes. It could not be that the night had at last come. She could scarcely control her excitement and went out-of-doors, passing Amelia and the others in the kitchen. She saw that Caleb was, indeed, harnessing the horses. She returned to the kitchen and told the others that it was time they were getting into their coats.

Amelia placed a cloth and paper over the basket of food they were bringing as a contribution to the feast. Her thoughts bounded about uncontrolled in her mind. Judith—Judith. Herself over again. Judith must go. Enough to have one life ruined. Not Judith's, too. "History repeating itself," Caleb would mock at her and Judith's indiscretion would ring in her ears forever. She could not stand it—she could not stand it. Her brain reeled. She straightened up and placed her hand to her head.

"What is it, Mrs. Gare?" Lind asked softly. She had come up to the table where Amelia was preparing the basket. "Headache?"

Amelia smiled at her. "Just a little—worked hard today getting the potatoes in," she said.

ELLEN, Martin, and Charlie, ready to go, said goodby to Amelia. Judith stood before her when the others had gone out with Lind. "Goodbye," she muttered, "I'll write to you—if you want."

Amelia's hands moved spasmodically toward the girl, then fell stiffly to her sides. "Yes—write, Judie," Amelia whispered, her mouth dry. "Goodby, Jude." Then Judith was gone. Her mother had not stopped her.

Amelia went out and leaned against the side of the doorway, looking out. Caleb was hustling the children jovially into the wagon. Lind stood smiling up at them. Now they were off—driving through the gate. Caleb was waving after them. There—he closed the gate. There was only a narrow streak of gold threading through the poplars. Caleb entered the barn. Lind returned to the house, and Amelia withdrew into the other room.

Lind went up-stairs to her room, and Amelia looked about her for something to do. She dreaded being alone and unoccupied. She decided to start a new pair of socks for Martin. Then she could find only four of her knitting-needles. She kept new ones in a drawer of the secretary. She went to it and found that somehow the lock of the drawer had got caught and she could not open it. She gave the handle of it a jerk, and when it flew open the front of the drawer above it fell out. It was the drawer in which Caleb kept all his correspondence and papers safely locked away. Amelia straightened up, frightened. She hurried to the window and looked out. There was no sign of Caleb.

For fully a minute she stood before the secretary, undecidedly hovering over it. Then she dropped to her knees and snatched out the handful of papers and letters it contained. Most of them were yellow and ragged with age. But there was one envelope addressed in a cramped hand. Amelia knew the writing. It was Bart Nugent's. Nervously she drew out the letter. It was brief and almost impossible to decipher it. But Amelia made out from it that Bart Nugent was dying at the time it was written. The date was obscure.

With numb hands she fumbled through the other papers and found a letter sent from a hospital in the city. It apprized Caleb Gare of the death of Bart Nugent, stating that it was the dying man's last request that the enclosed letter should be sent to him.

With tremendous strength he turned up furrow after furrow, straining in the harness beside the horse, his great shoulders heaving, his loins taut.

The letter was dated nearly six months before. Bart had lived just long enough to let Caleb know that Mark Jordan was coming to Oeland.

Amelia sank to the floor and leaned against the secretary. Hysteria seized her. She was still sitting there with the litter of yellow papers and envelopes about her when Lind came downstairs. The teacher had heard her sobbing while she was in the loft above. She knelt down beside Amelia and put her arm about her heaving shoulders.

"What is it—what is it, Mrs. Gare?"

Amelia drew herself up with a tremendous effort. "Never—never mind. It's nothing," she said breathlessly. "Help me fix this, will you?—quick!"

Lind gathered the papers hastily together, and put them back in the drawer. Then she inserted the front of the drawer while Amelia tapped it lightly with a small hammer she got from the kitchen. It was finally in its place again.

They were no more than away from the secretary when Caleb came in. Lind's heart was beating nervously.

"They have a fine evenin' for it—a fine evenin'," Caleb declared in a pleasant voice. "I'm goin' to take one of the nags I bought out for a trial. Wouldn't like to come, eh, mother?"

"No—not tonight, Caleb. I'm starting a new pair of socks for Martin," Amelia said calmly.

"All right—all right. You women sure like work," he observed in a mild tone. Then he went out once more.

The teacher returned to her room, where she was going over some school-work. She and Mark had planned not to go to the affair at Latt's School until late in the evening. A wind was coming up, and whistled thinly under the eaves of the log house. It made its way into Lind's mood and haunted her.

She waited uneasily for the hours to pass so that she might go out to meet Mark on the road. The Sandbos' pony was already in the barn for her to ride.

The house was heavy with mystery, and the wind whined under the eaves. Lind wanted Mark near her. His presence was reassuring always.

THE schoolhouse beyond Latt's Slough was festooned with sheaves of wheat and yellow-corn husks, and colored-paper lanterns hung from the ceiling. The great Mathias Bjarnasson played the fiddle on a low stool in the corner, and an accordion and an organ were keeping pace with him. The shuffle of heavy feet could be heard above the music, and against the colored light of the lanterns the dust rose in a gray sheet.

Ellen was carried out of herself by the attention the young Icelanders showed her. She felt giddy from the noise and the music. But beneath the ripple of excitement there was a flat, hard ache. Malcolm had loved to dance. It was he who had taught her the few steps she knew.

Suddenly she realized that she had not seen Judith for some time. She went out to the porch of the schoolhouse and glanced about. But she could not see Judith. She returned indoors and sought out Martin and Charlie. Neither of them had seen Judith for over an hour. Ellen's eyes drew into a straight, narrow line.

"She's gone," she said to herself.

The trail to Nykerk led for a considerable distance through timber and then broke upon the bare prairie. Judith and Sven rode in the latter's buggy over the long miles through the bush without meeting a soul. Every one was at the jubilee. Judith kept urging the horses on and looking back now and then to see that they were not being followed.

It was starlight now and a wind had risen. She moved closer to Sven.

"We'll have to hurry if we're going to make the train," he said, spanking the horses with the reins.

Ahead of them a team rumbled over a small wooden bridge. Some one was coming. Judith raised her head defiantly.

"Wa-al! Who's this?" a voice called out. Judith recognized it as that of Thorvald Thorvaldson. They had come upon the prairie road, and had met him on the forks.

Sven exchanged a brief hello with him and passed on. But he had seen Judith.

"Well—he'll not be seeing *him* until tomorrow at the earliest, and by that time we'll be in town," Sven commented, and squeezed Jude's hand. She returned a quick, nervous pressure. The touch of her hand stirred Sven. He quickly forgot all the misfortune that threatened their journey, and drew Judith over upon his knees. She clung to him and felt deliciously small and helpless. With his arms surrounding her, he held the reins and drove all the way to Nykerk without changing his position.

THORVALD thought it a good joke. Too good to keep. It wasn't so late but what he might find Caleb up if he drove to his farm. So when he reached the road upon which his own farm was situated, he continued eastward.

Caleb was going the rounds to see that everything was safe for the night when Thorvald drove up to the gate.

"I will not stop," he told Caleb, keeping his seat in the cart. "Thought you should like to know somet'ings."

Caleb peered at him. "Well—out with it, man!—out with it!"

"Wa-al, now, you maybe wait," the Icelander said, enjoying his advantage for once. "Why, perhaps, is your purty daughter on the way to Nykerk when all others they are at the jubilee, eh?"

Caleb was silent for only a moment. "Oh!" he laughed. "You fool yourself, Thorvald! You fool yourself! She's not goin' to Nykerk. She's goin' to fetch one of the teacher's friends from up west way. No—no, Thorvald."

Thorvald threw back his head. "Not so smart, Caleb Gare, are you? Who wass with her then but

this young feller, Sven Sandbo? Hah, hah!" He turned the horse about and drove off down the road, laughing as he went.

Caleb stood in the road and looked after him, his heavy head drooping forward. "She's gone—she's gone!" he muttered. Then a be-deviling fury broke loose within him. He rushed to the barn and threw open the door. He struck a match and looked at the wall where the axe had been buried. There was a hole in the wall where the rotted wood had dropped out with the weight of the axe which lay on the floor, still deep in the wood that had fallen with it. Caleb backed out of the barn, and the match was blown out by the wind.

FUSI ARONSON had been burning out a stretch of willows that day, intending to clear the land for planting next year. The willows grew in soggy ground, where the grass was matted deep. Darkness came down upon him before he had finished the job, and he carefully stamped out every glow of the fire he had been watching. He had started burning the willows out at a short distance from the edge of Caleb Gare's timber—the timber that used to be his own. He was confident that not a spark of the fire remained at that end of the burned stretch. But the day had been calm and treacherous. With nightfall, came the wind.

Smoldering cinders under the thick black web of burnt grass grew to a red glow. The glow quickened in the bits of dry grass that remained—spread underground through the roots of the willows, and was caught in the wind that lifted it into the timber. Because there had been a smell of smoke abroad all day from Fusi's willows, those who remained at Sandbos' thought nothing of it. And the wind was directly south, so it did not penetrate immediately westward to the Gares. But within an amazingly short time the fire rose like a flaming feather fan against the sky, and hurtled southward.

CALEB stepped softly into the kitchen. He could see Amelia sitting in the other room, her head bent over her knitting. Carefully he closed the door behind him.

"Done it at last, eh?" he chuckled. Amelia looked up. She stepped forward and laid her knitting on the table.

Caleb stood before her, his hands behind his back.

"You tell him, Amelia," he said softly. "You'll tell him—tonight."

"What—tell who?" Amelia stuttered.

"You know well enough what I mean. Heh! Had your nerve, eh, sendin' her off when you knew what was comin'? You're goin' to Klovaczs' now to tell him—tell him all about it, your pretty son! Are you gettin' ready?"

Amelia looked him squarely in the face. "No," she said between her teeth. "I am not."

"You're not, eh? Well—we'll see if you're not!" He drew his hands from behind his back, and Amelia saw the huge cattle-whip he held.

"Have your choice, Amelia — have your choice! He'll find out anyway, but I'd rather you'd tell him. He insulted me one day, and I'd like him to see that I'm above retaliatin'!" He raised his eyebrows at her and smiled.

"I tell you, I'll *not!*" Amelia cried. He advanced upon her a step, confident that he could, as usual, frighten her into submission with a look. But Amelia faced him without cringing.

HE stooped and looked into her eyes. There was no fear in them. For the first time in her life Amelia was not afraid of Caleb Gare.

Caleb raised the whip and struck. His face was livid with wrath—wrath at her resistance. What had become of his power over her? She recoiled when the whip bit into her flesh, but she did not cry out.

"Not a whimper, eh? Like it, maybe. Are you comin'? No? Then I'll show you who you're answerin'."

His voice was rising to a thin, high pitch. He was beside himself now, baffled and furious at her endurance. Amelia cowered in the corner between the organ and the wall. She kept her eyes unwaveringly upon him. Steadily in her mind, like a balance of fine weights, she kept the thought that all depended upon her will now. Bart Nugent was gone. Once Mark Jordan got away from Ocland no harm could reach him.

Caleb reached out his long arm and caught her by the hand, throwing her into the middle of the room.

Lind, who had been listening in paralyzed horror above, now came running down the stairs. Caleb had his back to her. She saw the whip and flung herself upon him. "I did it—I sent her away!" she cried wildly. "Leave her alone—I did it!"

Caleb turned slowly and looked at her, a curious smile on his face.

"Heh! You did? No, you didn't. Don't try to lie to me, miss. It wouldn't give me any satisfaction, to know that you did it. She did it." He pointed with the butt of the whip at Amelia, on the floor. Then he turned again to Lind. "Get out!" he shouted hoarsely. "Get out before I throw you out!"

Lind shot a glance at Amelia and ran out of the house. She stumbled over the ruts of the cattle-yard until she came to the gate. Sobbing and trembling from head to foot, she climbed over it and kept on running blindly down the trail toward the Sandbos'. Surely Mark must be coming! She raised her head to see if he were in sight. Then an astounding spectacle met her eyes, and at once she perceived that the air was thick with smoke. North of the trail the timber had become a blazing spume that was being thrown southward by the wind. Even at this distance she could hear the roar of the flames. She ran down the road a bit, scarcely thinking of what she was doing. Then she made out a horse coming along the trail, and heard the swift hoof-beats. In another moment Mark reined in beside her and dismounted.

"Lind!" he cried, throwing his arm about her, "we're in for it!"

"Mark—hurry—Caleb is killing Amelia!"

AMELIA still had consciousness. Caleb leaned forward over her. His face was twisted with disbelief. He could not bring himself to admit that she had beaten him—beaten him in the very crisis of her life. The moment he had waited for had come. And she had cheated him. He would be forced to tell Mark Jordan himself now if he wanted it told. He stepped back from her prostrate body. Cold realization came upon him suddenly. He had spent all of his will on her—with no effect. She had broken him. Broken him in the crisis. Something crumbled within him, like an old wall, leaving bare his spirit. His sanity came back to him. It was like sudden, clarifying sobriety after a drunken brawl. He lunged aside and made for the door, feeling his way as if he had gone suddenly blind. His eyes were half closed.

Outside he lifted his face to the air. A pungent odor struck his nostrils. Then, his eyes opening, he saw the sky.

"God!" he shouted. He felt his brain splitting. He ran down the sheep-pasture to see more clearly the extent to which the fire had spread. The wind was due south.

Caleb rushed to the tool-shed and dragged out a small plow. Then he got one of the work-horses out of the corral and hitched it to the plow. He let down the bars of the sheep-pasture and lashed the horse furiously, driving him toward the southern point of the timber he had bought of Fusi Aronson. He would have to plow a fire-guard around it so that the flames would not jump to the bush on the east. Once into the bush, it would have a clean sweep to the edge of the flax-field. There had been no fires here for years. He had thought a fire-guard between the bush and the flax would be a waste of land.

Back at the house Lind and Mark came in upon Amelia. She had dragged herself to the couch and was lying there motionless. Mark stood in the doorway while Lind bent over her. "Dear Mrs. Gare," Lind whispered, "has he gone?"

Amelia nodded.

"Let me get you some water," the teacher said. "Mark Jordan is here. If he comes back he won't dare to do anything."

Lind put her hand under Amelia's head. She appeared to have fainted. "Mark—get me some water," Lind said quickly.

Presently Amelia sat up and half smiled at them. She brushed the disordered hair back from her face, and drew her collar over a great red welt on her neck.

"If I had known he would carry on like that, I should have done everything I could to prevent Judith from going," Lind said regretfully. "Although I am sure she would have gone anyway."

"Yes—she would have gone," Amelia said in a weak voice. "I wanted her to go."

Lind hid her surprise.

"We'll have to tell Mrs. Gare, I'm afraid, Lind," Mark said then.

Amelia looked up quickly. "What is it?" she asked.

"The bush is burning," Mark told her. "Making south—it will be almost at the trail by this time. And there's a strong wind. I'll have to ride to Yellow Post and get help."

Amelia straightened up. "Where has he gone?" she asked. "He must have taken the plow out—" She got to her feet unsteadily and ran to the door. Mark hurried after her.

"I'll go to Yellow Post," he said. "Lind, you'd better stay here. I'll come back by way of the west road. We can't do anything alone with that gale."

"Wait, Mark," Lind kissed him quickly. "Take care of yourself." Amelia opened the door for him and he ran out.

It was a matter of minutes before the fire would reach the road leading to Yellow Post on the east. Mark rode as he had never ridden before in his life. He passed safely through the neck of timber and left the roar of the flames behind him, heading south. Then he looked back, and could make out against the glare the figure of a man stooping forward over a plow, driving a horse before him. It was Caleb Gare, trying to cut off the fire at the southern extremity of the timber he had bought of Fusi Aronson.

MARK knew it was futile work. The wind would launch flaming torches into the bush a short distance from the place where Caleb was plowing, long before it got to the stubble of the hayfield at the edge of the timber. Because of the direction of the wind, Caleb might with great good luck save the day. But the bush south of Fusi's timber was doomed. And adjacent to it stood Caleb's flax-field, rich and dry.

Caleb faced the lurid column of flame and smoke on the north and beat the horse, pressing down with all his strength on the plowshare. Presently the heat advanced, and with it tiny sharp sparks that stung the face and hands like buck-shot. But Caleb did not feel it. He had only one thought—to confine the fire to the neck of timber. He cursed himself for having permitted Martin to go to the jubilee. With Martin here the thing would be simple. He looked up and saw great bright flakes sailing through the air, accompanied by darker flakes. He coughed and sputtered from the smoke, and once or twice the horse stumbled.

When Caleb had finally plowed the entire stretch between the two pieces of timber, the trees on the north were glowing just a short distance inward from the edge of the stubble he had turned up. He whipped the horse and turned him toward home. The exhausted animal used his last bit of strength in a gallop across the field toward the sheep-pasture. Caleb ran after him to escape the intense heat.

IN the farmyard he looked back. A single tree at the end of the bush south of the strip he had plowed was waving like a plume of fire. Caleb stood staring at it stupidly. Then he groaned. His work had been all for nothing. He ran toward the house. There was only one thing to do; plow a division through the flax and burn the part nearest the bush. He lit the lantern, ignoring Amelia and Lind, who were waiting in terror in the other room.

Continued on page 33

"The Flame of Courage"

BY GEORGE GIBBS

ONCE again it is the privilege of The Western Home Monthly to carry to its readers a Canadian story by an outstanding writer of the day.

The pen of George Gibbs will unfold the romantic days of Louis the XV. It reveals the intrigues, the splendor, and the romances of the time of Madame de Pompadour. From the luxuries of the French Court, the scene is transplanted across the seas to New France, where it finds a fitting setting in action and in love.

The beautiful actress, Heloise Gueret, is responsible for it all. King Louis' attentions to the young lady immediately arouse the jealousy of de Pompadour. Through divers means, the actress is exiled to Canada, and here, the drama reaches its height. We see the loss of a great kingdom through a woman's passion, and the deserving reward of a loyal love.

The first of six generous instalments will commence in the February issue. If you have been interested in "Wild Geese" you will be doubly so in the unfolding of this historic romance.

Could a story paralleling the works of Sir Gilbert Parker be carried more appropriately in Canada than through The Western Home Monthly? We think not.

Sue

An Idyll of the Literary World—In Twenty-Six Documentary Items

By G. Appleby Terrill

ITEM 1.

A letter received by Maurice T. Maddocks, Editor and Proprietor of that well-known annual "Who's Who in Literature." Maurice T. Maddocks, having become imbued, somewhat late in life, with a yearning to write short stories, has, during the past few years, devoted such leisure as his editorial duties permit to constructing stories, all of them distinguished by that impressive dignity of treatment which one would expect from a somewhat staid bachelor in the later forties. As "Who's Who in Literature" consists exclusively of brief biographies and kindred matter, and so cannot well blossom forth with a short story by its Editor, Maurice T. Maddocks has to rely upon brother Editors, those of the popular magazines, for the publication of his stories. Unhappily, however, not a single one of these admirably solid tales has found sufficient favour with any Editor to get into print. Each comes back to its author's office accompanied by a letter more or less on the lines of Item 1).

"The Blue-Skies Magazine,"
Pall Mall, S.W. 1.
June 13th, 1924.

To Maurice T. Maddocks, Esq.,
Editor of "Who's Who in Literature."

Dear Maurice—I am exceedingly sorry to be obliged to return your latest story, "Sir Bremdon's Bride," but honestly it is no good. Mind you, I do not say that if some sparkling genius got hold of it and ripped it to pieces, and put it together in his own way, he would not make something of it. The main idea is not bad; and Sir Bremdon himself is quite an original and likeable character who, if suitably handled, could even stand the strain of appearing in a series of stories. But you, my dear chap, pursuing your invariable course, have made of this story a kind of dull, ponderous, amazingly lifeless essay, which no magazine could think of using.

For instance, now, take the bride when—as you inform us—she is in a temper. Do you call *that* a woman in a temper? Do you seriously imagine that her mild, lethargic little remarks, with not the smallest trace of barb or venom in them, portray a woman's temper? My dear Maurice! No, no; your genius lies not in short stories but in the direction in which you have won deserved fame—the compilation of "Who's Who in Literature," one of the finest little year-books going. Don't forget to put me down for a copy of the issue for 1925. I suppose we shall see it out early in December—"accurate in every detail," as the advertisements proudly tell us.

Yours,
Charlie,
Ed., "The Blue-Skies Magazine."
Enclosure: "Sir Bremdon's Bride."

ITEM 2.

(*From Maurice T. Maddocks—in acknowledgment of Item 1*).

"Who's Who in Literature,"
4, Pipe Court, Fleet Street, E.C. 4.
June 14th, 1924.

To Charles Ross, Esq.,
Editor of "The Blue-Skies Magazine."

Dear Charlie—Your criticism of "Sir Bremdon's Bride" has keenly disappointed me and left me with much diminished hope that the story will suit some magazine. I shall, however, continue to send it around for a few months.

I must say that I entirely fail to see that a process of wild tearing to pieces and careless slapping together by your "sparkling genius" could make for improvement in this story. In my opinion it would ruin it. Anyhow, I should have an uncompromising objection to any meddling "sparkling genius" making patchwork of a story of mine.

Many thanks for pleasant reference to "Who's Who in Literature." "Accurate in every detail" will certainly be our motto again. As you will surmise, I am busy preparing the "make-up" of the extra pages and other additions for our 1925 edition—and, as usual, directing an eagle eye at every letter and figure in the proof-sheets. Do you know that in five issues we have had only six errors worth calling such? I really believe that the slightest error in the 1925 edition would distress me very much more than has the return of "Sir Bremdon's Bride," exceedingly depressing though that is to me.

Yours,
Maurice,
Ed., "Who's Who in Literature."

P.S.—Anent your reference to the bride's temper. I consider that her temper was ample; and I am rather astonished by your inference that a woman, normally of nice nature, must be expected to resort, when provoked, to barbed and venomous remarks. (Personally, I should detest such a female). Still, I must admit that I am not an unimpeachable authority on this subject. To the best of my recollection I have never encountered a woman's temper. I think I am justified in anticipating that I never shall.

M.

And of course discovered therein the most charming portrait ever taken of as charming a Circe as ever existed.

ITEM 3.

(*A paragraph, as penned by Maurice T. Maddocks, about this time, for insertion in the 1925 edition of Who's Who in Literature*).

Ramsay, Sue, Miss. (Address: Azalea Cottage, Polegate, Sussex). A writer of brilliant short stories and plaintive melodious verse. A recent "discovery." Contributor to the foremost British and American magazines. Born 1899.

ITEM 4.

(*The same paragraph, as printed in the 1925 edition of "Who's Who in Literature." Despite the eagle eye of Maurice T. Maddocks, a trifling error has crept into the date at the end of the paragraph—as careful study will reveal*).

Ramsay, Sue, Miss. (Address: Azalea Cottage, Polegate, Sussex). A writer of brilliant short stories and plaintive melodious verse. A recent "discovery." Contributor to the foremost British and American magazines. Born 1889.

ITEM 5.

(*Specimen of Advertisement*)

Who's Who in Literature

(1925 Edition) Packed with Interesting Information Accurate in Every Detail

ITEM 6.

(*A letter received by Miss Sue Ramsay, writer of brilliant short stories, etc.,—from a lady friend*).

3, Cambridge Grove, London, W. 2.
January 16th, 1925.

My Sweetest Sue—You are a tease! You always hinted *mysteriously* that you were about twenty-five or so—and really you didn't look a great deal older—unless you had been working hard. And now "Who's Who in Literature" has told the cold truth, dear prevaricator. Did you know? As soon as I saw in a newspaper today that you had got back from Switzerland I felt I must write you, in case you didn't know.

1889 to 1925 makes you thirty-six, doesn't it? How wonderful—I mean the way in which you kept it quiet. I was really surprised a little when I read it in "Who's Who—." I showed it to Colonel Balthop, who likes you and me so much; and he was surprised too.

With sincerest love,
Katie.

ITEM 7.

(*Received by Miss Sue Ramsay in the course of the next three days—from other lady friends*).

A total of thirty-seven letters very similar in tenor to Item 6.

ITEM 8.

(*From the quivering pen of Miss Sue Ramsay*).

Azalea Cottage,
Polegate, Sussex.
January 21st, 1925.

To the Editor of
"Who's Who in Literature."

Sir — My attention has been directed to the fact that you have circulated, in a publication entitled "Who's Who in Literature," a foolish mis-statement regarding the year of my birth.

I was born in April, 1899, therefore I am twenty-six. According to "Who's Who in Literature," I am in the vicinity of thirty-six. Not only has this insinuation subjected me to pain in private life, by inciting persons who are very jealous of me to pretend a belief that I have *lied* with regard to my age—it is calculated to harm me with my reading public. One reason why my stories and verses are popular is that they are supposed (rightly) to embody the thoughts of a woman who is quite young. A rumour that I am thirty-six is likely—however unworthy of credence the source from which it emanates—to lead my public to think that I have deceived it and to render it resentful towards me.

In the circumstances I have written urgently to my solicitor asking his advice as to whether I shall sue you for libel—a course which I am very much inclined to take.

Until a few days ago I was not aware that I had the honour (undesired) of appearing in "Who's Who in Literature"—a publication occupying a sphere so different from that of the recognized literary year-books that I think I had never heard of it. Having examined a copy of this book, I realize that the statement "1889" is not some crude attempt at impertinence, but is purely a mistake—since "Who's Who in Literature" is—if you will pardon a frank description?—a somewhat pretentious, cheap, and slip-shod volume to which blunder-making would be a second nature. I imagine, though, that the plea of "mistake" is no defence in a libel action. Pending my absolute decision as to whether I shall sue, will you please take at once all possible steps to rectify the disgracefully careless error in question—commencing by the publication, in the leading daily newspapers, of a letter of explanation and apology?

Faithfully yours, Sue Ramsay.

ITEM 9.

(*From the not less indignant pen of Maurice T. Maddocks, who, having passed a morning in ejaculating incredulously "Infernal cat!"—to the consternation of the office feline—has temporarily rallied from the envenomed wounds inflicted by "slip-shod," etc., to the extent of being able to compose a rejoinder, which, despite the*

Continued on page 34

When the Shades Are Drawn

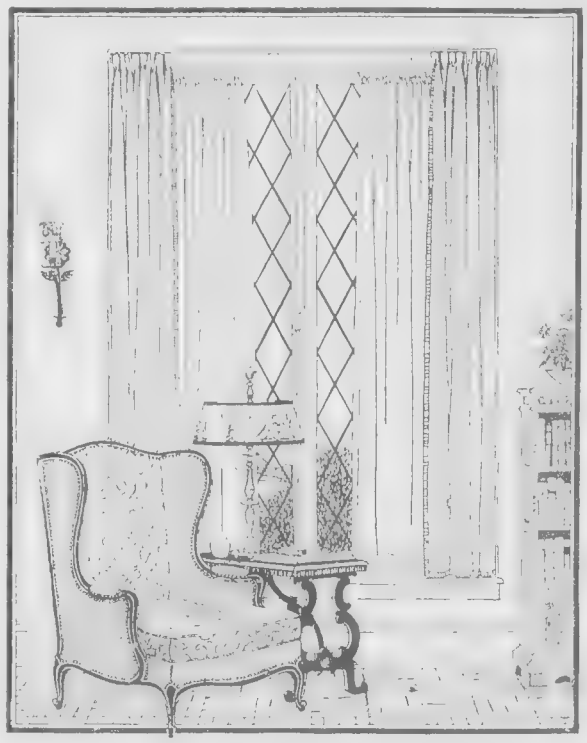
Their Trimness and Immaculate Appearance Should Contribute to the Charm of the Room

By Katherine M. Caldwell

WHEN the sunlight streams in at the window, on a midwinter's day, we run the shades to the top and welcome every cheering beam. But when the twilight begins to fade, or when midsummer sends a too-ardent sun to pour its light and warmth into our rooms, we draw the shades—with what effect? Are they immaculate, well-hung, examples of the same careful housekeeping that is elsewhere in evidence in the room?

Everyone realizes what an important part is played by the window in the average room. It is one of the centres of interest in nearly every case. During the bright part of the day, it dominates to almost the degree that the fireplace does when the logs are blazing on the hearth. When it is no longer a source of light, it still occupies an important place in the room, because it is usually a rather large area. The treatment of the window is therefore always a large factor in the success of the room.

It is a matter of choice whether we use a shade which may be raised or lowered at a touch, or curtains that will draw snugly across the window. In summer, the former really seems to be essential, because it may be pulled down just far enough to prevent carpet and furnishings from being faded by the strong sunlight, and yet not shut out the cooling breeze for which there might be a special welcome at the moment. If in winter, one likes the effect of warmth given by drawn side-curtains, there is every reason why they, too, should be used, for as a matter of fact, there is a very real protection from drafts in a pair of ample, heavy curtains—quite apart from the *impression* of warmth which they convey. The well-equipped window, therefore, may well have both draw curtains and blinds—at least during the winter months or if the window is on the sunny side of the house.



It is a matter of choice whether we use a shade, or curtains that will draw snugly across the window

You will note that a moment ago I mentioned *ample* curtains. It is necessary that if they are to be efficient in the matter of closing out drafts, they be wide enough to go well to the sides of the window frame and meet in the middle with plenty of width to spare. If there are cracks at the sides or middle, they will simply defeat that part of the curtain's purpose which dedicated them to the work of adding *comfort* to the room. Viewed also from the artistic standpoint, the fabric that falls in generous folds is richer and more graceful than one that looks even a trifle skimped.

If the material chosen for side curtains is heavy, it may occasionally go unlined; but usually a lining of plain sateen or casement cloth or something of that order improves the curtains, both in appearance and in performance. In order that they shall not reveal the lining from the front, a little of the outer fabric is turned over, as a rule, and the lining faced down on it, a short distance from the edge. If there is to be no vallance, a heading should be allowed as a finish at the top—a heading just deep enough to sit up nicely.

THE arrangement of the poles is very important in any window curtains, but is especially so for draw curtains. They must, in the first place, have a sturdy pole, heavy enough to carry whatever weight there may be without sagging, and they must, moreover, have it quite to themselves—no sharing it with vallance or glass curtains! When the curtains are important from the point of view of protection, the kind of rod that curves out from the bracket a few inches is best, because the curtains will then be quite free from the under curtains, and may be drawn very closely at the side. If there is a vallance, it must have still another rod which will project a trifle farther and still leave the draw curtains to slide back and forth quite freely. The third rod which carries the transparent glass curtains, fits quite closely to the window—its rod may be straight and fastened right to the window frame. Double rods—two rods that slip into one pair of brackets —are very neat and you can put glass curtains on the inner one and over-curtains on the more extended one, or, if you are planning a vallance, use the two rods for it and the draw curtains and put the glass curtains on a separate little straight rod inside.

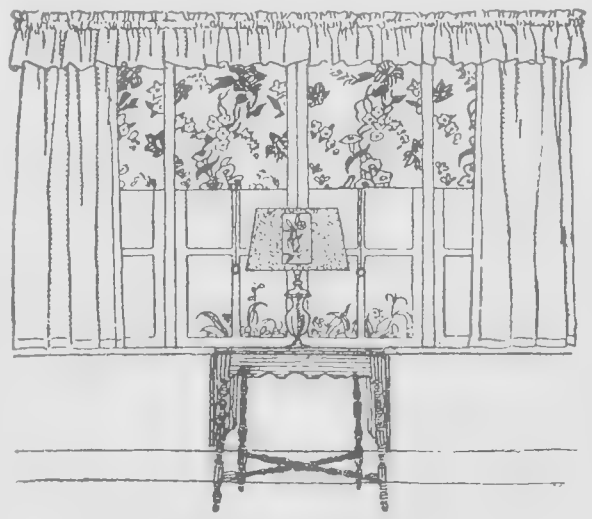
The second point in hanging draw curtains is that they should be fitted with rings so that they will slide back and forth with the utmost ease. Use plenty of rings, so that there will be no awkward bulges when the curtains are pushed back. You will require an equal number of pins—either the kind that you pin into the curtain at the back, just at the base of the heading, or the style that has a little metal rosette for a head, which remains on the outside when the pin is thrust through from the front of the curtain.

Since we are speaking this month of making the windows comfortable, with, of course, the desirable mode of smartness, we shall not get into the too comprehensive subject of fabrics and colour schemes for the curtains. Those are two wide topics in themselves. We shall go on, instead, to the discussion of the window shade or blind—speaking only of the inside roller type.

Before abandoning the thought of the roller itself, let me say that it always pays to buy only a dependable quality; the life of a good roller is long and its service a comfort; nothing is more irritating than a lackadaisical roller which has to be coaxed and cajoled into running up the blind, no matter what your hurry at the moment. If you have any shades that are behaving in that way, don't overlook the fact that if they cannot be made to work properly, you can buy a good new roller and transfer the old shade, which is still in good condition, to it with very little bother; the manner of doing it will be discussed later in connection with renovating the shade that is partly worn. However, the balky roller may be not really at fault, and it is well to test the simple remedy at hand before deciding that it should be discarded and replaced. Sometimes a shade becomes loose on the roller—and if you understand the construction of the clever little spring, you know that the shade must be tightly rolled on it if it is to work. So if there is a shade anywhere in your house that has to be jerked several times before it will climb even part way to the top of the window, take it down, lay it on the table or stretch it out upon the floor so that it will not be crushed in the process, and open it to its full length. Now begin to roll it tightly upon its roll and when you have taken up the entire length, replace the roller in its brackets, pull the shade down gently, and see if it will run up smoothly in response to a quick but gentle pull. You may find that you have remedied a most annoying trouble.

As to the need for routine care of the shades there comes a time in the life of every shade when special cleaning is required, but that time may be greatly postponed if the shade is properly dusted at regular intervals.

To do this, roll it up to the top, and using a step ladder so that you may reach it without straining yourself or jerking the roller and perhaps bending it where it fits into the brackets, remove it. Unroll it gradually upon the table. When you reach the end, begin to roll it on again, dusting both sides thoroughly as you progress. In this way, you will cover every inch of both sides of the shade.



In summer, a window shade seems really essential

WHEN you enter a store to purchase new shades, or write away to your dealer at a distance for them, it is well to have a fair working knowledge of the kinds of shade cloth that are in general use.

The best shades sold today are those of guaranteed fabric that has been treated to make it waterproof. This means that when it becomes soiled, you can wash it off with perfect ease and in no way harm it. The value of this fact is at once apparent to the experienced housekeeper, who has deplored the unattractive appearance of shades which have taken on a dark, soiled appearance, but which she knows any attempt to treat with soap and water would reduce to a still more hopeless state.

These washable shades are procurable in white, ivory, cream and, in the dark colours, the green and the blue that we like so much as a protection from summer sun. They cost a little more at the outset, but they will last a long time, with the frequent renewing of their freshness that their waterproofing makes possible, and so may be quite the cheapest thing in the end.

Scotch holland has long been in use for the making of window shades. It is usually a linen fabric and so can be depended upon for a long period of wear. Like any other shade, its condition may be kept good for a long time if it is given regular attention as suggested later in this article. But when soil finally does appear, there is not a great deal that it is wise to attempt at home. Art gum—a large piece—will help very appreciably to renew the appearance of the light shades and if there is a greasy soil, on either the light or the coloured shade, it will freqeuntly yield to treatment with carbon tetrachloride, which is a dependable grease solvent. But when the shade needs serious cleaning, it is well to send it away to the specialist to be dry cleaned. (Art gum may be purchased from any dealer in artists' supplies or from the stationery section of any large departmental store; the carbon tetrachloride is carried by the druggist).

The holland comes in both the light and dark finishes, the latter being made perhaps most frequently of cotton cloth, which was dyed before the fabric was woven. A process of beetling and calendering gives an attractive surface.

Another type of shade cloth that is in wide use, is the *opaque* or painted fabric. It is made of cotton cloth of various weaves; the finer, closer weaves of heavy weight do not require to be filled in order to take on an even surface when painted, but the thinner, coarser qualities are frequently *filled* to give them body; this results in a cloth that has not the durability or the appearance—at any rate, after the first flush of newness has worn off—of the unfilled fabric; in a short time the filling begins to drop out, especially if the shade is creased or crushed at all, and unsightly holes appear. It is unwise to try to wash off the surface of these cheaper painted shades, because the dampness has a tendency to loosen the filling.

The unfilled painted shade, on the other hand, if it is not coloured, will stand up nicely under careful washing. The best method is to use a sponge, if possible, or failing that, a cloth that may be very thoroughly wrung out. Warm water and a little mild neutral soap (do be careful not to use a strong, harsh soap) or a weak ammonia water, is all you will require. Dip the sponge or cloth in it, wring as dry as possible, and wipe off the shade, afterwards drying each section as thoroughly as possible with a fresh cloth. Dry thoroughly before re-rolling. Or you may get as good or better results on an unfilled and uncoloured shade by going over it with your big piece of art gum. For the coloured shades, carbon tetrachloride offers about the only method to use at home.

When cleaning no longer restores the appearance of the shade sufficiently, it may be repainted at home, if great care is taken. Buy a small can of good quality flat *oil paint*, one that you know you can depend on; select the same colour that was used on the shade before or an equally dark one if you want to match the shade to a new colour scheme in your room. Thin the paint down with spirits of turpentine, until it will brush on very smoothly. The trick in applying your paint is in getting it on quite evenly and you will find that a good brush is essential to the success of the work, as well as paint of high quality and a measure of skill and patience in applying it.

Continued on page 39

"If I were a woman—" said a Doctor

"I would select my 'helps' for household work just as carefully—just as thoughtfully—as I select the instruments here in my office.

"Why? Because I would want every bit of help I could get. I would want to build up a physical reserve, which is the best possible insurance of good health.

"Take washing and cleaning for instance. Here's where soap can be of *extra* help to you. Yet how much real thought do you—and most women for that matter—give to the selection of household soap?

"If I were a woman, therefore, I would select my soap—not on its color, or its shape, or its form, or even on its first cost—but on the extra washing and cleaning help it would give me."

Millions of women select Fels-Naptha because it gives them EXTRA help they cannot get in any other shape or form. *Extra* help that makes it so much easier to get clothes safely clean! *Extra* help that lightens so much the everyday cleaning about the home!

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is even more than soap and naptha. It is an exclusive blending of these two great, safe cleaners in one golden bar.

Here's EXTRA help you and every woman can afford. Isn't it worth a penny more a week, especially when—your health and strength considered—it is so much cheaper in the end?

Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!

FELS-NAPTHA

[illegible] CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

The Philosopher

1926

"RING out the old, ring in the new." Again and again on every New Year's Eve the old, familiar words come back to us. What if the cynic smiles in his superior way at the idea of the ringing of joy bells on New Year's Eve and derides the idealism that would bid us hope the world is going to be any better in 1926 than it was in 1925? Experience, says the cynic, teaches us that the world grows better very slowly. But the way to reply to the cynic is to ask him the question, "Whose experience?" One man's experience is not the same as another's. One man's experience leads him to one opinion or belief, another man's experience to a different opinion or belief. There was a time when experience told all men that the sun went round the earth. But men gained the knowledge which taught them that the experience of seeing the sun circling through the sky every day from east to west was not to be relied on as meaning what it seemed to mean. How many ideas and opinions and beliefs there are in the world which cannot be submitted to the testing of knowledge, and so either disposed of as conclusively as the old belief that the sun went round the earth has been disposed of, or else confirmed absolutely beyond possibility of question? The facts of human nature, the facts of politics, the facts of religion present themselves so perplexingly that whatever we believe about them must of necessity be largely a matter of faith. Can even the disbeliever say more than that even about his disbelief? Doubt and despair, like hope, are born in the imagination—some say in the digestion. There was a time when experience, or what called itself experience, declared most positively that wheat could not be grown in what is now Western Canada, except precariously along the river banks. Hence, if something calling itself experience bids you moderate your hopefulness about the good year that is coming and would have you desist from even the thought of ringing joy bells for the New Year, do not be misled by an adviser so untrustworthy. Experience does not actually know anything whatever of what 1926 will be like. The eyes of faith and hope can see that 1926 will be at the very least a little better than 1925 was. And if in your idealism and hopefulness you can conjure up a resplendent vision of a world in which hatred and poverty and sorrow will be found to be curable diseases, The Philosopher, for one, will gladly accept the evidence of your triumphant joy bells as evidence of things to come—evidence no less valid than the modest tinkling of The Philosopher's own joy bells. After all, it is the people with joy bells who will do things—not all the things they think they are going to do, but some of them.

About Good Resolutions

IT was surely a cynic who invented the saying that the way to hell is paved with good intentions. Is it not true that the way to heaven, too, is paved with good intentions? That cynical old saying about the pavement of the way to hell must have done much harm in its time. That it can ever have done any good is not easy to believe. It is not the making of good resolutions that is wrong; our failures to make our acts conform to our good resolutions that gives us cause for self-blame and for sorrow. But there is nothing to be gained from looking back with mournfulness and discouragement over our failures to keep all the good resolutions we made at the beginning of 1925. Let us look forward, not backward. We have to go forward not from where we hoped a year ago we might be now, but from where we actually are now. Where you are now is the only moment of time and the only foot of space from which you can go forward. This is what some of us forget in our doubtfulness about making good resolutions for the New Year. Let us begin by resolving to be a little kinder to one another and to try to be careful not to do anything destructive to the happiness of others. If we are not going to make any other good resolutions for 1926, let us at any rate make this one. Let us resolve to be kinder to one another. Let each of us resolve to believe that others are trying to be kinder, too. Let us not be cynical about ourselves, and let us not be cynical about other people.

Good Resolutions and Will Power

THERE is a great deal more to be said about good resolutions than has been said in the foregoing paragraph. Of all the important truths to be borne in mind as we journey through life there is none more important than that only will power can make us masters of ourselves and masters of our life conditions and our fate, so far as we human beings can achieve mastery of ourselves and our lives. We can exercise and train and strengthen our will power. To will that you will do a thing and then fail to do it is to lie to yourself. Weakness of will, like lying, is a matter of habit. Eventually it becomes fixed and chronic. To make good resolutions and then break them is one of the worst habits a human being can allow himself to fall into. We can all teach ourselves how to practise concentration of thought. It is the most important branch of all the branches of education, and nobody can really teach it to you but yourself. By achieving the power of keeping your mind on one thing at a time, you can in time acquire control of yourself and your life, so far as they are controllable, by the power of your will, which should be the captain of your ship. Here is a passage from the philosopher and historian Lecky, which is worth learning by heart and thinking over often: "The discipline of thought the establishment of an ascendancy of the will over our courses of thinking, the power of casting away morbid trains of reflection and turning resolutely to other subjects or aspects of life, the power of concentrating the mind seriously on a serious subject and pursuing continuous trains of thought—these are the best fruits of judicious self-education." Lecky might well have added that these things, too, can bring us relief and consolation. There is a deep truth in the lines of Tennyson:

"Oh, well for him whose will is strong.
He suffers, but he will not suffer long."

Nearly Two Million Dead Letters

HOW much more smoothly the whole of human life would run, if each and every one of us would only be careful all the time to do each and every little thing attentively and rightly, without negligence or mistake or any carelessness! This thought forced itself upon The Philosopher when he was turning over the pages of the Dominion Government Blue Book containing the last annual report of the Post Office Department and came to the portion of the report which deals with the Dead Letter Office. In the twelve months covered by the report there were handled in the Dead Letter Office no less than 1,999,624 (that is, only 376 less than two million) letters, post cards and parcels, which had to be sent to that office in Ottawa because they were not rightly addressed, or because for some other reason the persons to whom they were addressed could not be located, or because they were not addressed at all. Of this number 683,278 originated in Canada and did not go outside Canada, 281,064 originated in Canada and were returned from the United Kingdom or elsewhere in the Empire, or from foreign countries, and 379,784 originated outside Canada and could not be delivered in Canada. The total amount of cash found in those letters of the 1,999,624 which contained cash was $21,139.73, of which amount $19,381.29 was returned to the owners, and $1,758.44 was deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General at Ottawa. The proportion of mail matter reaching the Dead Letter Office during the year was 1 in 570, which shows a decrease of 39 per cent on the average of the preceding ten years, namely, 1 in 344. That there is a decrease is satisfactory, so far as it goes. But did you ever stop to think that the Dead Letter Office could be done away with, if everybody would only write his, or her name and address on the outside of letter or other piece of mail matter he, or she, posts? Simple enough. But so are many other things that require nothing more than that all of us should be careful and attentive to what we are doing. If each of us would unfailingly, all the time use as much careful attentiveness to what we are doing as we all do most of the time, there would be fewer accidents and far fewer people killed. But it can't be done. There will always be letters for the Dead Letter Office.

The Canadian Spirit

OF all the publications which have come to The Philosopher's table recently there is none which he values more, as a Canadian, than the issue of the official monthly of the Association of Canadian Clubs, which contains the report of the annual meeting of that Association, which was held at Port Arthur and Fort William a couple of months ago. There was some plain speaking at the sessions of that convention of the head men of the Canadian Club movement assembled there from all sections of the Dominion. Reporting for the reorganization committee, Mr. C. G. Cowan, of Ottawa, said: "It is felt that, with very few exceptions, the clubs have lost sight of the central object which justifies the existence of the movement, namely, the development of a Canadian spirit and of Canadian unity." The keynote speech of the meeting was made by Mr. E. J. Tarr, of Winnipeg, who said that if the Canadian Clubs would direct all their effort to the achievement of their true objective, the strengthening of the Canadian spirit and the building up of Canadian unity, they would be doing the most effective of all possible work against the sectionalism which is the greatest evil in Canada and stands most obstructively against the development of Canadian progress. Mr. C. R. McCullough, of Hamilton, one of the original founders of the whole movement, said in expressing his earnest agreement with Mr. Tarr: "Why not preach the gospel of Canadianism to the people of Canada?" The greatest need of our country today is the strengthening of the Canadian spirit. As a true Canadian has said: "Our heritage extending from ocean to ocean has come to us from the Canadians who were the makers of Canada. It is for us to develop a spirit of united Canadianism which alone can make Canada great."

Youth and Age

THE passing of another milestone in the journey of the years make even the most thoughtless of us think, if only for a moment, that we are all growing older. When we are young we manage somehow to feel that life is short and at the same time that life is terribly long. When we are young we think more of death than when we get on in years, which is an even more remarkable fact among the many remarkable facts of human nature. When we are middle-aged, when we reach the time of life when we cannot help realizing that there are fewer years ahead of us than the years we have already lived through, surely death should become more of a reality to us than it can possibly be to the young. For the young do not really expect to die—not even when the chances of death are all around them. But as the normal human being goes on living through middle age, his thoughts do not dwell on death. As a matter of fact, the normal human being should, and does, feel that each year of his life is more interesting than the year before, instead of being drearier and duller. It is for each of us to keep our souls alive and our spirits serene and buoyant.

When do you Become Old?

WHEN we are young and our lives are filled with the joy of living, we have our moments of harassment and uncertainty about what we are to make of ourselves. There is a large amount of natural conceit in every normal young person—it is perfectly natural, and nobody who understands anything about life fails to realize that without it youth would not be youth; but with that self-sufficiency and self-opinion of youth there is also a recurring sense of diffidence and inferiority. In those intervals of lack of self-confidence, youth envies older people, their experience of life and the wisdom that experience brings. When you are young, you ask yourself in such moments if your opinions are your own, or if you have simply taken them from anybody else—if your cherished convictions have been thrust upon you by somebody you specially admire and look up to—if your ideas are real or foolish and unreal—if your ideas are only ideas which young and ignorant people could hold, or is there some truth in them? You wonder what kind of person you really are. But you do not stay long in such an interval of unhappy diffidence. You "snap out of it" into confidence and confident hopefulness. Instead of being doubtful about the kind of person you are, you believe you are really a great deal like the kind of person that has captured your imagination in a book you have just read, and you have no doubt that before you have become old you will have made your mark in the world. And when do you become old? This is a question to which The Philosopher has given some thought. There can be no doutb that the correct answer to it is that you become old when you cease to understand and sympathize with youth.

Socialism and Communism

A Western Home Monthly reader writes to The Philosopher, asking what the difference is between Socialism and Communism. The plain fact of the matter is that there is no difference at all between the two doctrines. Bernard Shaw, an outstanding exponent of Socialism, writes in a recent number of the London Spectator: "Communism is the same as Socialism. There is a technical use of the word, in which, for example, the streets, bridges, paving, lighting and police are 'communized,' whilst the telegraphs and telephones and postal services are 'socialized,' or nationalized. It does not matter, as the people call the 'communized' services 'free.'" He defines Socialism as the "equal distribution of the national income among all citizens, without regard to age, sex, character, industry or anything else but national vitality, with all the consequences which such a distribution implies." It has always appeared to The Philosopher that the motto of the Socialists, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his need," is admirable when it is taken as expressing the spirit in which the individual should deal with the community, but not at all admirable when it is taken as expressing the principles according to which the community should deal with the individual. If in a community ruled by Socialistic methods there were a considerable number of men who were unwilling to work, what would happen? Sufficient coal would not be mined, sufficient grain would not be grown or harvested, sufficient supplies of other sorts would not be produced or transported, to keep the people as a whole from freezing, starving and dying. Those who recognized their rational and humane obligations would have to work as they could. The community would have to do what it could to compel as much necessary work as possible to be done. In such circumstances how could there be any Socialistic management on the part of the workers themselves? Such conditions would develop slaves on the one hand and tyrannical slave-drivers on the other. It is true, undeniably, that many injustices in the existing systems in all countries can be pointed to. But pointing to them does not constitute a convincing, unanswerable argument in support of Socialism—or of Communism, which "is the same thing."

We're Brithers A'

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

ANY one who is familiar with the game of curling and who has witnessed the social fellowship existing among curlers, feels that it is

"The game of all others
That most make men brothers."

Curling comes at the time of the year when sociability is most needed in the land of the North. It turns the season of frost and snow into a season of great enjoyment. Unlike the game of golf and other games, curling is a game for the poor as well as the rich. Let us hope that it shall always remain so, because if it ever becomes beyond the reach of the poor the glory shall have departed from the game, for it shall have lost the grand power which it now possesses of uniting in the closest brotherhood the different classes of a community.

In this game our youth have an outlet for their enthusiasm and energy, and a means of cultivating strength of body and vigour of mind, by an amusement which is in no way associated with questionable temptations. A splendid feature of the game is that it has a place for the old as well as the young. It is indeed most pleasant to see the gray-haired man compete with the young man with a skill that not infrequently excels the youth. It is a wonderful elixir of health to old age because it wards off disease and infirmity, and gives new life to the stiffening body—and how it renews old friendships and strengthens brotherhood as they meet at the annual bonspiel!

Furthermore, it comes to the workingman at the time he most needs relief, when the fields are at rest and he does not need to work; it makes him forget the burden of toil, cheers his heart and strengthens him for the work of the coming summer. Even the professional man and the man of business drop their care and worry for the time and wrinkles of anxiety fade away as they enter into "the peerless game that feeds the flame of fellowship in man."

Thus it brings old and young, rich and poor together in a way that nothing else does or can do, and without taking from the one his dignity or from the other his self respect. It makes them feel that beneath and above all social distinctions there is a deeper, higher relationship—that of sympathy and common humanity.

They feel the sentiment that Norman Macleod brings out in these lines:

"In fine frosty weather, let a' meet the-gither,
Wi' brooms in their haun's, an' a stane near the 'tee;
Then, ha! ha! by my certies, ye'll see hoo a' parties
Like brithers will love and like brithers agree!"

In the early history of the game, physical force was considered the highest accomplishment needed. The "channel-stane" was the bracing engine of a Scottish arm. In Canonmills "Curler's March," of 1792, we have the following description:

"Now mark the dread sounds as our columns move on,
So solemn, so awful, so martial's the tone,
The clouds resound afar, whilst the waters groan:
Stable Rock
Fells our shock
As if stern Mars in transport spoke;
Such was the thunder and crash of the curling stone."

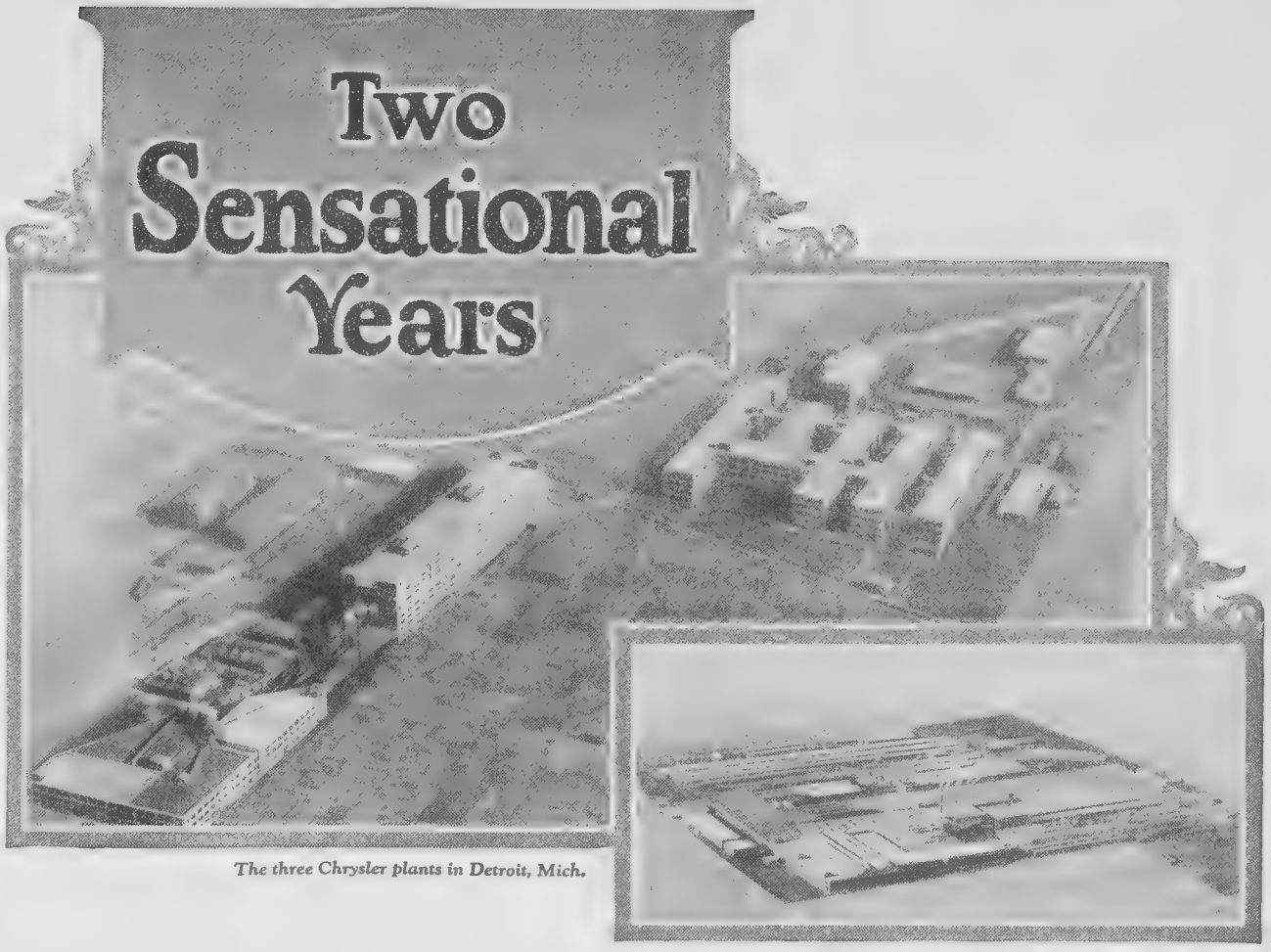
There were giants in those days.

The game differed then from the present method in that formerly physical strength alone was necessary, while now curling requires something else than a display of force. The modern curler's ambition is to reduce stone throwing to one of the fine arts. It requires mental skill as well as strength.

But, though the ancient game was rough, it laid the strong foundation upon which the sociability and brotherhood of curling meetings are built. The pillars of the bonspiel, "rivalry and fond fellowship" were then laid strong and deep—never to be shaken.

"Thus did Bentudor and Glenbuck
Their curling contest end;
They met baith merry i' the morn,
At night they parted friends."

Continued on page 40



The three Chrysler plants in Detroit, Mich.

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It gratefully accepts the responsibility of holding, through the ever advancing quality and value of its cars and through the integrity of its service, the high public good will it has enjoyed in the two record years just closed.

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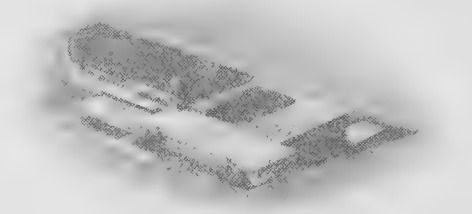
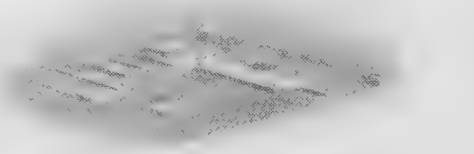


Windsor, Ontario



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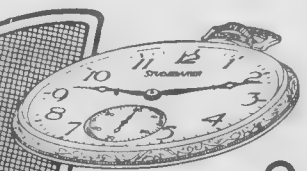

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The Gentleman Adventurer

Continued from page 7

"At last, Gaston," he cried, jumping up from his chair and throwing Molière on the table. "I thought you were never coming. I have been waiting best part of an hour for you."

"A thousand pardons, Henri, I would have never kept you waiting had I known you were here." There was no trace of the surprise he felt at finding his step-brother free. "I have been detained by little Juliette. She is becoming devilish importunate. Dieu! I believe the girl loves me. But I mustn't bother you with my little troubles. What's the news you have on your mind?"

"Mine is slightly more serious than yours, I'm afraid. I have just escaped arrest by a lettre-de-cachet."

"Arrest? You? Tonnerre de Dieu! What in Heaven's name have you been doing to cause that?" The Marquis' surprise was forceful but not overdone.

"Nothing I can think of. But hear what has just happened."

The Marquis nodded and the younger man related his adventure with the Captain D'Auverne.

"'Pon honor," he exclaimed as the other finished, "it's the strangest thing I've heard for a long time. It seems unbelievable. Have you any theory to cover it?"

"None, unless it was my association with the Jacobin element, yet, that seems a slim reason for a lettre-de-cachet. Arrests would be general and they could be accomplished in the more ordinary way. No, I can't believe that to be the reason."

"It's hard to say, Henri. Anything can happen under present circumstances. I've told you several times that your policy of attaching yourself to these people was a dangerous one." His tone conveyed a gentle rebuke. "However," he went on, "that is neither here nor there. We must take some steps to protect you. Leave the matter in my hands and I'll see the King this evening. I think I've enough influence to get the order stopped unless there is something very much deeper in it than we imagine."

"Thanks, Gaston, a thousand thanks," said the Vicomte, grasping the other's hand, "I thought you would not fail me."

"Bah, Henri, do not talk of it. It's a mere nothing. And now we must prepare for dinner. You will stay here, of course ,until this matter is all settled." As he spoke he pulled a bell-rope to summon a servant. "After dinner I will go straight to the Louvre and seek out the King."

"I trust you will be able to do something, Gaston. I have no fancy to leave France suddenly."

"Have no fear, my dear fellow. Something must be done. We can't have the bridegroom whisked away on the eve of his wedding," he finished up jestingly.

Just then the lackey appeared in obedience to the summons. The Marquis turned to him.

"Michelet," he commanded, "take the Vicomte upstairs and attend to his wants."

When the Marquis was left alone he went to a writing table at one end of the room and wrote a brief note. Having completed this he summoned another servant.

"Take this to Captain D'Auverne at Palais Mentoix," he directed.

AN hour or so later found the Marquis and his brother sipping their port after a dinner that would have done no disgrace to a king's table. The elder St. Croix, in all things something of an epicure, prided himself on keeping one of the best boards in Paris. The sumptuousness of his numerous feasts was renowned and many a courtier paid him elaborate homage to secure one of the coveted invitations. So after the departure of the domestics it was with no small pleasure and sense of satisfaction that the two settled down to a chat before rising.

The Marquis, seeing the consummation of his wishes in plain view was in the best of good humors. His note to the captain had asked that his own share in the arrest should be kept secret and that he be not misunderstood if he seemed to take his brother's part. In this way he would accomplish his purpose without a scene, a thing for which the Marquis had a great distaste. In fact, he heartily disliked the whole business but, much as he had thought about it, he had been unable to devise any other way of getting rid of his young step-brother.

Some time ago the Marquis had reached the conclusion that he must marry his ward, Solange de Rambouillet, not, he told himself, to obtain her large revenues, but because he had conceived for her the first real passion of his life. That the immense wealth of the Rambouillet estates would restore the St. Croix fortunes, crippled by his profligacy was, he had convinced himself, only a highly convenient and desirable accompaniment of his "grande passion." The verity of his affection was in some measure borne out by the cooling of his attentions to Juliette with no other diversion of the kind in sight. Such a thing had never happened before.

If it had not been for the unexpected appearance of the Vicomte he felt that his objective would have been easy. To Solange the younger St. Croix was little more than a childhood memory. For the Marquis she had a real affection which with a little care and patience might become something more. But should she hear that her fiancé had returned to France for the purpose of marrying her the memory of her father's wishes would in honor compel her to redeem the promise she had made him long ago. If, on the other hand, she were under the impression that he had forgotten her very existence the promise would mean nothing to her. So, when his brother had appeared so suddenly on the scene the Marquis felt that he should take very drastic steps to get him out of the way.

The conversation had drifted back to the subject of the unfortunate Juliette.

"You have no idea what a nuisance that girl is becoming, Henri," the Marquis was saying. "She is as tenacious as a limpet or a very wife. Dieu, you would think I had taken her for a lifetime." He laughed, and then added: "I suppose you wouldn't care to take her off my hands. A charming baggage in some ways."

"Not for me, Gaston," his brother replied. "I'm through with such things. In fact, I've decided to settle down to a perfectly blameless existence unless my wife be very ill-favored."

"Have no fear of that, my dear fellow. Even your eyes, accustomed as they must be to the Italian beauties, will open a little wider when they see her. Indeed you are uncommon lucky to secure a wife as beautiful as she is rich. But why the puritanism? It doesn't smack of a St. Croix."

"Just a weariness of such adventures, I suppose. Call me a puritan if you wish, but it's true."

"Nay, I but jested. Such conduct goes well with the young bridegroom role though rarely with the older one. However, you must be tolerant with your old rake of a brother in spite of your new-found morality. But, as I was going to say, never has any woman shown such ingratitude for my generosity before."

"Surely, Gaston, you have learned that all women are ungrateful by this time," said the Vicomte cynically.

"I have, Henri, but this case is beyond words. I took that girl from the most miserable surroundings. Her father is one of those guttersnipes who hangs around with Marat. A regular sans-culotte. I showered veritable luxury on her head for almost a year and how does she reward me? By plaguing the life out of me to love her when she sees I'm tiring of her and what's more, by raising an infernal scene because I do not visit her as often as she would like. What in Heaven's name does a girl expect? She must have made enough out of me to keep her the rest of her life and yet she comes with this devilish pleading. It's insufferable."

"I imagine she must love you. It's the only solution, Gaston."

"I believe you are right, Henri, and for that reason I have striven to be easy with her, but there is a limit and she must realize it."

"Yet it's hard on her you know."

"Admitted, but now is not the time to moan about it. She must have known this would be the end from the start.

If not, it's her own fault and she must put up with it."

Silence fell for a moment and then the Marquis remembered something.

"By the way, I didn't tell you that I had a letter from the Mother Superior of the Convent today, saying that Solange will be in Paris much earlier than I thought—about the end of the week." He did not add that it was his doing.

"Solange coming in a day or two! Why the devil didn't you tell me so before? It's a strange experience to contemplate meeting one's fiancée for the first time since childhood. Dieu de Dieu! We must fix the wedding day."

"I had thought of the fifteenth of next month." He had—for himself.

"Admirable, if I don't become too white livered in the meantime at the thought of matrimony."

"You need have no fear of that once you see her," laughed the Marquis. "But let me press you to another glass of port and we will toast Mademoiselle. Then I must hurry off to the Louvre and fix up the matter of this lettre-de-cachet or there will be no wedding or anything else for you."

They had just replaced their glasses on the table when a servant opened the door. He was a short, well-covered man and very correct.

"Captain D'Auverne to see you, monsieur," he announced.

"D'Auverne!" gasped the Vicomte, jumping from his chair with surprise stamped on every feature of his face. "D'Auverne here?"

The Marquis' amazement appeared to equal his brother's.

"Captain D'Auverne," he said, "what in thunder can he want? Surely he can't have followed you here so soon!"

"He must have done, the fat rascal."

"Then he mustn't see you, Henri. Out of the room quickly and I'll tell him you're not here. Victor," he added. turning to the servant, "admit the gentleman in a few minutes."

The Vicomte, seeing the good sense of his brother's advice, nodded and crossed to the door. He had his hand on the door-knob when Captain D'Auverne appeared at the other door with a pistol in his hand. He was not going to be caught napping this time.

"Come back, Vicomte, he shouted, "or I fire."

Not wishing to test the good Captain's marksmanship at such short range the Vicomte complied.

"Congratulations, Captain," he smiled. "the trick is yours."

"So I have you at last, you pestilent knave. Did you expect to dupe me so easily, varlet?"

"Enough of that," broke in the Marquis and his anger was not feigned. After all the Vicomte was a St. Croix and a gentleman and deserved treatment as such. The soldier was somewhat abashed. "You are here to arrest my brother, not to insult him."

"No offence, monsieur," the other apologized, "but he has plagued me vastly this afternoon. My temper is short and being a soldier I do not mince matters." Saying this he puffed out his chest and strove to put on a martial air which resulted only in a laughable appearance of fat pomposity. "In ordinary circumstances," he added with a funny little fierceness of tone, "if a man treated me as your brother has I should have called him out and killed him."

The Marquis smiled in spite of himself at the thought of this fat creature pitched against a swordsman of the Vicomte's repute in a duel.

"Perhaps we could arrange that even now," he said pleasantly.

"Unfortunately," rejoined the captain hastily, "such a thing is utterly impossible. He is my prisoner. As that he is safe, but afterwards, let him beware." His manner became grandiose as he thought of the unlikeliness of there ever being an afterwards for the Vicomte.

"But can you not delay the arrest for a little while, even an hour or two? I was just starting for the Louvre when you entered, to see if I could get the warrant withdrawn."

"Impossible, monsieur, I have my duty to perform."

"I give you my word he shall not escape."

"It's no use, Marquis. I must take him now."

Meanwhile the Vicomte was standing by, taking no part in the discussion. It seemed futile. Had there been an opportunity for escape he would have been the first to take it, but a glance from the window showed him that the Captain had this time taken the precaution of surrounding the house. He put what hopes he had in the Marquis.

The Marquis, however, talked on with a view of showing his good faith.

"But can't you give us a hint as to why my brother is to be arrested?" he asked impatiently.

"No more than you can," snapped D'Auverne with a world of meaning. He wanted the Marquis to know that he realized what uncomfortable disclosures he could make.

"Which means nothing!" exclaimed the Marquis. "The whole thing is ridiculous. Delay one hour while I go to the King. You can stay here with the Vicomte while I am gone."

"As I said before, impossible, monsieur; and now, Vicomte, we must be going. Time presses."

The Marquis took his brother's hand. "I'm sorry, Henri, that I seem so useless. However, keep up your spirits. I'm sure to get your freedom from the King."

"Don't worry, Gaston, I know you will do what you can. You've been very good."

The Vicomte bade farewell to his brother and followed the officer out of the room. Left alone, the Marquis let a look of satisfaction spread over his face. He rubbed his hands together. Then a thought struck him. He opened the door.

"Captain," he called.

The officer turned.

"A word with you before you go," said the Marquis.

D'Auverne came back and followed the other into the room.

"I want to caution you again about saying anything about my part in this affair to the Vicomte, or anyone else."

"You may trust me, monsieur."

"See that I can or it may be the worse for you. Here is something for your trouble." He handed the man a purse.

"Thank you, monsieur, and rest assured you may trust me."

"Very well, then. You may go."

The captain clanked out of the room, well pleased with the transaction.

Left once more to himself the Marquis poured out another glass of port and drank it with evident satisfaction. Things were going well for the success of his scheme.

BACK in the hall again D'Auverne found the Vicomte talking to Andrea. They took no notice of his approach.

"What the devil are you doing here, dog?" roared the captain.

Andrea wheeled about. His quick Italian temper bridled at the tone but the Vicomte put a restraining hand on his shoulder.

"Calm yourself, Captain, I'm only giving my servant a few instructions."

The captain took no heed of the explanation but continued to vent his temper on Andrea.

"Out of the way, varlet," he bellowed. "Enough time has been wasted. Do you hear me? Hence!"

More might have come of this but the Vicomte again interposed himself.

"You had better go, andrea. Take what money you find in a box on my dressing table. It is yours. In case we don't meet again, farewell. You have served me well."

D'Auverne cut short any further remarks by turning to his men.

"Fall in about the prisoner," he commanded. "'tion! March!"

As the procession moved out Andrea fell back. There were tears in his eyes, for he loved his master. He would gladly have made a fight for it but the Vicomte had pointed out the futility of such a course.

In the streets outside dusk was falling. The sky mellowed from cerulean blue in the east to a pale shade of green in the west. Nature was quiet and noises of the street resounded with isolated loudness. As the prisoner passed along he was a butt for curious eyes of housewives attracted to their doors by the sound of marching soldiers. Street urchins stopped their games to gaze interestedly at the Vicomte. The attention he was drawing roused the captain's innate sense of vanity. He let his sword clank blatantly on the cobblestones.

The Vicomte walked blindly on, not noticing the stares directed at him. Notwithstanding the Marquis' assurance he

Continued on page 42

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Where Children Lose

Is when tooth and gum troubles are invited by permitting film coats on their teeth

Mother . . . please accept this full 10-day test as approved by world's leading dentists

IF you seek the most that recent science knows in advanced tooth and gum care, please mail the coupon below.

What it brings will mean much to your children and yourself. Largely on dental advice the world has turned to this new method.

It goes to the basis of tooth and gum troubles. It whitens cloudy teeth quickly. . .amazingly. And does those things as they should be done. It acts, too, properly and correctly to combat the fostering of pyorrhea and gum troubles.

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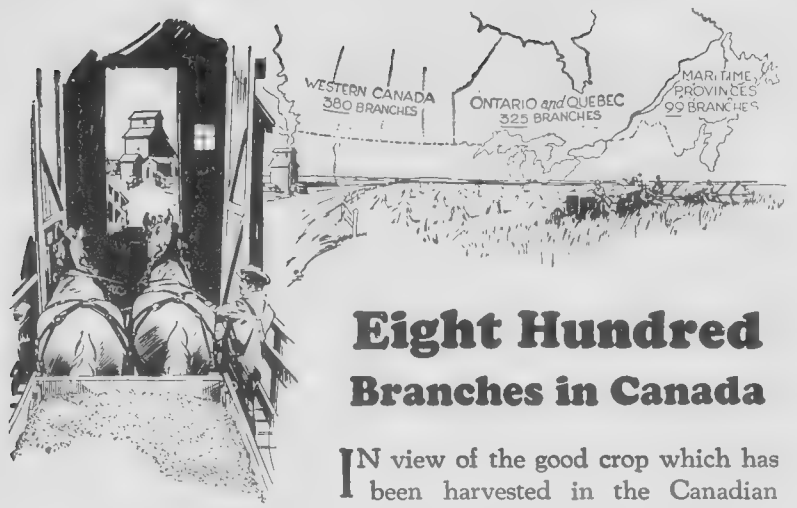

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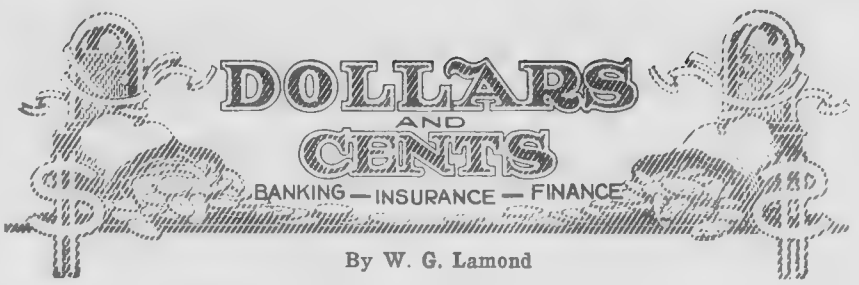

By W. G. Lamond

The Dominion Board of Trade

THE projected Dominion Board of Trade, of which the recent Economic Conference in Winnipeg expressed approval, will be more or less in the nature of an experiment; the United States Chamber of Commerce probably will provide the model for the new Canadian organization. It is known that some of the larger boards in Eastern Canada have had doubts as to the desirability of a Dominion-wide organization, fearing that sectional interests were so varied as to prevent a Dominion board from operating successfully. There has also been a feeling that, under any plan of representation, the larger boards were likely to be outvoted. The experiment will be watched with interest as a further effort to link up east and west despite the geographical difficulties.

Canada's external trade continues to record large increases. Export shipments in October showed an advance of almost 40 per cent over the value of exports in October, 1924. The larger part of the gain came under the heading of agricultural and vegetable products, but other groups showed moderate gains. Most of the wheat exported by the western route through Vancouver is going to the Orient. Enlarged imports of merchandise into the Dominion reflects somewhat greater industrial activity throughout Canada and, incidentally, are providing additional revenue from Customs duties. Customs revenue for the seven months ended with October was higher than the figures for the corresponding period last year by more than $12,000,000, or over 17 per cent. This increase, together with the improvement in the earnings of the Canadian National Railways, as a result of the big grain crop, should make possible some moderate reductions in internal taxation at the next Session of Parliament.

Manufacturing in Canada

THE seventh annual report of the Dominion Government on the manufacturing industries of Canada, covering the situation at the end of the year 1923, has just been issued. According to this report there were at the end of that year 22,642 establishments in the Dominion, having increased to this number from 22,541 in the previous year. The total invested capital rose from $3,244,302,410 in 1922 to $3,380,322,950 in 1923, being an increase of $136,020,540, or 4.2 per cent. The number of persons employed in the manufacturing industries of Canada in 1923 was 533,905, of whom 408,606 were males and 125,299 were females. The total payments for labor for the year amounted to $573,095,870. The total cost of materials, whether raw or partly manufactured, was $1,470,140,139, an excess over the year 1922 of $189,613,060, or approximately 15 per cent. The gross value at the mill or factory of all goods manufactured during 1923 amounted to $2,781,165,514, an increase over the previous year of $341,321,748 or 12.27 per cent. The net value added by manufacture amounted to $1,311,025,375, an increase of 9.4 per cent over the previous year.

Canadian Banking Results

THE first of the Canadian banking results for the past Canadian banking year, which usually ends on October 30 or November 30, are those of the Bank of Montreal. They are of good augury, for they afford definite indications of increasing business. This was, of course, to be expected, for Canada s prosperity is largely dependent upon her crops, and those for 1925 have been of a very satisfactory nature. Losses by the banks during the past year have been smaller, while in many directions there have been recoveries in regard to doubtful accounts. Comparison of the figures of October 30 last with those of a year ago is interfered with by the fact that towards the end of last year the Bank of Montreal took over Molson s Bank, but if the figures are compared with those in the half-yearly statement issued in April, when the comparison is a level one, considerable expansion is shown in the working items. Thus the current loans and discounts in Canada at $225,000,000 have increased by $14,000,000, and the deposits have risen from $604,000,000 to $631,000,000. The ratio of cash to deposits stand at 15.30 per cent.

Departmental Stores

THE larger department stores throughout Canada continue to obtain a steadily increasing share of the retail business of the Dominion, and this development is one of far-reaching consequences to thousands of smaller retail establishments. Nearly all of the larger department store organizations have embarked upon important extension schemes, which cannot fail to involve intensified competition with the smaller businesses. Some of the smaller department stores in the urban centres have been finding it difficult to keep up the pace, while the big stores have been growing still larger. Canadian retail business is being concentrated to an increasing extent in the hands of—(1) a few very large department stores, some of which have developed great mail-order organizations; (2) specialty service stores; (3) local stores, which maintain a more or less precarious existence by supplying occasional or "emergency" requirements.

If one can judge from the building activities of the "big stores," the managements do not regard their present share of the retail trade as representing anything like the maximum proportion available to them. Competition among these big organizations is becoming increasingly severe, however. In Vancouver all the department stores are erecting large new premises or additions, and manufacturers and wholesalers are speculating whence the business will be obtained to keep them all well employed.

Coal Mining

THE enactment of an anti-dumping law against foreign coal and a subsidy on coal rates if no other means of freight reduction can be found were among the measures suggested when the Canadian coal trade was discussed at the convention of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy held in Winnipeg.

It also was urged that during the summer months the Federal Government should send out test shipments of coal to possible markets in order to determine actual costs. The duty of 50c a ton recently placed on slack coal was said to be already proving a benefit.

The Alberta Trade Commissioner, Mr. Stutchbury, deplored the looseness of regulations which allowed the opening up of several hundred mines of the "gopher hole type." There were 322 miles in Alberta in 1924, which had produced only a little more than 5 per cent of the total output, while the remaining 77 had produced the other 95 per cent. Alberta, he said, was dotted with abandoned mines of this type. He expressed the opinion that in the interests of economy and conservation many of the mines should be consolidated.

Hardware Merger

WESTERN CANADA announces a hardware merger in the amalgamation of the Marshall-Wells Company, of Winnipeg, and Wood Vallance, Limited, of Winnipeg, Regina and Calgary. The combined business in the future will be conducted under one management, with Seth Marshall, president, and T. L. Waldon, vice-president and managing director, while the board of directors will be chosen from both companies. The assets of the two companies are in excess of $6,000,000, while the annual turnover runs into many millions.

Mr. Waldon announces that through this purchase the western homes will benefit a great deal. Increased business volume with very little more ove[illegible] will be the cause.

This department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

CERTAIN enquiries have come to us with relation to questions arising out of partnerships. All the western provinces have codified the law of partnership in acts known as "The Partnership Act." Usually the act defines "partnership" as the relation which subsists between persons carrying on a business in common with a view to profit. However, the relationship between members of any incorporated company or association is not a partnership within the meaning of the act. The definition states there must be a "business," but it is not every occupation which can be said to be a "business." The landowner whose income is derived from his property does not carry on a business, although the management of his estate may be his only serious occupation and may cause him to be extremely busy; nor are joint owners of an estate or even of a chattel although they may use their best endeavors to develop the land and let or use the joint property for their mutual profit unless they go further and carry on a business with respect to it.

The word "business" also includes every trade, occupation, or profession. This expression must be taken in a limited way and only applies to those commercial and professional businesses, i.e., callings in which men hold themselves out as willing to sell to all comers goods or skilled assistance or other services.

In the second place, the business must be carried on for a profit. By the word "profit" is meant net profit, i.e., the difference between the gross returns and the outgoings of the business. Thus where a publisher agrees to pay an author one-third of the gross sales of his book, that is not such a sharing of profits as would raise a presumption of partnership. The same remark would apply to the letting of a theatre upon the terms of the owner receiving one-half of the amount paid by the audience for their seats.

At one time it was held that the mere participation in the profits of a business ipso facto made the participant liable as a partner to third parties. It has been decided that although this is a strong test of partnership, yet, of itself, it does not render the parties partners.

Every partner is an agent of the firm and his other partners for the purpose of the business of the partnership. Every partner who does any act for carrying on in the usual way the kind of business carried on by the firm of which he is a member binds the firm and his partners unless the partner so acting has in fact no authority to act for the firm and the person with whom he is dealing either knows that he has no authority or does not believe him to be a partner.

Every partner of a firm is liable jointly with the other partners for all debts and obligations of the firm incurred while he was a partner.

The firm is liable for the wrongdoings of any of the partners acting in the ordinary course of the business of the firm or with the authority of his co-partners.

The firm is liable for the misappropriation of money or property received for or in the custody of the firm. In this case, the liability is joint as well as several.

Subject to any agreement, expressed or implied between the partners the following rules are declared under the act to define the interest of the partners in the partnership property and their rights and duties in relation to the partnership:

All the partners are entitled to share equally in the capital and profits of the business and must contribute equally to the losses whether of capital or otherwise sustained by the firm. The firm must indemnify every partner in respect of payments made and liabilities incurred by him in the ordinary and proper conduct of the business or in or about anything necessarily done for the preservation of the business. A partner making for the purpose of the partnership any actual payment or advance beyond the amount of capital which he has agreed to subscribe is entitled to interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum from the date of the payment; a partner is not entitled before the ascertainment of profit to interest on the capital subscribed by him.

Every partner may take part in the management of the partnership business. No partner shall be entitled to remuneration in the partnership business. No person may be introduced as a partner without the consent of all existing partners.

Any difference arising as to ordinary matters connected with the partnership business may be decided by majority of the partners. No change can be made in the nature of the partnership business without the consent of all existing partners. The partnership books should be kept at the place of the business of the partnership, and every partner may when he thinks fit have access to. and inspect and copy any of them.

The partnership may be dissolved in any one of the following ways:

If entered into for a fixed time, by the expiration of that time; if entered into for a single adventure or undertaking, by the completion of the adventure or undertaking; if entered into for an undefined time, by any partner giving notice to the other of his intention to dissolve the partnership; by the death, bankruptcy, or insolvency of any partner; if a partner allows his share of the partnership property to be charged for his separate debt; by the happening of any event which makes it unlawful for the firm to be carried on.

In certain cases dissolution may be brought about by an application to the proper court where a partner is found by inquisition to be a lunatic or becomes incapable of performing his share of the contract or becomes guilty of such conduct that the other partners can no longer carry on with him.

Questions

Q.—I would like to take advantage of this department. My husband took some shares out with a small building concern and he paid five dollars down and signed 11 notes for the balance. The amount of shares was $100.00. At the time he signed the 11 notes for $8.00 a note but did not sign the application for stock. Since then, through sickness, we are unable to pay for them. Can they force us to pay?—Mrs. H.G.

A.—It is not necessary that your husband should have signed the application for shares if the company took his notes as payment or security for payment of the balance owing on the shares. Unless the company selling the shares is a Dominion company it must obtain a license from the Province of Manitoba permitting it to sell shares here. If the company has not obtained this permission, it cannot force your husband to pay for the shares, and, in fact, he can recover the amount already paid. This may not be possible, however, if the company has become bankrupt. Before a company can recover on their notes there must have been an allotment of shares to your husband made by its directors and notice of the same given to him. Unless this has been done, the application for shares has not been accepted by the company and may be revoked by your husband. We would

Continued on page 23

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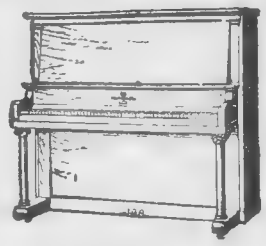

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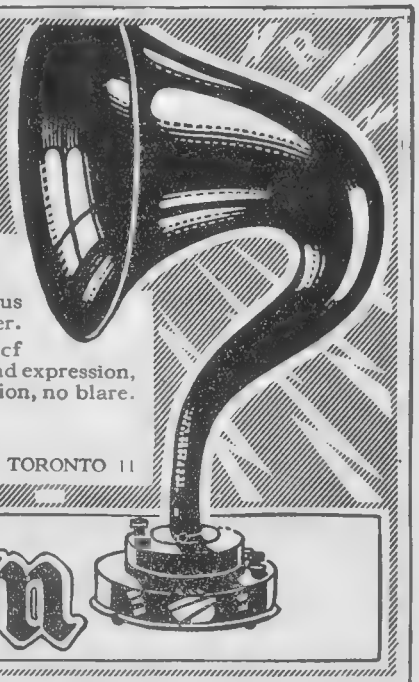

Brown

RADIO

The New Beam Station

THE new "beam" station erected by the Marconi Company at Drummondville, near Montreal, will probably be opened at the end of this year, it was stated at the offices of the Canadian Marconi Company. This station, the first of its kind, will operate on the principle of concentrating in one direction all the radio energy it generates, instead of, as in the case of an ordinary radio transmitter, spreading its energy out in a circle all around it.

It is along the lines of the "direction finder" which has been in use for a number of years for the benefit of navigation, and whose principle is that of concentrating the radio energy in a specific direction. "Just like making a light send its beam in one direction instead of spreading the light all around it," one of the Marconi engineers explained; "only a good deal harder to do."

The speed of a hundred words a minute minimum which is guaranteed by contract with the imperial government is, of course, considerably above anything that an ordinary telegrapher can accomplish, but it is achieved by automatic transmitters.

The operator, by simply typing the message, transmits it in dots and dashes to a tape, and this tape when run through the transmitting machine, like a record through a piano player, makes the transmitter work at the high speed mentioned. The dots and dashes on the tape at the receiving end can either be read by operators who transcribe them optically, or can be fed into a special typewriter which turns them into intelligible alphabetical characters.

The station has been erected for telegraphic transmission, but could, if necessary, be used also for radio transmission of the human voice or other sounds, it was stated at the company's offices.

How Radio is Received in Distant Northern Parts

SUGGESTIVE of striking distances are three communications to KOA at Denver, from three widely separated staff members of Hudson's Bay Company in Northern Canada.

One of these, written by D. McAlpine, who is detailed to duty north of the Arctic Circle, was mailed from Kittigaruit, which faces the Beaufort Sea.

"We are on the Mackenzie River delta, at a latitude of approximately 69 degrees 20 minutes, and heard your station tonight quite distinctly," the letter reads. "At the time this is written—August 26—there is hardly any darkness at night."

The second response, which was transported overland a distance of 300 miles to the nearest railroad, was sent by R. B. Urquhart, manager at Isle a la Crosse.

"On behalf of the Hudson's Bay staff at this post, kindly allow me to convey an appreciation for KOA's most enjoyable programmes," the writer declares. "Volume and tone are most pronounced."

From the Sturgeon Lake post P. G. B. Bodeker writes:

"To one who has spent 20 years away from civilization it was like hearing heaven almost, when for the first time I tuned in KOA the other night on my newly acquired receiving set. This was my first radio success—my first thrill. Even if I should live a hundred years longer, I'll never forget the experience."

Innumerable communications also have been received at the General Electric broadcasting station from listeners residing beyond the territorial boundaries of the United States Included are residents of New Zealand, Hawaii, Alaska, Newfoundland, West Indies, Mexico and various sections of Central and South America. Reception also has been reported as far east as Birmingham, England.

Charitable Appeals by Radio Discouraged

THE director of CKY, the Winnipeg radio station, sends the following announcement for publication:

"CKY is being bombarded with requests to broadcast appeals on behalf of every conceivable kind of charity. While the objects are most worthy in themselves, CKY has come to the conclusion that too much is more than plenty. Consequently, the broadcasting of such appeals is to be discouraged in future. It occasionally happens that churches, whose services are put on the air by CKY free of charge, and with the prime purpose of conveying religious comfort to the sick and shut-in, take advantage of the occasion to appeal for funds. While announcing of the offertory in the usual way is permissible, a charge will be made in future for broadcasting services in which special appeals are made to the radio listeners. It is hoped that this will tend to diminish the number of appeals of this kind, which are objectionable to a considerable number of listeners. That these appeals are unpopular is indicated by the fact that the average return for each in the neighborhood of $50, and this from an audience of possibly a million or more! The financial return from charitable appeals by radio is not sufficient to offset the bad impression created upon listeners in distant parts, who are apt to conclude that the province of Manitoba is hard up and perpetually begging for assistance. In the opinion of the management of CKY, charity not only begins at home, but its appeals should be kept at home as far as possible."

International Week for Next January

RADIO interests the world over are already beginning to focus their attention on International Radio Week, to be observed January 24-30, 1926, when it is expected that many startling disclosures in the business methods and scientific advance of the industry, of interest to every country, will be made known to the world.

Leaders behind the movement to weld the nations of the world into a common bond of understanding for the progress of radio, declare that the principal results it is hoped to accomplish will be to unify business methods for simplifying export and import, and to compare the scientific advance of radio as it applies to the various countries, with the idea of allowing one nation to profit by another's experience for the benefit of all.

Many organizations have already come out with whole-hearted support of the movement. Among the first of these was the Radio Manufacturers' Association, which contributed a cheque for $500 as an initial donation toward the support of International Radio Week. It is planned during the week to conduct many broadcasting tests of an international nature, which are expected to develop new possibilities in this feature of the science and to draw the radio fans of the various countries into closer connection.

International Radio Week will have the endorsement of the official heads of many nations, and will be observed annually.

The reception in London, England, of Canadian broadcasting stations was vividly portrayed a few days ago in a Toronto newspaper. A party of Canadians were shown grouped around a radio receiver in London listening to a concert from the Canadian National Railways' studio in Moncton, N.B. It has become quite common for the better receivers in Europe, and especially in England, to pick up the broadcasting of many of the eastern stations on this side of the Atlantic.

Having an unknown communicant at the other end of the world inform you that he wants to retire, and that, while you are freezing, he is perspiring from an excessively hot night, is the comical experience of a young man in Toronto, E. E. Thomson, known as 3FC, was confronted with the above after deciphering the message sent him in Morse code by an Australian amateur, 2YI. Thompson was the more surprised as this was his first communication with Australia, and he had certainly not expected that the newly-found friend would be so impatient to take a beauty sleep.

Legal Information

Continued from page 21

suggest that if your husband intends to evade this liability, he should immediately investigate the above points and if possible repudiate liability at once. It is essential that no delay ensue in this respect.

Q.—Can a married woman with two children leave her husband and take a house with her sister and take in roomers for her support? Can the husband come and take the children against the mother's wishes? Can the mother make the husband support her and the children under such circumstances? If the husband is insulting and abuses, and never takes the mother any place nor the children, and drinks continually, and brings other drunken men around the house, and does not give the mother any money for herself: if a woman in these circumstances could get a separation from her husband and take the children, as the father says he will keep the children and let the mother go, can a man force a woman to live with him for her children's sake?—C.G., Calgary, Alta.

A.—A married woman can leave her husband and conduct a rooming house. As to the custody of the children, the court gives the custody to the parent whom it considers will give the children the best bringing up, considering primarily the interests of the children. If the husband attempts to remove the children by force he may be arrested for assault. The proper proceeding to recover children is by a writ of habeas corpus. If the mother leaves her husband, usually she cannot claim support from him unless he has abused her and failed to maintain her sufficiently and according to his ability. No man can force his wife to live with him if he has been guilty of conduct such as you outline.

Q.—I sold a man my farm and he hasn't kept up his payments and has let the land get weedy and the buildings need a lot of repairs. I want to cancel the agreement. How soon can I get possession of the farm again?—C.Y.B., Boissevain, Man.

A.—If the purchaser has abandoned the farm you may obtain possession when you have judgment directing the purchaser to redeem or be foreclosed. This will take at least one month and likely not more than two months. But if the purchaser is still in possession of the farm, it will likely take four to six months to regain possession. Consult a lawyer at once.

Q.—I bought a house and wondered whether there was anything I could do to be sure of getting title because I have found out now that the man is not very reliable. — A.B.C., Edmonton, Alta.

A.—Have your solicitor file a caveat for you. This will prevent your vendor disposing of his interest in the property without your consent, except subject to your agreement. Better have your solicitor search the title for you.

Dawn

By R. B. Forsyth

The well browned grasses underneath my feet
Speak of the far-spent travail of the year.
Yon thrush's nest, despoiled, those woes repeat,
Like oft-repeated tale that echoes fear.

The flowers of yestere'en they too are gone;
Trodden to earth by some late passer-by,
Or plucked by careless hand from off the lawn.
Despoiled and broken at my feet they lie.

And theirs the tale of Life, the cry of those
Who, pale-eyed, watching, patient, wait for dawn:
For dawn must come, and night's long vigil o'er,
The ling'ring shadows and the night's gloom gone.

FADA Radio

A thousand miles away a woman sings .... Clear, sweet-toned, pulsing with emotion, her voice comes to you across the miles.

Somewhere a contagious banjo chuckles—somewhere a popular dance orchestra swings into rhythmic, toe-tickling syncopation—or again, a famous band sweeps into a heart-quickening martial air .....

Music! The Language of the Universe—that is the magic gift of radio.

"Fada Radio—the Standard of Reception" not only promises these things, but *proves* them. Splendid clarity and tonal values—Absolute control of volume—Ability to get real distance—Certainty and ease of tuning in and tuning out—These are the features that make Fada reception so enjoyable—so *masterly*.

Call up your local Authorized Fada Dealer and arrange for a demonstration. If you've not yet heard a Fada, there's a treat in store for you.

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Illustrated is the perfectly-proportioned Fada Davenport Table at $260. Other beautiful models range in price from $60 to $335.

The Grand Piano of the Radio World

BOOKS ARE ALWAYS IN DEMAND

Either for one's own reading or as gifts. *The Western Home Monthly Librarian*, who conducts our *Come Let Us Read Awhile* page, is constantly reading all the latest books in order to let you know what is new and good. Whether you read the books or not, you will enjoy keeping in touch with the world's newest literature through her VIVID AND DISCERNING REVIEWS

¶ **Half the world is half asleep**

Can success in life be undermined by constipation? Indeed it can. The poisons of this disease tire you out, wear you down, make you listless and make you lose interest in things in general. Ambition is most often prompted by a thoroughly healthy body. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN brings permanent relief from constipation.

"Shoulders that droop and feet that drag"

THERE are men and women who seem to be eternally tired. They go about things in a listless sort of way. They try, but they can't seem to make the grade. Perhaps they do not realize that it is constipation which is sapping their energy.

There is a sure relief from this disease. It is Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN goes completely through the system without changing its fiber. It sweeps the intestine clean, purifies it, absorbs and carries moisture through it, urges it to act exactly as nature intended. Unlike habit-forming pills and drugs, it is never necessary to increase the amount of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN which you first find effective.

KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT BRAN.

To be effective, bran fiber must go through the various digestive processes without submitting to any of them. It must pass through the entire alimentary tract without its form being changed.

What happens when a bran food is eaten?

After the saliva has acted upon it, it passes through the stomach and into the intestines, where every part which is not fiber is absorbed.

In ALL-BRAN the quantity of fiber is so great that it furnishes bulk enough to prevent and relieve constipation.

In a **part**-bran food, the quantity of fiber is so small that there is only a puny amount to do a herculean task.

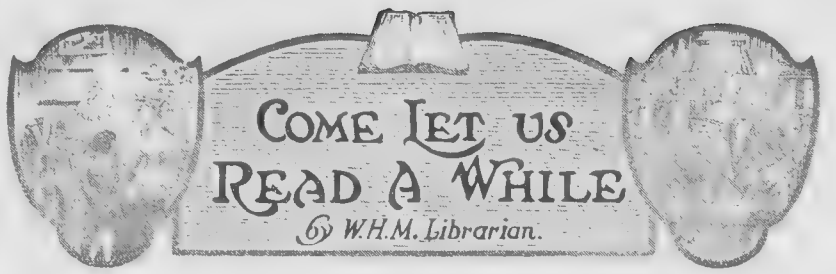
All-Bran brings sure results. Demand it.

Let Kellogg's ALL-BRAN regain your health and keep you feeling fit. Eat two tablespoonfuls daily—in chronic cases, with every meal. If eaten regularly, it is guaranteed to bring permanent relief or your grocer returns the purchase price. Eat your two tablespoonfuls with milk or cream, sprinkle it over other cereals, cook it with hot cereals, put it in soups and try it in the recipes given on every package.

Be sure you get Kellogg's ALL-BRAN—the original and only ALL-BRAN—for only ALL-BRAN brings sure results. All grocers sell it. Begin eating it today. Served in leading hotels and restaurants.

The original ALL-BRAN—ready-to-eat

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN



MY desk is piled high with books. I would like to have a clear desk before the New Year. If this is to be, I must touch but briefly on each book awaiting a notice.

In the Realm of Poetry

A DELIGHTFUL surprise — a new volume from the pen of the distinguished Canadian poet, Robert Norwood. "Mother and Son" is its potent title (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto). Poignant indeed is the poem (which Masefield might have written), "The Mother of Cain." But for sheer beauty, beauty of rhythm, beauty of sentiment, and beauty of pictorial effect, I beg you to read "Miracles." The first verse is:

Take me back to boyhood
When the taste of things was new,
Oh, the berries on the bushes near the wall!
When God came down in laughter
On the little drops of dew,
Glad to be the comrade
Of the tender things that grew—
Tiny, tender things that answered to His call.

The poet, Robert Norwood, now shepherds a large flock which attends the well-known St. Bartholomew's Church in New York. His congregation must be pleased and proud to have for their spiritual leader one who has given to the world poetic literature of high order. Who will ever forget Norwood's "Witch of Endor" or, to name but one lyric in another volume, "The Piper and the Reed." The dual nature of Robert Norwood, boy and mystic, is revealed by this, his latest volume and is revealed in a manner to add to his reputation.

For Children

"Playtime and Company," by E. V. Lucas (Methuen & Co.)

THE first poem in this wholly delightful volume, shows us E. V. Lucas in the role of advocate. He pleads for grown-ups, the strongest point in his argument being that they "nearly always have some money!" They have a few other good points, and as this gentle poet-essayist says:

"Grown-up people, wrong or right,
Can't be disregarded quite."

There will, I think, be a third verse to this apologia pro senectute, written by the lucky children who come into possion of "Playtime and Company," for through this volume they will have learnt:

Grown-up people make up verses
Said to us by smiling nurses;
Read to us by mother dear,
Just when sandman's coming near.
Grown-up people draw so well,
How they do it we can't tell.
But their horses never look
Like horses in a picture book!
Just like horses on the street,
Ears and nose and legs complete.
If they draw a p'liceman fat,
His baton's there, just think of that!
Grown-up people sometimes show
They are silly, fussy, slow.
When they draw and when they write—
Grown-up people give delight.
E. V. Lucas *must* be old,
Nearly thirty, we've been told!
E. H. Shepherd, he also
Hasn't any more to grow.
But their book makes us all smile,
Proving grown-ups quite worthwhile,
"Playtime and Company" is its name,
'Tis better than a romping game.

An anthology was sent to me by its editor compiler, Elizabeth St. Aubyn. It is entitled "The Silent Shore" (London, Arthur H. Stockwell). Its compilation was a labor of love, for the publication is the nature of an in memoriam to the mother of the anthologist. The photographs will therefore have but a personal appeal, but poetry lovers will find among the poems included many of their own favorites and perhaps some new gems. Prose passages also give evidence of Miss St. Aubyn's wide knowledge of literature and her discriminating taste.

If you want to know something about the art of love-making in America, you should dip into "Woman in Her Infinite Variety," by that prolific writer of verse, George Graham Currie (London, the C. W. Daniel Company).

New for Canada

I'M in the middle of reading a novel, so new in type for Canada, that I am annoyed at having to put it aside because this article must be written. It is called "The Land of Afternoon," by Gilbert Knox, a pen name, I understand, publishing house (Ottawa, The Graphic Publishers). So far I have learnt this. A young, idealistic Western politician and his natural, sincere, unsophisticated wife go to Ottawa, the land of their ambitious dreams. Marjorie at present is quite at a loss to know how to deal with the silly, hypocritical, empty-headed, loose-moralled women who are "it" in the capital. Intrigue, sex and political, is rife. Even our hero from the West seems on the verge of infidelity. But I've read no more. Enough to advise you all to read "The Land of Afternoon." It strikes a new note, a critical note, and that, up to the present, has been barred by the literary lights of Canada. One thing is certain—I'm not the only one guessing at the prototype of Sullivan, familiarly known as Uncle Rufus. I remember seeing more than one man of sixty being made a great fuss of by Ottawa ladies but there—the author says the characters are entirely fictitious !

Beyond the Grave

NINE noted men have contributed their views to "Life After Death," edited by Sir James Marchant (McClelland & Stewart). Sir James Marchant has shown a fine spirit of tolerance, of complete absence of personal bias in his selection of essayists.

One pole is represented by Sir Oliver Lodge, its nadir by the Rev. Vale Owen. This is an unhappy figure of speech I have chosen because in a discussion of life after death we should avoid geographical allusions! What I should have said is that these essays express the views of the extremists and those who float mid-way. For instance, Bishop Weldon, while not joining the followers of Sir Oliver Lodge, adumbrates views not wholly orthodox. The Rev. F. W. Norwood bases his belief in personal immortality upon the resurrection of Christ. The closing article is by Sir Oliver Lodge, who makes a most impressive plea for the acceptance and brotherhood of all truth, whether religion or science. He says:

"The only Individual of whom we have been in any sense fully informed did not remain associated with a material body: He possessed a spiritual body—a suitable instrument of manifestation—similar in appearance to the old one, but less restricted. Through it he was able to communicate with the survivors; He descended into the lower regions to help the outcast; He accompanied the penitent thief to the intermediate state called "Paradise," and He ascended into supernal regions beyond the scope of ordinary humanity; a state which can only be spoken of in mystical language, where, however, He is still accessible, and whence He can come, and does come, in the beauty of His character, to judge both the quick and the dead."

A Book of Laughter

K. R. G. BROWNE, whose novel, "Following Anne," I reviewed a little while ago in this column, has followed up this great success with another jovial story, "A Lady from the South" (McClelland & Stewart). Brisk, breezy, humorous, it fulfils all the requirements of an

admirable screen farce, and doubtless, already, the film producers have marked it for their own. The adventures of Mr. Geo. Merriweather Ashburnham Carr, from the moment he pulls his employer's nose till they end happily and romantically—are hectic and enthralling. Suddenly I've become suspicious of the sentence just typed. The adventures, not the employer's nose, are hectic! Moreover, there are several clever character impersonations.

Mr. Browne has the happy knack of giving happy little twists to commonplace remarks which rid them of their obviousness and endow them with humor. This he keeps up throughout the story with no indication of effort.

Put the Kettle On!

IF you can stomach pages of description of the most sordid conditions possible; pages of such "langwidge" that one feels soiled in reading it; and pordare to say that the author of this story, Douglas Newton, has a Wilhelmina Stitch complex. Advertisements, newspaper shop, Daily Graphic, Wilhelmina Stitch, Wilhelmina Stoach! Oh, Mr. Douglas Newton, can it be that your fingers itch to strangle Wilhelmina Stitch?

Talking of which—on my desk is another publication from the same house (McClelland & Stewart, via Cassell & Co.), "The Fragrant Minute," by Wilhelmina Stitch, second series. But how can I review this charming, refreshing, unique, unusual, giftsy booklet when I myself wrote it? I ask you!

A VERY Happy New Year to all my readers. May I borrow the words of Wilhelmina Stitch in which to couch my wishes for you? The editor of The Western Home Monthly says "yes," so here they are.

What shall we wish for those we love? Good health! To feel it joy to rise and

George Gibbs, author of our new serial

"The Flame of Courage"

This popular novelist was born at New Orleans, La., on March 7th, 1870. His father was a distinguished officer in the United States Navy, and died in the naval service at Trieste, Austria, while serving as fleet surgeon of the European squadron.

Mr. Gibbs was educated in public schools, at boarding school near Geneva, Switzerland, where the artist intent in him received its earliest glimpses of the beauty of nature, and at the United States Naval Academy. He resigned from the academy in order to pursue his art studies, and worked at night in the classes of the Corcoran Art School and the Art Students' League of Washington. He began writing novels many years ago and for a number of seasons he has also found time to illustrate the successful books of other writers.

Among his many famous novels we may mention "The Yellow Dove," "Youth Triumphant," "The House of Mohun," "Fires of Ambition," "Sackcloth and Scarlet," "Mad Marriage." In his latest novel, "The Flame of Courage," Mr. Gibbs reveals his masterly powers of character delineation, and presents thrilling adventure, mystery and intrigue with a skill unequalled in any of his former works.

trayals of men and their ways that make one long to cleanse the world of such vermin—you'll enjoy this story of "Sookey," by Douglas Newton (McClelland & Stewart), for Sookey is a clever, jolly little beggar despite her dreadful upbringing. Her success in London society and the way she breaks aristocratic hearts is marvellous.

I wonder how many readers noticed this curious fact. There's a landlady in this book whose name is Wilhelmina Stoach. Now, Stoach is a good enough name for a lodging-house keeper, but Wilhelmina in the Old Kent Road is rather a surprise! Moreover, such a woman as is here depicted would call herself Mrs. Stoach and not use a Christian name at all. Furthermore, I noted another curious thing. The sweet shop that displayed Mrs. Wilhelmina Stoach's advertisement, also sold the Daily Graphic! By psycho-analysis I meet each daily enterprise with courage, energy and zest—of all life's gifts, is this not best? "Good health attend you." Thus I pray for those I love this New Year's Day.

What shall we wish for those we love? Much work from early morn till night. For thus one earns the keen delight of chair, of book, of fire that glows—and peace that through one's being flows. "May hard work claim you." Thus I pray for those I love this New Year's Day.

What shall we wish for those we love? Leisure to sit among their dreams, to follow where bright fancy gleams. Leisure! Or else one never hears the gallant music of the spheres. A little time in which to see how beautiful the dawn can be. A little precious time to spend in close communion with a friend. "Leisure be yours." 'Tis thus I pray for those I love, this New Year's Day.

Be on your guard for signs of Pyorrhea

Just as the stability of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so healthy teeth depend upon healthy gums.

Bleeding gums are the first sign of Pyorrhea's approach. Then they begin to recede and the healthy pink color gives place to a pale, whitish tint. Soon the teeth are loosened, pus pockets form and drain their poisons through the system, often causing indigestion, rheumatism, neuritis and many of the other diseases of mid-life.

Let Forhan's help you

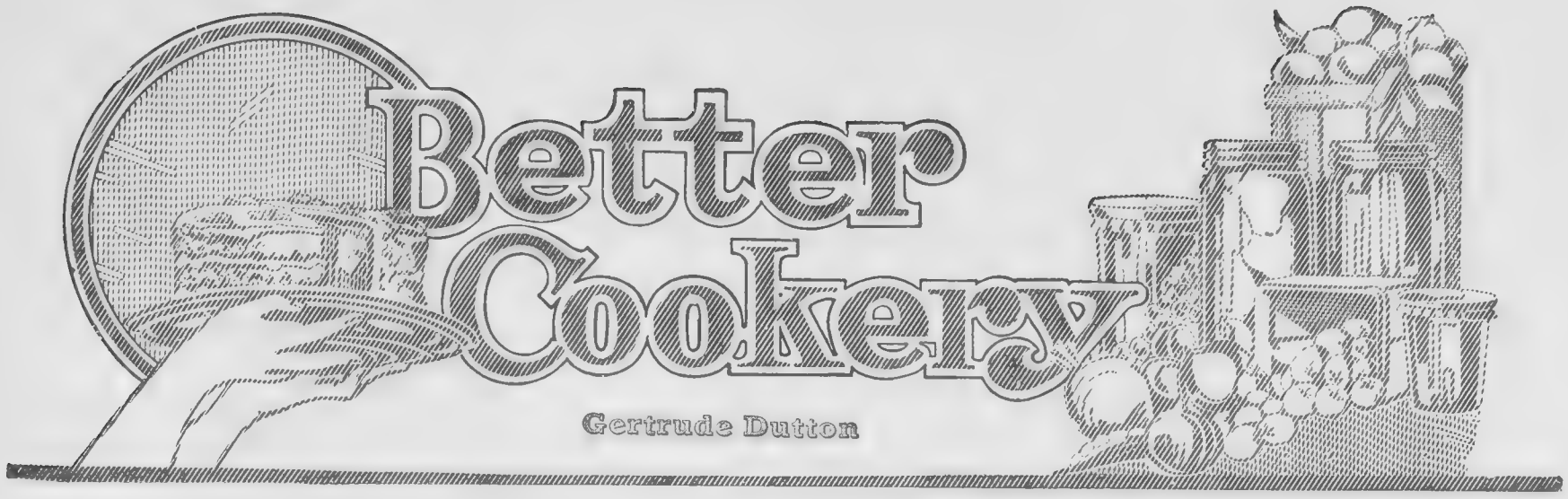
Forhan's For the Gums is a most effective agent in the fight against this insidious disease. It contains just the right proportion of Forhan's Astringent (as used by the dental profession) to neutralize oral poisons, and keep the gums in a firm, strong, healthy condition. Also, it cleans and whitens the teeth and keeps the mouth sweet, clean and wholesome. Even if you don't care to discontinue your favorite dentifrice, at least start using Forhan's once a day.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan's Limited Montreal

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea



Let Fruit Balance the Winter Menus

DURING cold winter weather, when everybody is hungry, there is a tendency to over-eat hearty, heat-producing foods, which clog the digestive system and make us more liable to catch cold, and to become victims of various winter ailments. Cellars should still contain liberal stocks of winter vegetables. There is perhaps a cupboard of canned tomatoes and other vegetables and fruits. Fortunately apples and oranges are at their best during the winter months. Then the dried fruits are always available.

Apples are valuable sources of vitamines and minerals.

Apple Sauce I

Pare the apples, core, cut into pieces, and cook rapidly, adding a little lemon juice to keep it white. Add sugar to sweeten, beat to a pulp, or rub through a sieve.

Apple Sauce II

Cook the apples slowly in a casserole or bean jar in the oven, using either brown or white sugar, and mashing or leaving in unbroken sections as wished. The slow cooking makes the sauce dark and rich looking.

Apple Sauce III

Pare and core the apples, cut in eighths, and drop carefully in a syrup made by boiling equal quantities of sugar and water, and cooking till soft but unbroken. Skim out, and pour the syrup around the apples in the serving dish. It may jelly as it cools. A slice or two of lemon, or little red cinnamon candies may be put in the syrup.

Apple Rings

Make like Apple Sauce III, using half inch slices of apple, cored but not pared. Red-skinned apples are prettiest. Arrange a circle of the rings around a platter of sausages or roast pork. The juice will make a glass or two of apple jelly.

Apple Marmalade

Wipe, core, pare and chop apples, having 5 pounds after chopping. Add 3 pounds brown sugar, juice of 3 lemons, 1 ounce ginger root, and a little water, depending on the juiciness of the apples. Simmer till clear and thick, adding a little water if needed.

Baked Apples

Wash the apples, pare if wished, or leave unpared. Core, place in a pan or bake dish. Fill each cavity with brown sugar, put a dab of butter on top of the sugar, pour a little water in the bottom of the pan, and bake till soft in a hot oven. Serve either warm or cold.

Deep Apple Pie

In a buttered bake dish, put apples, cored, pared, sliced. Sprinkle with ½ c, or slightly more, of sugar, either white or brown. A little nutmeg, or grated lemon rind, or ½ c of raisins may be added for flavor. Cover with pie crust, and bake in a hot oven. The apples may be cooked a few minutes before covering with the paste.

Apples in Salads

Apples may be combined with several other fruits and vegetables to make delicious winter salads.

1. Apples, cut in cubes, fine rings of celery, mixed with dressing and sprinkled with grated cheese.
2. Apples, celery and walnut meats and dressing.
3. Rings of apple, cored and pared, slices of orange, and slices of banana, neatly overlapping each other on a bed of lettuce.
4. Chopped apple and cabbage and dressing.
5. Apple and broken peanut meats.
6. Apples and dates cut into strips.
7. Red apples, with the pulp scooped out to leave a cup: chop the pulp, mix with grapefruit cut in pieces, canned cherries, and dressing, and return to the apple shells. Decorate the top with a sprig of parsley, a cherry or a half walnut meat.

Apple Dumplings

Make a baking-powder biscuit dough, or egg roll mixture, which is like biscuit dough, but has twice as much shortening, and 1 or 2 eggs as part of the liquid. Roll out thinner than for biscuits, cut in rounds about 4 or 5 inches across, put slices of apple, sugar and, if wished, a little nutmeg or cinnamon, in the centre of each, gather up in the centre around the fruit, place side by side in a pan, sprinkle with brown sugar, put dabs of butter on top; in one corner of the pan carefully pour enough boiling water to half cover the dumplings, and bake in a hot oven.

ORANGE PIE

In your favorite lemon pie recipe use oranges instead of lemons.

Brown Betty

In a greased bake dish, put a layer of apples, cored, pared and sliced, sprinkle with sugar, dot with butter, and cover with dried bread crumbs. Repeat till the dish is full, having crumbs as the top layer. Moisten with water, and bake till the apples are tender. Serve warm with nutmeg or lemon, or hard sauce, or with cream.

Apple Snow

Sour Apples.....4 Egg Whites.....3
Powdered sugar.....¾c

Pare, core and cut in pieces the apples, then steam till soft, and mash or sift. Sweeten with the powdered sugar, and cool. Beat the egg whites till stiff, and gradually fold in the apple pulp, continuing to beat till quite fluffy. Pile on a glass dish and serve with soft custard. This is a dainty light dessert to serve with a substantial "company" dinner, or for Sunday dinner.

Apple Tapioca

Tapioca .....¾c Pearl or minute.....½c
Salt .....½t Cold water to cover it
Sugar.....½c Boiling water.....2½c
Apples

Soak the tapioca in the cold water. Drain, add the salt and boiling water. Cook till clear in a double boiler. Add the sugar. Core and pare a sufficient number of apples, place them in a buttered bake dish, and pour over them the hot tapioca. Bake till the apples are soft. Serve with cream and sugar.

Apple Sago

Apple Sago is made up in the same way as Apple Tapioca, using ½ c of sago instead of minute tapioca.

Apple Meringue

Large tart apples.....4 Water.....⅓c
Sugar.....½c Grated rind of 1 lemon
Powdered sugar... .....1tb White of 1 egg
Cocoanut, grated

Stew the apples in the water, sweeten, and sift or mash. Add the lemon rind. Put in a bake dish, cover with egg-white stiffly beaten and sweetened with the powdered sugar, sprinkle with cocoanut, and brown in the oven.

Oranges

ORANGES are very valuable for their mineral and vitamine content. Being used as a rule uncooked, they are exceptionally easy to serve.

Orange Salads

1. 3 oranges cut in pieces, 1 grapefruit cut in pieces, on lettuce garnished with green pepper rings. Dressing.
2. Canned pineapple and oranges cut in pieces, lettuce, dressing.
3. Large grapes cut in two, and seeded with pieces of orange dressing.
4. Pieces of orange, chopped celery, nut meats, dressing.

Desserts

Ambrosia

Slice oranges, retaining all the juice. Arrange in layers with shredded cocoanut, and sprinkled sugar. Serve very cold.

Orange Delight

Oranges Marshmallows

Slice the oranges, and place in a serving dish with alternate layers of marshmallows cut in quarters, having oranges on top. Let stand before serving till the marshmallows absorb some of the juice.

Orange Custard

Cut oranges in pieces, and pour over them a soft boiled custard.

Orange Pie

In your favorite lemon pie recipe use oranges instead of lemons. Or one orange and half a lemon may be used, as lemon brings out the orange flavor.

Orange Shortcake

Sift 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt and 4 teaspoons baking powder. Add 4 tablespoons sugar and rub in 4 tablespoons shortening. Cut in just enough milk to make a soft dough. Put in a greased cake pan, press with back of hand to shape of pan and bake 12 to 15 minutes in hot oven. Cut 6 seedless oranges in cubes of uniform size, sprinkle with ½ cup sugar and spread between the prepared crusts. Serve with sweetened whipped cream, or a sauce made with the juice of 2 oranges and ¾ cup sugar.

Orange Charlotte

Soak 1 tablespoon gelatine in ½ cup cold water 5 minutes; dissolve in ½ cup boiling water and add 1½ cups strained orange juice, ½ tablespoon lemon juice and ½ cup sugar; set dish in a pan of crushed ice and stir until it begins to thicken; fold in 1½ cup heavy cream, beaten until stiff; line mold with lady-fingers or sponge cake; pour mixture in the centre and set on ice to stiffen.

Financing the Household

By Gertrude Dutton

THE beginning of a New Year is an excellent time to consider household expenditures. Many people are frightened at the mere mention of a budget, but after all it is simply the organized plan for using the income. By applying a plan to the spending of the income, one derives the same advantage as in cutting a garment from a pattern rather than by cutting it from the cloth without any means of guidance. By adopting some sort of budget system, the income is made to yield the greatest benefit. Those without a definite income, will find that some advance planning will be of considerable benefit. Unusual expenditures can then be met with much less worry, for one will know where economies may be made in other directions, to cover the emergency.

Statistics show that 90 per cent. of the money spent to house, feed and clothe the people of this country, are spent by the women; what a responsibility for the wise use of that too small income rests on our shoulders! The whole family should share in the planning of a budget. Fifteen-year-old Katherine will not feel bitter because she cannot wear silk stockings to school, "when all the other girls do," when she knows that if she had them, mother could not have the new hat she needs so badly. Billy would give a little more thought to taking care of his school clothes, if he realized how difficult it is to buy new ones.

Not only should the income cover the bare essentials of food, sufficient to maintain life and health, clothing which provides a fair degree of that mental satisfaction which follows being reasonably well-dressed, a home, comfortable, in which all the family can be happy, but there must be some assurance for the future. Money saved or invested purchases relief from anxiety. "Saving" is not "doing without" always, it is a proper use of the income.

For wise spending, there are two essentials: first, a plan; second, a sense of values.

With all the family "sitting in" at the conference of ways and means, first should be put down all the assets. This should include not only the salaries, interest on investments, and other moneys, but their equivalents, fuel, food raised in the garden, etc. Against this list is placed all liabilities, mortgages, debts, loans, etc. The difference between these two amounts will show what the family has, approximately, to live on, for the year. On a fresh sheet of paper or page of a book, put the income. Under this, divide the page into six columns, headed Shelter, Food, Clothing, Operating Expenses, Development, Savings. At the top of each, place the sum which the family considers may be fairly spent for that item each month. What this shall be is a question which has occasioned much thought and worry, and one which each household must decide for itself. One can roughly estimate the amount by going over the sums spent in previous months or years for those items. When one reckons what was actually spent last month for clothes, it is not so difficult to decide whether or not value was received, or if too much was spent.

Shelter is the easiest to estimate, because one pays a definite amount for rent, or for taxes and insurance. Repairs, interest on investments, mortgages, care of gardens, should be included. If the use of a car is needed to take some members of the family to and from work or school, its upkeep belongs under Shelter. Food is the most troublesome item. Prices vary so exceedingly with seasons, localities and the demands of the household. The expense may be cut down considerably if part of the food materials may come from the garden, bees, hens and cows. Then, too, some women have, much more than others, the ability to provide wholesome appetizing meals from a limited expenditure. Marketing is a fine art. Fuel for cooking, ice, meals away from home, candy, soda fountain drinks, all belong under Food.

A number of economists suggest one-fifth of the income as a fair proportion for clothing. This is often pitifully small. It takes most of it to keep school children supplied with shoes. The cost of a garment should be divided by the length of time it will wear. An overcoat at $50.00 which will wear for three or four years, is much cheaper than one at $35.00 which will be worn out at the end of two years. Garments which may be remodeled for the wearer or another member of the family, are usually wise buying. A little skill in making, remodeling, repairing clothing is invaluable. A point to be remembered in connection with the clothing budget, is for each member of the family to see that mother gets her full share. She often does not.

Operating expenses cover a number of items. Here belong fuel, light, laundry, income taxes, household furnishings and repairs, and equipment, stationery, postage, children's allowances, telephone, in short, the expenses incurred in feeding, clothing and sheltering the family.

Under Development come the expenses incurred in maintaining health, dentist and doctor's bills, vacations, recreation, books, papers, magazines, gifts to the church, charity and to friends, entertaining, educational advantages, toilet accessories, (you may smile at this, but read the statistics of money spent by some nation annually for perfumes and face powders.) These are not extravagances, but the things every family needs for its happiness and well-being. These are what set people above the animals. But the family without a budget is liable to spend too much under this heading.

Savings are more valuable than we can estimate, and it should not all be done by the parents. Every child should have a small allowance, as a valuable part of his education, not as a gift for him to squander, but an income, carrying certain responsibilities. Money invested in a home or in insurance is really "saved."

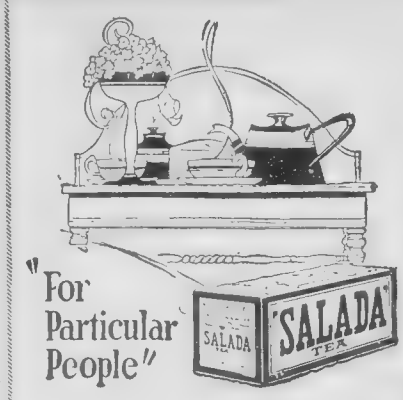
The test of a budget is its service to the family. Many readjustments will be necessary before satisfaction will be found. Big seasonal expenses should be spread over the twelve months, and the proper sum of money set aside, then the coal bill will not seem so enormous. If five dollars a month is allowed for house furnishings, and one knows that two new mattresses must be bought within a year, by saving part of that five each month, when there is a special sale of mattresses, there is money to purchase them with. If the family allotment for amusements is four dollars, it will be possible to decide whether or not that sum will give more pleasure by attending the movies every week, or by spending it all on one good musical affair and staying home the rest of the month from all entertainments with an admission charge.

In just a few months it will be possible to decide if there is extravagance in some matters and unnecessary saving in others. Perhaps we are living in a house for which we pay far too much rent. It might pay us to discard our furnace and put in a new one which will cut the coal bill down two-thirds. Maybe we had better get rid of our car and buy a Ford.

There are various methods of keeping a budget. Some people use a checking account in the bank. Others put the cash in separate envelopes, or purses, labeled as desired.

Possibly the best result of a budget system, and none of us will deny that keeping accounts is at times a real

Continued on page 28



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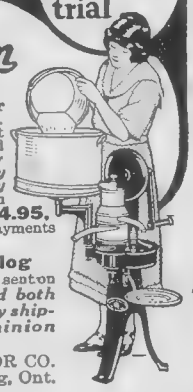

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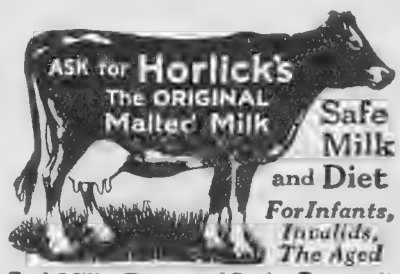

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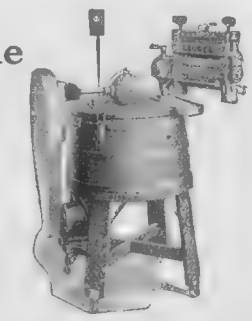

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The Federated Women's Institutes of Canada

Manitoba Reports

THE Institutes have been busy these last months, promoting Boy's and Girl's Club work. Many members were project leaders, and worked hard to train their groups. Several Institutes donated good sums for prizes, to encourage various activities among the school children, and many of the organizations served lunch to the children on the day of the School Fair.

Parties were organized on Hallowe'en eve to entertain the young people, and, perhaps, to keep them out of mischief. Thanksgiving and Harvest suppers have been held everywhere. Many of the Institutes have banquets on Armistice Day to honor the men who served in the Great War, and to commemorate the Declaration of Peace.

Several of the Institutes are busy at present with preparations for a Christmas bazaar. A few hope that the bazaar may bring them such wealth that they may be relieved of all financial worries in the coming year. We hope their wish may be realized.

Now, that the cold weather is here, many of the Institutes are working with the teachers to organize the hot noon lunch, in the school, for the country children. In some places the Institute provides the equipment, while some of the organizations look after the preparation and serving of the lunch.

Birtle Institute Works Through Committees

IT is not fair to any society, or to any president, no matter how willing she may be, that all responsibility should rest upon her shoulders. Share the work, share the privileges; give as many as possible something to do; that is the only way to keep a society alive. We have five distinct working committees: a hospital committee, a social service committee, a rest room committee, a library committee, and a programme committee. Experience has shown us the wisdom of keeping the committees small; perhaps two or three, with the president ex-officio a member of each. The hospital committee has very distinct duties; it consists of two ladies who visit the hospital weekly and find out the needs. The Institute looks after the linens. When supplies are needed the committee buys the material, and calls a group of members together, as the whole Institute is the "Hospital Aid." The workers meet in the rest room to sew and the articles are sent to the hospital when finished. W.I. members also take turn in helping with the canning and preserving at the hospital. In this case, however, the hospital board pays for the fruit. The Institute has spent, and is annually spending, hundreds of dollars on our local hospital. The hospital project is a great incentive to our work and perhaps the secret of our success. Our task gives us life. We serve lunch on July 1st, Birtle's Big Sports' Day, and as we call for help from the whole community, the proceeds are always put into the hospital fund, which is kept distinctly apart from our other money. An old custom here, too, is Violet Day. The members make 10 and 25 cent bunches of paper violets, which the school girls sell on Easter Saturday. These two days are pure and simple "hospital days;" the profits go to the hospital fund.

Our social service committee consists of a convenor and two helpers. This year, we were indeed fortunate in having as convenor, a trained social worker. Through our convenor we reached twenty-eight families, and sent to them both food and clothing. Every case was worthy as our convenor personally visited these homes before help was given. A good response generally followed an appeal for worn clothing, inserted in our local paper. These articles were left at the rest room and there made "over" into suitable apparel for those in need. So quietly was this work done that no one except our convenor could name the twenty-eight families.

It requires a good deal of thought and energy to maintain our rest room. It is a big, cozy room, formerly an old store, which we rent for $11.00 a month. To our matron in charge, who goes every day from 3 to 6, we also pay $11.00 per month. Then of course, there is the additional expense of insurance, lighting, heating, etc. Let us tell you how we get funds for the maintenance of our rest room. First we rent the room, $3.00 for the afternoon; $1.50 for evening. It is used for ladies' aid meetings; bridge parties; church bazaars, and sales of home cooking. We own a complete set of dishes, knives, forks and spoons which we rent for banquets, picnics, etc. Every Saturday afternoon two members take their turn to serve a 10 cent tea. A general "gathering of the clans" takes place and many would miss this social cup of tea if our rest room did not exist. Just for curiosity we have kept a visitors' book this year, which shows that during the first six months, three thousand people used the rest room. Surely an argument justifying its maintenance. We own a sewing machine which we rent at 50 cents a day the first two days, and 25 cents each succeeding day. The rest room committee, is responsible for the rest room, its maintenance, and has full charge of the equipment in it. The committee rents the room, the equipment; collects what money is coming in and pays the rent for the room, the salary to the matron and all other expenses.

The rest room, of course, is the home of our library. We are proud of our library in Birtle, owning over 600 books; sixty new books have been added this year. The library committee looks after the library.

The work of the programme committee is, of course, the same as everywhere. Perhaps, you would like to know that we have cut out a lot of business at our regular meetings, and are aiming to make them more of a social occasion. You know, even the most enthusiastic member gets rather tired of listening to correspondence and lengthy discussions, which, although necessary to the life of any organization, are to the majority, boring. We have tried to overcome this difficulty by giving the executive full authority to handle the business. The executive meets a few days before our monthly meeting; at the regular meeting a report is called for from each committee, and a synopsis given of the executive meeting. Opportunity, of course, is given for questions, suggestions and discussions.

This briefly is the story of the activities of our committees. Please don't conclude that everything is lovely all the time in Birtle; we have "Blue Mondays" but as long as the sun shines again for our meeting on Saturday—why worry?

Birtle sends kindest regards to all Women's Institutes.

May Gerrand, Pres.,
Birtle W.I.

Ashern Institute Sells Bricks

WE are often asked this question, "Can you tell me some new ways of raising money for our club fund?" We have just heard of a way which will interest you, perhaps, amuse you; it reflects the originality of the members. The Ashern Institute has built a community hall, and it is being finished bit by bit as the organization acquires the means. The chimney is now being built. How do you think they are doing it? They are selling the bricks for ten cents a stone. All who are interested in the community and have a dime or a few dimes to spare are buying bricks. If the reader should wish to buy a few stones and own a part of this precious chimney, I feel certain the bricks may be purchased from Mrs. Lillian Self, Ashern.

Financing the Household

Continued from page 27

nuisance, is the sense of partnership developed between husband and wife, between parents and children. A very happy home can be created by instituting a financial scheme which abolishes money worries, that recognizes the equal responsibility of the father and mother and children to the home, that saves time and strength and money, and holds out reasonable hope of future relief from financial anxiety.

MOTHER'S PAGE

Mother Love

IT always seems a pity to me that married couples must be people of different blood. There is so much to clash in the union of families differently reared and with varying traditions. A couple is absolutely sure to encounter in each other many little differences in ideals, habits, tastes and disposition. It takes years to get used to each other, and these are the years in which affection suffers most. In intervals each allows the distaste for what the other likes to grow upon him and to form bones of contention which result either in bickering or in repression—and repression is the enemy of affection. It often happens that a woman, disappointed as so many of them are in married life because of man's lack of affection, lavishes on her children a passionate affection which is fairly morbid in its character. I doubt if this love is very good for the child. Much of the bitterness of the woman's life creeps into it—it is very different from the tenderness that reaches the child through the mother's affection for the father when she loves the child as she should love it because it is his rather than hers. I once heard a friend of mine say that she could better bear to lose every child she had than to lose their father. I was horrified at the time and thought it a sort of coarseness in her. I could have seen every man on earth, including my children's father, put to the sword or the guillotine to save a hair on my children's heads, but I fully realize now that that woman was right and I was wrong. You ought to see her children! Calm, self-poised, happy, genial young folk they are, the serenity of their lives a contrast to the turbulent, nervous existence of my own too-passionately-loved children. No doubt this woman's husband had many faults—what man or woman has not? But she purposely blinded herself to them — and that is what we all should do the very moment the minister pronounces us husband and wife. Any woman ought to be smart enough to learn during the first year of her married life just how many of her husband's faults she can hope to correct and just how many of them he is going to carry to his grave, and the latter she must just ignore, though it be the hardest lesson she ever learned. If a man is not affectionate the chances are that you cannot make him so. But this need not hinder you from being affectionate to him, and you should always remember that nothing can possibly be lost by keeping yourself in the right attitude.

I have seen many women idealize their husbands into being what they wished them to be—but I never knew one wife to nag or grieve or cry a man into changing his natural disposition. The woman who would bring up a good family must always say "dear father" to her children, no matter how little the said father deserves the title. Respect for parents, belief in their love for each other, is the only true foundation for a genuinely happy family.

In my life I have suffered much because of affection. My mother was left a widow at twenty-eight, and in her quiet and irrevocable way she took a vow to live for her children. It was a beautiful thing to do, perhaps—but I am convinced it was a mistake. She was a young and pretty woman, and she should in time have married again and allowed a stepfather to help discipline us and to absorb part of the love she lavished upon us. It was bad training for matrimony that she gave us. A kiss, a pat, some sort of caress every time she passed us, going back and forth about her work, and for nicknames—darling—heart's beloved—precious baby—dearest child every loving title that passionate devotion could devise! Was it not a change for us, then, when we left her and found ourselves in homes of our own, nobody to kiss our burned fingers or put us to bed and bring tea and toast if we were ever so little ailing? You see she had loved us too much, with too much passion, and we have never got done longing for it, and never will, I suspect, until we meet her again or progress beyond the need of human devotion.

The Sick Child

Tuberculosis

TUBERCULOSIS is caused by a special bacillus, and is, therefore, an infectious and also communicable disease. It affects not only the lungs but may involve also almost any structure in the body. In children the glands of the neck and the bones are very frequently affected as well as the lungs, intestines and other organs.

The causes of tuberculosis are many. In a large percentage of cases the disease is inherited, or the tendency to it; in others it is contracted from someone else, from living in rooms where another person has lived who has had the disease; or it may develop after one of the other infectious diseases of childhood. The most frequent method of contracting tuberculosis is by means of the sputum from a person afflicted with the disease. The bacillus is in this sputum; the sputum is carelessly disposed of, it dries and the little bacillus flies about to be inhaled into the delicate lungs of the poor baby, who then contracts the disease. Babies and children of any age may have tuberculosis. It is claimed that milk from tubercular cows or women may cause tuberculosis in the baby who takes this milk.

The Symptoms are Most Varied

AS the symptoms of tuberculosis are so varied they cannot be given in detail here. One type of tuberculosis much resembles marasmus, so often seen in infants; there is a gradual wasting, anaemia, with generally very little cough or fever, unless these develop toward the end of the disease. Other cases show more disturbance of the digestive tract. Older children often have symptoms more like adults; there may be irregular fever or even night sweats; then the cough and signs will be found in the lungs, and later hemorrhages.

Tuberculosis of the glands of the neck is very often seen in childhood; these glands will remain enlarged for a very long time, then they may break down and have to be removed, when they will often be found full of a cheesy substance. Many times a child who has tubercular glands of the neck will not have any other part of the body involved.

One of the most common forms of tuberculosis of the bones is what we know as "Pott's Disease." Many of the poor little humpbacked children whom we so often meet are suffering from this dread disease in the bones of the spine. Hip-joint disease is another form often met in children. When tuberculosis attacks the brain we see tubercular meningitis.

Tuberculosis is Not Necessarily Fatal

THE treatment of tuberculosis is now much better understood than it was a few years ago, and the cases are not considered necessarily fatal. It is needless to say that a child with any of the

Continued on page 39

This Gives Back the Days

Women Used to Lose

—This remarkable NEW way supplants the uncertainty of makeshift hygienic methods with a security that is absolute by providing 3 unique features unknown before

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Graduate Nurse

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The Latest Word from Style Centres

FULNESS and animation are expressed in the new styles, with all the fulness that was worn in the front, pushed to the back, so to speak. There is a great change in the cut of the new models—bias, spiral, and circular effects are in evidence, and both care and skill are required in the execution of some of the latest features.

The princess or molded type seems to occupy a place of elegance. With this style the figure is not concealed but rather outlined. Draped dresses may soon appear. Skirts show fulness in godets, flounces, circular movements, and even sleeves show fulness below fitted tops. Ensemble costumes will be rich and luxurious.

Velvet plays an important part in prevailing fashions. It is seen in combination with chiffon, with brocades and metal laces, also with jersey weaves for sport dresses. The wide girdles now in vogue, the back tunics and bustle sashes indicate draperies to come.

Skirts remain short, as practical and youthful as we could wish them to be, but we already see added length in the irregular hem lines. Some of the newest gowns have the waistline at normal.

Evening wraps as always are beautiful with colorful materials and elaborate trimming. A very modest wrap could be of faille or velvet with fur or embroidery for trimming.

Now that the art of dyeing is so near perfection, new and suggestive ideas in furs appear so that every conceivable color and variety may be obtained. Fur is used so extensively this season. Cloth coats show entire sleeves of fur. Collars are large and fur trims coats from neck to hem and all around it. The flared afternoon coat may be of bolivia cut with slim lines above the hips and flaring below. Krimmer fur may be used for the high collar and broad sleeve and hem facing.

Velvet broche is a material that requires little trimming. Used for a dress it may have facings of velvet.

Crepe Elizabeth and lace combine to make a pleasing afternoon frock. The lace is applied to form the combination of materials on the waist and skirt, and trims wide sleeve ruffles in band effect.

Velvet ribbon is used as a trimming on a dress of cashmere, on which it is applied in rows on the skirt and sleeve.

The two piece jumper dress is so much in favor that every woman should have at least one example of it.

An all-wool one-piece dress of plaid has velvet in a contrasting color for trimming in the form of a small vestee, collar and cuffs.

The long shoulder or "epaulette" shoulder as it is called is becomingly youthful and very comfortable.

Plain satin and velvet brocade combine to make a pretty afternoon frock.

Youthfully appealing are the cape styles. One sees cape sections in coats, dresses and blouses.

An evening dress of shimmering satin is trimmed with vertical rows of ostrich banding. A princess dress of taffeta is effectively trimmed with passementerie of velvet flowers in many gay colors. Metallic brocade and satin combine to make a very lovely evening gown. Narrow shirred ribbon applied in circles forms a dainty trimming on an evening dress of taffeta.

Woolen bordered materials are offered in delightful variety of design and color. Satin in a matched shade will harmonize as trimming.

Covert cloth was used in a two-piece jumper costume. It is made in slip-over style, and trimmed with a hem band of velvet, which material also makes the cuffs and collar.

A long waist and circular skirt with close fitting coat sleeve and convertible or tie collar tells the story of the popular Junior model.

A velvet blouse elaborately decorated with wool embroidery is worn with a plaid flare skirt.

Leopard silk is a new and distinctive material. It may be effectively combined with plain silk velvet or satin. Flat applied velvet flowers are a popular ornamentation for crepe de chine and georgette dresses.

Changeable taffeta is girlish and effective for a party dress. The skirt may be scalloped at the hem and bound with contrasting material.

Insistent grace and utility mark the two-piece suit. In its latest expression the coat flares, and has a long rolled shawl collar. The skirt has one centre and two side "kick plaits." Fur or stitching may form the trimming.

5315. Crepe, fine serge or jersey would be appropriate for this design. The bolero and ruffle beading on the sleeves may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material if made as illustrated in the large view. Without the bolero 2¼ yards will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5305. This is a good style for jersey or balbriggan, faille or wool rep. The shoulder portions are made in one with the sleeve. This pattern is cut in 7 sizes, 34. 36 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 3⅝ yards of 54-inch material. The width at the foot with plaits extended is 2½ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5306. (For the woman of mature figure with slender hips). Broadcloth and satin or crepe and satin could be combined in this style. The pattern is cut in 9 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure. To make as illustrated for a 42-inch size will require 5 yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard contrasting material cut crosswise for collar, panel, revers and sleeve facings. The width of the skirt at the lower edge with plaits extended is 3¼ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4998. Plaid woolen was chosen for this model. One could use wool rep, jersey or challie. This style is good also for gingham and other wash fabrics. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. If made as illustrated in the large view for a 10-year size 3 yards of 36-inch material will be required. If made with long sleeves 3¼ yards will be required. For the collar of contrasting material ¼ yard is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5301. Figured percale, cretonne or gingham would be nice for this design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 3⅝ yards of 36 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5215. Any of this season's coat materials may be used to make this attractive model. The collar may be rolled high as in the large view, or low and with open fronts as in the small view. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size requires 1⅞ yard of 40-inch material with ⅜ yard of contrasting material for collar and cuffs. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4990. Plaid, gingham and rep are here combined. The model is in slip-on style. The sleeve may be in wrist length, or, short as in the small view. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size made with long sleeves requires 4⅝ yards of 36-inch material. Collar and sleeves faced with contrasting material as illustrated require ⅝ yard 36 inches wide. If the dress is made with short sleeves, it will require 4⅝ yards of material. The width at the foot is 1⅝ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4825. The styles here portrayed are extremely simple and easy to develop. The dress may be of nainsook or lawn. The petticoat of long cloth or flannel. The sack of flannel, crepe or silk and the bonnet of crepe de chine, faille or lawn. The pattern is cut in one size: The dress will require 1½ yard, the petticoat 1½ yard, the sack ¾ yard and the bonnet ⅜ yard of 32 or 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

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Popularity comes easily to the woman with clear, bright, vivacious EYES. Daily cleansing with *Murine* will keep *your* EYES free from irritating particles and encourage a clear, bright, healthy condition. Contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

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Baby Loves A Bath With Cuticura Soap

Bland and Soothing to Tender Skins.

4587. This pretty model comprises a vest and "step-in" drawers. The vest portion may be finished with camisole top or with shaped shoulders. If desired a closing may be effected at the side of the panel. Crepe, crepe de chine or nainsook is suitable for this design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44, and extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 2⅜ yards of 36-inch material. Panel of embroidery requires ½ yard 9 inches wide. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5304. Kasha, satin or broad cloth with trimming of braid, braiding or figured silk, would be an attractive development for this style. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch plain material, and ½ yard of contrasting material for facing revers, collar, cuffs and vestee as illustrated. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5311. Crepe, rep, tub silk or gingham, also percale and linen are good for this style. It may be developed with the sleeves short, or in wrist length. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 42-inch size requires 5 yards of 36-inch material, if made with long sleeves. With short sleeves, 4¾ yards will be required. The width at the foot is 1¾ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4961. This is a good model for satin, faille and flannel, as well as for figured crepe, or serge. The collar is convertible. This pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 3⅜ yards of 40-inch material. For collar and cuffs of contrasting material ¼ yard is required. The width at the foot is 1½ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5308. Black satin and white crepe are here combined. This style would look well in velvet or kasha. It is also attractive in jersey or wool rep. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. To make the model for an 18-year size, as illustrated, will require 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is 2¼ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5027. This model is excellent for cotton or wool rep, for poplin, pongee and for flannel. A good development will be brown flannel with binding of tan suede or sateen. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material if made with long sleeves. If made with short sleeves 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5318. With the over blouse or "jumper" as it is sometimes called this model is very dressy. It may be developed in georgette, crepe or voile, net or chiffon. Without the over blouse it makes a good school dress, and is also attractive for dancing. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. To make as illustrated in the large view will require 4⅛ yards of 36-inch material for a 12-year size. Without the over blouse 2⅜ yards will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5320. Nimble little fingers may learn to fashion these dainty garments for the new or old beloved doll. The styles are simple and easy to develop. The dress may be of dotted Swiss, crepe or silk. The petticoat and drawers of cambric or lawn. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: for dolls 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches in length. An 18-inch size requires ⅜ yard for the drawers, ½ yard for the petticoat, and ⅝ yard for the dress, of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5297. The practical closing of this garment will at once appeal to the careful busy mother. This model will be good for linen or crepe. It is cut in 3 sizes: 6 months, 1 and 2 years. A 6 months size will require 1⅞ yard of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5080. Cretonne and unbleached muslin are here combined. Sateen, and chintz or percale and cambric are also good in combination for this pleasing style. The pattern is cut in one size: medium. To make as illustrated will require 1⅝ yard of 32-inch figured material and 1⅝ yard of plain material 32 or 36 inches wide. If made of one material 3¼ yards will be required. To make without the facing requires 1⅝ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Address all orders to Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

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WOULDN'T it be wonderful — if you could take 10 or 15 years off your age with a head of smartly bobbed, youthfully colored hair?

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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

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WAS FRANTIC WITH PAIN

Simple home treatment gave quick, positive relief

How a lonely woman, snowbound on a remote farm, miles from a doctor, got quick and complete relief from the raging pain of neuralgia is told in this letter from Ontario, Canada.

"The pain in my head was driving me wild," she writes, "when I happened to see a bottle of Sloan's Liniment on the dresser where my husband had left it. I gave it a trial—and in no time the pain was gone. I slept peacefully the rest of the night."

And it is amazing—the quick, genuine comfort that Sloan's gives to every kind of muscular pain.

No need to rub. A little Sloan's patted lightly on—and a healing tide of fresh, germ-destroying blood begins tingling through the aching place. Before you can believe it, the pain, swelling, stiffness are relieved and you feel yourself again. So clean and easy to use, too. All druggists—35 cents.

Sloan's Liniment KILLS PAIN

GREW NEW HAIR

Eva Hillman is quite enthusiastic now. "My hair fell out," she says, "leaving only one patch. I was under hospital care for months. But my hair would not grow again. Then I used Kotalko—and now I have a fine, thick growth of hair, as you can see by my photograph."

Men also who were bald-headed for years report new hair growth by Kotalko. Legions of testimonials from men and women. You may buy a full size box at the drug store, under money-refund guarantee.

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If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or entirely bald, write for a trial box of Kotalko, free of duty, to

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Protects Children from Chapped Hands

Let the children enjoy the healthy outdoors. Biting winds will not chap their faces or hands if the skin is protected by Frostilla Fragrant Lotion.

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Fragrant Lotion

The skin's greatest guardian

53

ENDED HIS RHEUMATISM!

"I am eighty-three years old and I doctored for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army, over 50 years ago. Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures' and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change." You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as try to get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints by taking treatment supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out the truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders, and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this trouble. If any reader of the Western Home Monthly wishes "The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism" containing facts overlooked by scientists for centuries past, simply send a post card or letter to H. P. Clearwater, 40-C Street, Hallowell, Maine. Send now, lest you forget! If not a sufferer, cut out this notice and hand this good news and opportunity to some afflicted friend. All who send will receive it by return mail without any charge whatever.

ACID STOMACH IS DANGEROUS

Sufferers From Indigestion or Stomach Trouble CUT THIS OUT

"Stomach trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, sourness, gas, heartburn, food fermentation, etc., are caused nine times in ten by chronic acid stomach," says a well known authority.

Burning hydrochloric acid develops in the stomach at an alarming rate. The acid irritates and inflames the delicate stomach lining and often leads to gastritis accompanied by dangerous stomach ulcers. Don't dose an acid stomach with pepsin or artificial digestents that only give temporary relief from pain by driving the sour, fermenting food out of the stomach into the intestines.

Instead, neutralize or sweeten your acid stomach after meals with a little hot water and Bisurated Magnesia and not only will the pain vanish but your meals will digest naturally. There is nothing better than Bisurated Magnesia, to sweeten and settle an acid stomach. It soaks up the harmful excess acid much as a sponge or blotting paper might and your stomach acts and feels fine in just a few minutes. Bisurated Magnesia can be obtained from any reliable druggist in either powder or tablet form. It is safe, reliable, easy and pleasant to use, is not a laxative and is not at all expensive.

Just One Dollar

is sufficient in order to have the Western Home Monthly sent to your address for one year.

Many literary treats are in store for our readers during 1926 and it is with considerable confidence that we appeal for a renewal of the support that has been so kindly accorded us in the past.

We thank you!

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Enclosed find $1.00 in payment for the Western Home Monthly to be sent for one year to

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A New Year in Canada

WE ARE beginning a new year in a country rich in opportunity for the creation of great ideas. The very earth contains wealth untold; the clear sunny skies which so marvellously declare God's handiwork vitally inspire the scholar, artist, poet, author and musician; between—on prairie, mountain or in the valley—all nature urges us to make use of agricultural and mineral science. It seems to me all clean paths in the Canadian West may lead to glory. I believe the most fortunate young woman in the world is the one who lives in Canada. The common struggle in a new country weaves a sympathetic bond among its people that makes them firm in friendship and loyal through adversity. In the constant urge of progress that seems to vitalize the atmosphere, there is little time for selfishness, and we find people ambitious, constructive and tuned to the finer things of life. I wish I had a record of the Canadian women and girls who have made marked success during the past year in any line of individual effort.

May I ask every reader who knows of an unusual accomplishment by a woman or girl to write us about it?

I am sure there are many interesting stories of their work that our readers would like to know.

During the past year Martha Ostenso won a $13,500 prize for her novel, "Wild Geese," and her experience as a teacher in an isolated place of Manitoba gave her the material and inspiration.

Miss Marion Carley, a Winnipeg girl, won the thousand-dollar musical scholarship in New York recently. Then there are those splendid girls who have won prizes in work on the farm—at the fairs and exhibitions of live stock and home economics.

Scores of these girls have sensed in their prize-winning the science of agricultural prosperity. They are making of farming a fine art and in the future their efforts shall eliminate drudgery from farm work.

It is a great privilege to live in a new country where history is in the making—where women occupy for the first time important positions that shall be recorded in the archives.

Even though, at times, opportunity seems impossible, blessings do come to those who are making the most of their environment.

Success is not always the amount in the pay envelope. During the past year I have heard young women say they would like to cross the line and work in the U.S., where wages are higher, but the increase in wages does not make up for the increased cost of living—where clothing, board and room rent are so much higher and where a young woman does not really have the chance to advance that she has in a pioneer country. And all this convinces me of the advantage the young woman has in growing up in a new country where she may develop individuality, create ideas and initiate pioneer work. As a matter of fact, Canada is now a Mecca for authors, artists and scientists who come for material, study and observation. They gather wealth from things in our environment that we are too near to see or appreciate. Every young woman has a natural talent which she may develop. Let our New Year's greeting make everyone in Canada grateful for the door of opportunity that opens to her who earnestly seeks entrance.

The Nation's Pride

A QUEENLY woman and womanly queen has entered Eternity, and a sympathetic world bows in reverence, for the Empire's Queen Mother was loved by all.

I turn to my library for a book of her life. Perhaps our young women may find glimpses of her personality in these quotations that shall endear her memory even more to them, for—

"Lives of great women oft remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

"Queen Alexandra—The Nation's Pride—The Life-Story of the Sea-King's Daughter." I must have bought this book twenty years ago—yes, it was one of the first books in my library of biography of women. Since the purchase of that book, biographies of women have been one of my hobbies. They are good company, and they help me.

What do I find? This is the coronation edition. A full-page likeness of Her Gracious Majesty is on the first page. She is wearing a cap and gown and has a diploma in her hands—she is in the robes of a Doctor of Music in Dublin.

Intelligence, kindness, love and beauty radiate from a face of clear features. In the next picture she leans over a cot in a children's hospital. In another she is with her three daughters—I turn a few pages and there she stands with one of her dogs in her arms and others of various breeds tugging at her and looking up at her face. Before I read a word I learn of her interest in education, her love for sick, helpless children, her own motherhood, and her kindness to animals.

Here are some thoughts from the book:

"The Princess Alexandra was so early taught to think of others before herself that generosity became second nature, and she inherited her mother's gift of sympathy."

When King Edward VII had reached, as Prince of Wales, his twentieth year, the question of marriage was important, but he took the matter in his own hands and chose his own queen. One day a young officer showed him the portrait of Princess Alexandra. When he would have taken back the photograph, the Prince laughingly refused to give it up, saying: "This is the prettiest girl I have ever seen and I shall keep it until I meet the original."

Later a meeting was arranged. Then follows the introduction and a beautiful love story ending in this description of the wedding scene:

"The Prince spoke out his responses loudly, yet with a note of deep feeling in his voice, but, listen as they would, few save those quite close to the altar caught the words of the Princess. The highest tension of the scene was reached when, the final words which made the Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra man and wife, having been spoken by the Archbishop of Canterbury, they turned to the congregation hand in hand and bowed low to Queen Victoria. She, looking down from her lofty place, made a gesture that seemed like a benediction, and simultaneously there pealed out in the chapel the strains of the wedding hymn, led by the thrilling voice of Jenny Lind."

Wild Geese

Continued from page 12

When Caleb started across the fields southward with a fresh horse, he saw that the fire had got well into the bush and was sweeping everything before it. He drove the horse like a madman. There was a remote chance of making it. He must have that chance. The flax must be saved, the beautiful flax, rich and strong in texture—acres and acres of it. He looked back and saw that the fire was gaining on him. It was swelling against the sky in great blown clouds of flame and smoke. If it weren't for the wind he could beat it. He saw presently that it was no use trying to plow a fire-guard. He would have to burn the flax a distance inward from the bush without plowing. He would be careful to stamp it out as he went along. It would not have to spread.

He let the horse go, left the plow on the field, and ran on alone. In the bush the flames were leaping from tree to tree like grotesque, golden animals. Even alone he could never cover all the distance around the muskeg. Curse that muskeg! And yet—the autumn had been extremely dry. Perhaps it would hold the weight of a man. No—no, this was madness. The muskeg had not been dry for years. All summer it had been full of water-holes. He hurried on, panting from his exertion. He would have to get around the muskeg and the dried lake bottom. It was a mile out of his way, but he would have to make it. The flax must be saved. He might have ridden the horse. But the animal would have gone wild. From the tail of his eye he could see the fire now, without turning his head.

Caleb stumbled over a rut in the field and lay for a moment without being able to breathe. The earth seemed to be playing him a trick. He got to his hands and knees and looked toward the burning timber. It seemed to have jumped forward half a mile while he lay on the ground. He picked up the lantern, which was still lighted, and rushed toward the muskeg. A shattering rage at the fire seized him. It seemed to be taunting him with human ingenuity. He would beat it with all its tricks. The earth under him became black and began to give beneath his feet like cushions. He ran on blindly, conscious only of the direction in which the flax-field lay.

THE fire was gaining with every moment. The wind kept up its velocity. Now silky reeds were beginning to tangle themselves about Caleb's legs. They impeded his progress. He stepped higher so as to crush them underfoot. The earth seemed to billow like water. But Caleb paid no heed. He clung to the lantern and rushed on, his head leaning far forward, his shoulders high. Then suddenly something seemed to be tugging at his feet. He could not release them. Water was oozing into his shoes and pushing up about his ankles. He was close to the timber now, so that he could feel the gusty heat from the fire, but the water about his legs was colder than ice. He bent down and pulled at the reeds in an effort to jerk his feet free. But the strength in the earth was irresistible. His arms were like those of a feeble puppet fanning at the air. He stood upright again and strained with all his might. But the insidious force in the earth drew him in deeper.

He raised the lantern as far as he could stretch and signaled toward the farm-house. He shouted, but his voice was carried away in the wind and lost in the roar from the burning timber. He reached his arms outward toward the flax, as if in supplication to its generous breadth. The fire had now got past the point where he was sinking in the black mud. He turned away so that he should not see it. But he knew that his position would force him to look upon it to the end—unless he closed his eyes. He bent down and pulled frantically at the reeds, but they gave way at the roots and came up a slippery mass. He fell back upon his hands and clutched fistfuls of the wet sod, straining at his legs. His hat fell off, and his pointed locks of hair tossed about with the twisting and heaving of his body.

Disconnected images began to pass before him. He closed his eyes, but they continued to come. Thorvaldson, rejoicing when he heard what had happend to him. Fusi Aronson, on whose land he was about to die. Amelia—he had failed there bitterly—and Mark Jordan, who was not his son—the axe buried in the rotten wood of the barn wall.

The fire was racing ahead. Only a little while now and it would have the flax—a fine, abundant growth it was—only a little while. Caleb closed his eyes. He felt tired, too tired to struggle any more. He had given his soul to the flax—well, it would go with him—he could see it shimmering still, grayish silver, where the light of the fire fell upon it. The earth was closing, ice-cold, tightly about his body—but the flax would go with him.

FROM the door of the log house Amelia spoke to Lind.

"Look—his lantern is standing still—low down. Teacher—isn't that where the muskeg ought to be?"

Lind came to the doorway and looked out, her eyes following Amelia's. She felt the trembling of the woman's body.

"Yes," she said in a whisper.

THE fire-fighters came from Yellow Post with Mark Jordan. While they worked to confine the fire to the flax-field of Caleb Gare, Mark hurried to the farmhouse.

He found Lind and Amelia quietly waiting. They had kept indoors after they saw that there was no danger of the fire turning westward. He talked with them for a few minutes, assuring them that they were safe and that the men would soon have the fire under control.

Lind followed Mark out of the house.

"Mark—I am afraid something has happened to Caleb," she breathed. "Look—his lantern—it's down there on the muskeg, and it hasn't moved for a long time."

Mark's eyes swept the dark fields. "I see it. But he's perhaps all right. I'll go down and help the men and see if I can't find him," he told her, and hurried away.

On the north the fire had spread, although less quickly, over the dry stubble and was threatening Fusi Aronson's hay-stacks and buildings. Fusi and his brother Bjorn, who had not gone to the jubilee, had hitched a team to a plow and were working furiously in the intense heat. Bjorn looked toward the timber and saw Fusi standing against the brilliant glare like a giant. Then one of the horses, a heavy, old mare, dropped dead in the traces. They were too far away from the corral to get another one in time to check the fire.

Fusi tore the harness from the carcass of the horse, and tied it about his own body. Then he instructed Bjorn to handle the plow. With tremendous strength he turned up furrow after furrow, straining in the harness beside the horse, his great shoulders heaving, his loins taut. And at last a strip was plowed which the little tongues of flame were unable to span. As the wind was toward the south there was no danger of sparks flying into the stacks. Fusi had saved his farm.

But while Fusi and Bjorn were plowing about their own land, the fire was making its stealthy way across the fields to the farm of Joel Brund, who had gone to the jubilee with his wife, Dora.

The news of the fire had reached Latt's School through a half-breed who lived north of Latt's Slough. Panic broke out at once. Martin found Ellen and Charlie and hurried them into the wagon. They all knew now that this was the reason for Lind's failure to appear at the jubilee.

OCTOBER came, and the languid peace of Indian Summer. In the early morning a milky scud hid the horizon, but by noon the entire sky was clear and blue as a hare-bell. And over everything was a profound silence, as if somewhere a hand had been raised commanding reverence. It was a time of rest on the Gare farm.

Amelia and Martin had been to the city, and Martin had brought back plans and ideas without number for the new house. In the city they had seen Judith and Sven, and they were very happy.

Ellen would be taking a trip to the city soon. She needed glasses. But she did not show much enthusiasm at the prospect of going. Ellen was peculiarly

Continued on page 34

Half Your Comfort Is Light

AN easy chair—a good light. What is more comfortable—and what comfort is so cheap in cost as good light.

Use light freely—a living room without a floor or table lamp cannot possess the charm of one having either or both. Portable and table lamps, equipped with the correct Edison Mazda Lamps, will increase the cheerfulness of your living room many times over.

To obtain the best results, choose lamps with wide shades which throw the light upwards and downwards. See that they are equipped with 50 or 75 watt all-white Edison Mazda Lamps.

Near you is an Edison Mazda Lamp Agent. There you can obtain real information about good lighting.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
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Serve SLICED PEACHES often

Their fresh enticing flavor makes any number of good dishes better

DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches with all their fresh delicacy and appeal, offer scores of tempting adventures among the dishes you like so well.

For instance, they're always delightful with cereals these crisp, cold mornings. They make one of the finest shortcakes you can serve. Left-over sponge cake becomes a royal dish when covered with the tender slices and topped with whipped cream.

Best of all, they are an ideal dessert by themselves—a quick, easy fruit treat everybody likes.

Just be sure of their quality. Insist on DEL MONTE. Then you know in advance exactly what you're getting—the same dependable goodness and flavor, the same uniform assurance of satisfaction — no matter when or where you buy.

Just be sure you say

DEL MONTE

Wild Geese

Continued from page 33

morose these days. It seemed that she was cherishing some secret indignation at the others. No one knew what was behind it.

Amelia was quiet and serene, and went about her work as before. But she did not do it hurriedly now, crowding her day full of unnecessary tasks. She did it deliberately, as if she enjoyed it. And once or twice, when the night of the fire with its calamities was two weeks old, Lind heard her humming to herself.

Lind was counting the days now. Every evening she saw Mark Jordan, who was staying on at the Klovaczs until the boys could get a man to help with the work. She rode or walked with him along the wood trail that led north of the schoolhouse, where stood the only part of the Gares' timber that had not been ravaged by the fire.

Two or three times Mark called for her at the Gares, and once had supper there. Amelia was hospitable and at ease, although she talked very little. Lind was puzzled at the strange charm that had been released in her.

Amelia, when she came back from the city, brought new clothes for Ellen and several ornamental articles for the house which Ellen was disposed to frown at.

"Father would have called them a waste of money," Ellen observed.

She did not wear her new garments until weeks later. It seemed irreverent to her to do so, and she could not understand her mother's buying them, although she knew now that the family had more money in the bank than she had ever dreamed of.

Young Erik Bjarnasson came to the Gares one day.

"There is good fishing now in the lake," he said to Martin. "We want you should come over any time you will."

Martin thanked him, and told the others about it at supper.

"I don't think you ought," said Ellen. "He didn't invite father to."

"Well—" said Martin slowly. He was thinking of a humiliating day in midsummer when Erik had seen the fish-pole in the back of the wagon. "Well—I'm not goin' to look like a fool by not. And I'm not goin' to insult Erik by not."

ON another day Mrs. Sandbo came. She was in heavy mourning, and tears sprang to her eyes at the remotest suggestion of bereavement.

Amelia Gare made her at home and served her with excellent coffee, bought in the city, and cake. Mrs. Sandbo noticed that the coffee was not the brand obtainable at Johanneson's, but contained her curiosity. Privately, she thought it almost indecent of Amelia to put on airs so soon. Buying town coffee so immediately after— Well, she wouldn't say anything, for one.

But she was voluble on the marriage of Sven and Judith. It was because she felt some relationship now with the Gare family that she had put on mourning.

"It iss a comfort to me, Amelia," she declared. She was calling Mrs. Gare "Amelia" now, since the marriage of their children. "I vould have vorried my head off about that boy. But she vill make him a good vife."

"Like as not," Amelia smiled, "although she is very young."

"How vill you do now vit' the farm, Amelia, vit'out a man to look after t'ings?" Mrs. Sandbo asked. "After Ludvig died I vass on my head for mont's. But you have Martin. I forget how young vons grow up. Good land, ve are getting old, isn't it so, Amelia?"

"It's all in the way we feel, I guess, Mrs. Sandbo," Amelia observed.

THE first hoar frost came, and Lind woke one morning to find the earth covered with white, powdered glass. The sun took its glitter within a few minutes, but the land was not the same after it had gone. It seemed to have left a shadow over the stubble and over the short brown grass of the pastures to the west. The days that followed were as full of mellow radiance as those that had gone before, the wind was as soft and the sky as intimate a blue, but there was a change in the mood of the earth.

Then Lind heard the honking of the first wild goose, high overhead. On a night that was cold with moonlight she heard it, a full, clear trumpeting, in a sky that was vacant of clouds. The wild geese were passing over—passing over the haunts of man in their remote seeking toward the swamps of the south. They marked the beginning and the end of the period of growth. Next year they would fill the sky with their cold, lonely clamor at sowing-time and again when the earth would have closed in upon itself after yielding its growth. But next year Caleb Gare would not be here to note their coming or their going.

Lind felt humble as she heard the wild geese go over. There was an infinite cold passion in their flight, like the passion of the universe, a proud mystery never to be solved. She knew in her heart that Mark Jordan was like them—that he stood inevitably alone. But because of the human need in him, he had come to her. It warmed her to dwell on the thought.

The day came when Lind locked the door of the schoolhouse and watched the children she had taught scatter to the three roads that led east and west and north.

On the following day she and Mark left Oeland, promising Amelia that they would return some time.

But Amelia knew that they would never come back again, and in her heart she was glad.

They drove by night to Nykerk, to take the train from the Siding to the city. They would leave the team in the livery-stable there, and the Klovacz boys would get them the following day.

"I wonder just what the mystery was at the Gares," Lind mused as they rumbled along in the buggy over the hard road. "It seemed to vanish with Caleb."

"It was strange the way it worked out—the only thing he really cared for got him in the end," Mark observed.

Lind shivered a little, and he put his arm about her, drawing her bare head down beneath his lips.

"It has been a wonderful experience for you, Lind, living here among these people," he went on, "but your being here has been still more wonderful for me. It seems that there never was a time when I didn't have you—close to me like this."

"Mark, I want you always to *need* me," Lind said, drawing nearer to him. Then she lifted her head and whispered, "Listen, Mark!"

Far overhead in the night sky sounded the honking of the wild geese, going south now—a remote, trailing shadow—a magnificent seeking through solitude—an endless quest.

THE END

Wild Geese to Be Filmed

OUR readers who have been following Wild Geese in our columns during the past few months may care to know of the tremendous interest manifested all over Canada during publication of Martha Ostenso's story in this magazine.

Very large numbers of letters commenting favorably on the story reach us by every mail, while new subscribers who are making the acquaintance of The Western Home Monthly for the first time have in the majority of instances requested us to furnish back copies containing the opening chapters of the story, a request which, unfortunately, we were unable to comply with, as it is the rule of this establishment to print only sufficient copies for our immediate requirements.

Wild Geese, as a matter of fact, is likely to become a world-wide success, and that in the not too far distant future. It has been filmed, and its appearance on the silver screen is being sponsored by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, producers of Paramount pictures, and one of the greatest moving picture organizations of the world. In Canada alone they will exhibit in 980 theatres. It is expected that the release will be made late in March, or by the first of April.

We feel that we have been well repaid for the trouble and expense incurred in securing the exclusive Canadian rights of this story for The Western Home Monthly, by the many letters we have received from our readers, complimenting us on our choice of a serial.

Sue

Continued from page 13

editorial "We," contains rather less of dignity, and rather more of "get there," than the unfortunate short stories by the same author).

4, Pipe Court, Fleet Street,
E.C. 4.
January 22nd, 1925.

To Miss Sue Ramsay,
Azalea Cottage,
Polegate, Sussex.

Madame—We are obliged by yours of the 21st, pointing out a trivial error on page 102 of "Who's Who in Literature," 1925. In view of the unique reputation for accuracy which "Who's Who in Literature" enjoys, we welcome a letter calling our notice to anything of this description. We have received only six such letters in the course of five years.

We desire to tender our apology for any annoyance caused to you by this error, which, so far as your literary work is concerned, is, in our opinion, totally unimportant. No one reading your stories or verses can doubt for a moment that they proceed from the pen of one who is young. They have the sparkle of youth, and they are constructed by methods which always convey a suggestion of happy, irresponsible youth. One hesitates to say "slap-dash."

This juvenile irresponsibility becomes so patent when you indulge your fancy in threats of a libel action against us and in completely baseless vilifications of "Who's Who in Literature," that we should be sadly deficient in tolerance if we permitted ourselves to be stirred to displeasure by these outbursts. Incidentally, we are confident that your solicitor will not allow you to be so silly as to sue us.

We regret that we cannot countenance your request anent an apology in the daily newspapers. If we do anything it will be to affix an erratum slip, bearing the correct date of your birth, to an inside cover of such copies of "Who's Who in Literature," 1925, as have not yet left our office.

To conclude—we *challenge* you to point out one other error in "Who's Who in Literature," 1925.

Faithfully yours,
Maurice T. Maddocks,
Editor, "Who's Who in Literature."

ITEM 10.

(*From Miss Sue Ramsay—written some few minutes after the occurrence of a sound suggestive of a year-book descending from a first-floor window into an ash-receptacle in the garden*).

Azalea Cottage,
Polegate, Sussex.
January 24th, 1925.

To the Editor of
"Who's Who in Literature."

Sir—For a day or so I shall be unable to deal with the challenge contained in your letter of the 22nd. Most unfortunately I consigned my copy of "Who's Who in Literature" to the destination for which it seemed to clamour—the ash-bin; and I am afraid that in all Sussex, a county that demands a high standard in anything connected with literature, there is no copy of your publication save that which at present is circulating innocuously through the lanes in the ash-collector's cart.

Apart from this—I feel scarcely in the mood for idle recreations such as challenges. Despite my irresponsibility, I have sufficient depth of feeling to experience a literal shock of pain at discovering that a person—especially one who has assumed the very honourable title of Editor—can stoop to such contemptible duplicity as to describe my stories publicly as "brilliant" and to sneer at them privately as "slap-dash." I am wondering

what the Editors of "the foremost British and American magazines"—to quote from "Who's Who in Literature"—will think of this private estimation of stories which they consider excellent. In my curiosity I am sending copies of your letter to quite a number of them. I think, too, that I shall make this example of almost comical duplicity the subject of a small article in the Press.

Faithfully yours,
Sue Ramsay.

ITEM 11.

(*In reply to Item 10*).

4, Pipe Court,
Fleet Street, E.C. 4.
January 25th, 1925.

To Miss Sue Ramsay,
Azalea Cottage,
Polegate, Sussex.

Madame—In acknowledging your letter of yesterday's date, I consider that it is only fair to warn you that if you make any use, prejudicial to "Who's Who in Literature," of correspondence which you have received from me, *I* shall sue *you* for libel.

In the meantime I wait, vainly, I think, for an intimation that you are indeed about to sue me.

Faithfully yours,
Maurice T. Maddocks,
Editor, "Who's Who in Literature."

ITEM 12.

(*In reply to Item 11.*)

Azalea Cottage,
Polegate, Sussex.
January 26th, 1925.

To the Editor of
"Who's Who in Literature."

Sir—I am expecting hourly to hear from my solicitor. As the slight delay in his response to my letter may mean that his letter to me has gone astray in the post, I have just telegraphed him, *directing* him to sue. I should be very sorry to keep you waiting longer.

Faithfully yours,
Sue Ramsay.

ITEM 13.

(*A postcard to Miss Sue Ramsay from her solicitor, who is also her brother*).

7A, Wine Street,
Bristol.
January 26th, 1925.

Re proposed action for libel.

Don't be a fathead. You wouldn't get a farthing damages, and would have to pay all costs. Besides, you *will* be thirty-six in ten years' time, won't you? So why make a fuss and interrupt a busy lawyer? Kindly remit 13s 4d for professional advice, as above.

Jimmy.

ITEM 14.

(*Miss Sue Ramsay, with a sinking sensation of being harshly used by everybody, has communicated with the one man accustomed to influence public opinion, of whose chivalrous championing she can be perfectly sure—namely, one Harry Parry, a rejected suitor, a devoted friend, and Editor of that humble but hopeful racing journal, "The Weekly Winner-Picker." As a result of Miss Ramsay's heartrending appeal, the following ingenuous swerve into matters literary occurs in the "Editor's Column" of "The Weekly Winner-Picker," for February 5th*).

"Romping Romeo, the smart winner of Saturday's two-mile hurdle race, being named after a character in Shakespeare, my thoughts drifted to writers and poets as I travelled back to town; and in process of time I journeyed mentally from the Bard of Avon to Sue Ramsay, youngest and most brilliant of our modern authoress-poets; and I experienced anew a feeling of hot indignation at the suffering which has been occasioned her by the silly blundering of a certain literary annual (published not 100 miles from half way down Fleet Street), which has given the year of her birth as 1889 instead of 1899. Any reader of this annual who has had the good fortune lately to set eyes on Sue Ramsay's face—the most beautiful in England and aglow with the aura of youth, will have recognized instantly that the alleged date is wrong. One trusts that all other readers of the annual, *bearing in mind the notorious carelessness with which it is compiled*, will instinctively refuse to be misled by this callous error."

Continued on page 36

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ITEM 15.

(*Received by Miss Sue Ramsay from the gallant writer of the foregoing*).

"The Weekly Winner-Picker,"
19, Bologna Street,
Oxford Street, W. 1.
February 6th, 1925.

Dear Sue—My little effort on your behalf in yesterday's issue—a trifle which it was a joy to me to undertake—has had telling effect. It has made old man Maddocks, Editor of "Who's Who in Literature," sheerly and profusely foam. You should have heard him on the foam—I mean phone. So far as we could decode him, he is going to sue my proprietors and me instantly for libel. I may add that my proprietors, who are unable to see that Romping Romeo's race necessarily involved a reference to your age, have practically decided to "fire" me. Don't let that worry you, as I think I can get a billet across the road with "The Racing Telescope." The thing is, Sue, that Maddock *foams!*

Sincerely yours,
Harry.

ITEM 16.

(*From the suddenly alarmed pen of Miss Sue Ramsay*).

Azalea Cottage,
Polegate, Sussex.
February 7th, 1925.

To Maurice T. Maddocks, Esq.,
Editor of "Who's Who in Literature."

Sir—I have been notified by Mr. H. Parry, Editor of "The Weekly Winner-Picker," that you entertain some idea of taking the extreme step of suing him for libel because of a paragraph in defence of myself which appeared in his columns.

I wish to state that I alone am to blame for the publication of the paragraph. I worried and importuned Mr. Parry to publish it, to such an extent that he passed it for press without really *quite realizing* what he was doing.

With this new light on the subject, will you please tell me quickly what your intentions with regard to Mr. Parry now are?

Yours faithfully,
Sue Ramsay.

ITEM 17.

(*A telegram from Maurice T. Maddocks, still in a condition of "foam," emphatically and succinctly expressing his intentions with regard to Mr. H. Parry*).

Fleet Street, E.C. 4.
February 8th—10.30 a.m.

To Miss Sue Ramsay,
Azalea Cottage,
Polegate, Sussex.

Sue, sue, sue.

Maddocks.

ITEM 18.

(*From Miss Sue Ramsay—in acknowledgement of Item 17*).

Azalea Cottage,
Polegate, Sussex.
February 8th, 1925.

To Maurice T. Maddocks, Esq.,
Editor of "Who's Who in Literature."

Dear Mr. Maddocks—I was in the post-office this morning when your telegram came through. I wondered why the elderly officials smiled in a benign way when they gave it to me; and of course when I saw its unexpected, friendly, personal note—just a reiteration of my name, "Sue! Sue! Sue!"—I fled. But naturally you did not anticipate that I should be in the post-office when your assuring telegram came, did you?

Precisely as to the points it contains I am, as you can understand, a little uncertain. Most obviously the message is friendly; and I imagine that "Sue! Sue! Sue!" is a mild, measured reproach because of the unkind and unfair things which I incited Mr. Parry to write. It is easy to discern from this kindly attitude of yours that you have put aside all thought of * * * (*the asterisks indicate a scrupulously erased syllable, which, however, when subjected to the gaze of an eagle eye, faintly discloses itself as su-*).....prosecuting Mr. Parry for libel. I have telegraphed him to this effect, and—as is but natural—have telegraphed my solicitor to abandon instantly all proceedings on our part.

I believe I will tell you in great confidence why I am very relieved, and very grateful to you, that you are taking no action against "The Weekly Winner-Picker." Had you done so its proprietors probably would have discharged Mr. Parry; and he is a dear, dear fellow, and has several relatives dependent upon him, and he might have found it difficult to

Sue

Continued from page 35

get another berth. That would have been dreadful—all my fault. He only consented to write the paragraph because he once—liked me. Of course he has not seen me since I had my hair bobbed. I look such a queer gawk with it cut!—as you will agree if you chance to have the February "Calford's Magazine" at hand. My latest photograph is in it, at the head of a short story of mine.

With sincere thanks,
Yours very truly,
Sue Ramsay.

P.S.—You will think me extraordinarily foolish to have run out of the post-office. But in my pleasant astonishment I forgot that you were—how can I express it without seeming terribly rude?—well, of rather advanced age; for so I gather from a phrase in Mr. Parry's letter—and of course the post-office people did not know that. Needless to say, it took me not a minute to realize that the semi-paternal use of "Sue" was a most natural and exceedingly nice way of softening your slight reproof.

S. R.

ITEM 19.

(*Need not be published in detail, as it consisted merely of a number of unsuccessful endeavours to compose a telegraphic message, which was never dispatched*) *the circumstances being as follows:*

Maurice T. Maddocks, having perused Item 18; having remained for several minutes thereafter in the state of inarticulate petrifaction to which the conscienceless misreading of his telegram, as certified by that Item, had reduced him; having then muttered prolongly and furiously of Circe, Medea, and other classic, super-conscienceless hoodwinkers of man, eventually set his teeth and strove to draft a telegram adequate to the occasion.

Such efforts, however, as "Miss Ramsay, your pretended misapprehension—" and "Miss Ramsay, your confounded impertinence—" invariably seeming either unsatisfyingly moderate, or so much otherwise as to present a possibility that a chivalrous telegraphic office would refuse to transmit, Maurice T. Maddocks made no real progress. At length, with the eminently sensible idea that a study of the "gawk-like" features of the enemy, as portrayed in "Calford's Magazine," might inspire exactly the phrase required, he sent out for that periodical—and of course discovered therein the most charming portrait ever taken of as charming a Circe as ever existed; with the result that, turning his back upon telegraph forms, and vaguely marvelling at an inexplicable vanishing of all hostile sentiments, he wrote a letter—Item 20).

ITEM 20.

4, Pipe Court,
Fleet Street, E.C. 4.
February 9th, 1925.

To Miss Sue Ramsay,
Azalea Cottage,
Polegate, Sussex.

Dear Miss Ramsay—I have telephoned to my solicitors to stop all proceedings against Mr. Parry and "The Weekly Winner-Picker," and nothing more will be heard of the matter. As I feel that, in spite of your generous protestation to the contrary, you must have considered it an appalling insult on my part when seemingly I addressed you as Sue, I am very anxious to tell you that in reality my telegram—which was so capable of being misinterpreted—was a reiteration of my intention to *sue* Mr. Parry. However, all this is now over.

In reviewing the almost bitter nature of our acquaintance (by correspondence) previous to your latest letter, I experience a deep regret that I wrote you with obvious acrimony—and experience a great wish that you will forgive me. If I can offer any defence of myself, it is that "Who's Who in Literature" is rather dear to me; the dearer, I think, from the fact that it is the only literary thing I have to cherish. For some years I have been writing short stories, and hoping to see them in print. But the magazines insist that they are too dull and lifeless for publication; and so, you see, I have only my annual to feel a little proud of.

This is a humiliating confession to make to you, who, in your youth, are encircled by brilliant constellations of your successful short stories—but it will explain my sensitiveness with regard to "Who's Who in Literature."

By the way, I note that Mr. Parry disclosed that I am advanced in age. That cannot be denied. I am, however, fairly active and hale for my years. I shall be forty-eight in March—not until the 27th.

And now I am going to spend a happy, envious twenty minutes with your short story in "Calford's."

May I venture to oppose firmly, even indignantly, one statement in your letter? I can see no suggestion of "gawk" in the delightful portrait on page 8 of "Calford's."

Yours very sincerely,
Maurice T. Maddocks.

ITEM 21.

(*In acknowledgement of Item 20*).

Azalea Cottage,
Polegate, Sussex.
February 11th, 1925.

Dear Mr. Maddocks—Your infinitely kind and sincere letter of Saturday has moved me in many ways, chief of which is to write you the first sincere letter I have ever written you.

I am most poignantly sorry now to think of how I must have hurt you by the untruthful, revengeful things I have said about "Who's Who in Literature;" and I have grace enough to be pink-cheeked with shame as I reflect that practically every line I ever wrote you was more or less of a lie. I was certain there was *not* another error in "Who's Who in Literature;" I was just uncaringly spiteful. And when I wrote my feignedly grateful letter of February 8th—the deception I am most ashamed of—I was just uncaringly scruple-less—because I was frightened. I did not want Mr. Parry's mother to say that he had been lured to ruin by a cropped-haired siren who wouldn't marry him even then—which is what she would have said—and I thought that my false gratitude (and possibly my photograph) might induce you to hold your hand. I am so sorry!—at my falseness, I mean.

Of course I really was in the post-office; and the people did smile—truly. And I quite fled. But I knew exactly which "sue" you meant. Will you ever forgive me for everything?

"Who's Who in Literature" is on my desk. It did *not* circulate in the ash-collector's cart. I actually did throw it into the ash-bin—because I had searched for hours and could not find another mistake in it. But the ash-man thought it such a splendid book that it must have fallen in by accident, and he handed it to cook. And just now I brought it up from the kitchen and dusted it so remorsefully—and it is going to be my favourite year-book—I believe it would become that even if I did not know you; for it is beautifully arranged and printed, and ever so interesting. I am going to enjoy reading it—in my proper mind—for hours presently.

But all the time I shall think of the hint of tragedy behind it—your short stories. Do you know that was the note in your letter which made me cry because of my horridness to you! Yes, I have cried.

I am wondering whether I dare ask you something. Would you let me see one of your stories? Would you mind very, very

much if I breathed the tiniest hint to you of what—only in my opinion—would improve it? Would you mind? Oh, do let me see it.

I think it was most uncalled-for of Mr. Parry to mislead me so—by employing a ridiculous phrase "old man"—with regard to your age. Why forty-seven is an age that I use continually for the heroes in my stories, as perhaps you know.

Very sincerely yours,
Sue Ramsay.

ITEM 22.

(*In acknowledgment of Item 21*).

4, Pipe Court,
Fleet Street, E.C. 4.
February 12th, 1925.

Dear Miss Ramsay—For a long time I have been reading and re-reading your letter of yesterday, held—if I may say so?—by its inherent charm, but finding my pleasure in it sadly shadowed by the knowledge that you feel sorry and actually have *cried!* Let me implore you to think only with laughter of the incidents which you are allowing yourself to regret incidents which now—and will ever appear to me delightfully amusing. May I hope that you will assure me by return of post that you have begun to think laughingly of them? Shall I help you if I confess dark deceit on my part? Your "feignedly grateful" letter did not deceive me. I was framing a hatefully scathing retort—when I fell into the final, delicious trap; I opened "Calford's Magazine." And your portrait won the day.

I trust that you will grant me, perhaps at no distant date, the great pleasure of actually meeting you and discussing with you the humorous incidents of our epistolary acquaintance.

In response to your wonderfully kind invitation anent my short stories, I am enclosing, very humbly, the one which I consider my best, "Sir Bremdon's Bride." It has been rejected by thirty-four magazines—but two or three Editors agree that the plot is not bad and that Sir Bremdon is quite a good character. One Editor considered that he might do for the central figure in a series of stories.

Please criticize without mercy. All you say will be of indescribable interest to me.

Yours very sincerely,
Maurice T. Maddocks.

ITEM 23.

(*In reply to Item 22*).

Azalea Cottage,
Polegate, Sussex.
February 13th, 1925.

Dear Mr. Maddocks—I am thinking laughingly, as you so kindly wish me to; but I cannot guess what *you* will think of my latest piece of unscrupulousness, which is that I have determined to keep your story, "Sir Bremdon's Bride," as a prisoner—for months, if necessary—while I try to persuade you to consent to something which is in my mind.

To explain: I have fallen completely in love with Sir Bremdon, with the great woods—so finely described by you—which surround his house, and with the idea of Sir Bremdon, in this setting of woods, being central figure in a series of, say, six stories. And, as a result, I am simply craving to have a share in doing these stories.

I thought that, as Sir Bremdon is so rich and passes so much of his time in the woods, we could call the series "The Millionaire of the Woods." I have two or three woodland plots by me that would shape splendidly for some of the stories—of which "Sir Bremdon's Bride"—which perhaps we would alter just a little—would come last; as it would be best not to let Sir Bremdon get married until the end.

We could frame each story together—meet and debate it, you know. You would be responsible for all Sir Bremdon's speeches and actions; and I would sketch in the feminine parts—and perhaps I would do the actual writing down of things—the mechanical work, as I think I see what Editors do not quite like in your narrative style, and I know precisely what they *love*.

But, of course, the question is—*could* you bring yourself to let me collaborate with you? You have prepared all the ground; should I be very unfair coming in? I so, so want to. I believe we should make the series a great success.

Please do not disappoint me by letter. Could you spare time to run down and

Continued on page 38

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Sue

Continued from page 37

lunch with me on Friday, reserving your decision till then?

Very sincerely yours,
Sue Ramsay.

ITEM 24.

(*Telegram—dispatched on receipt of Item 23*).

Fleet Street, E.C. 4.
February 14th—10 a.m.

To Miss Sue Ramsay
Azalea Cottage,
Polegate, Sussex.

Delighted indeed to collaborate, and to lunch on Friday.

Maddocks.

ITEM 25.

(*A preliminary announcement in "Calford's Magazine," June, 1925*).

Important Notice.

A series of brilliant short stories—
THE MILLIONAIRE OF THE WOODS
By *Sue Ramsay and Maurice T. Maddocks*
will commence in the October Number of "Calford's Magazine."

ITEM 26.

(*A swerve—giving rise to no threats of legal proceedings—on the part of the Editor of "The Weekly Winner-Picker," in an issue a few days subsequent to the aforegoing announcement*).

"The victory of that smart colt Wedding Bouquet in Saturday's five-furlong race increases, if possible, the steadiness with which our thoughts dwell upon the fact that, a week ago today, Sue Ramsay, most lovely and most brilliant of our authoress-poets, became Mrs. Maurice T. Maddocks, thus entitling her husband to be called the most fortunate man in the world.

"Yet, of what avail to us to brood over his dazzling fortune? There is only one Sue Ramsay—and she was not for one of us. So let us stifle our sighs and find such consolation as we may by picking the winner of The Royal Hunt Cup—a task which, on the face of it, we shall have no difficulty in accomplishing."

Mary Moore—Milliner

Continued from page 9

mine, I want you to see visions too. When I finish college ——" she clasped her hands about her knees, little-girl fashion, and stared at her mother with eyes that were star-like, "when I finish college I'll get a job, oh, a splendidly lucrative job, mumsie—college grads do get them, you know, and then we'll give up the little shop ——"

"Give up the little shop?" Mary Moore repeated, and there was the dawn of horror in her eyes, "give up the little shop? Oh, Jean—no!"

Through a long, sleepless night that terrifying thought haunted her. "Give up the little shop," she repeated over and over, "no, never—never!"

Jean's clear young eyes had seen it all very distinctly. That protest in her mother's voice, that horror in her eyes followed her back to college. It startled, amazed her at first. But, thinking it over, she gradually came to realize what the little shop meant to her mother—that dim, stuffy, ugly, little shop. The work behind that neatly-lettered sign, "Mary Moore, Milliner," had grown into her mother's life, had become part of its very fibre. To wrench her away from it would be to destroy that solid foundation of self-respect. "No," Jean came slowly to the conclusion, "I can't take mother away from the little shop. I can't do that."

Through the remainder of Jean's course Mary Moore waited and sewed in a fever of doubt and anxiety. "I'll get a job," the girl's words rang in her ears. And Jean, she knew, would carry into that "job" all her glorious enthusiasm and fire of youth. Eagerly she read and re-read the girl's letters, on the alert for a hint. But there was no hint, no indication as to her plans after graduation.

TO Mary Moore, waiting and watching in the little shop, it seemed a long anxious time until Jean was home again, but it was in reality only a few months. "I'm a really-truly B.A.—Bachelor of Arts!" she told her mother exultantly.

After those months Mary Moore felt that she could wait no longer and her voice trembled under the strain of anxiety, "Jean, what are you going to do? Have you—have you found your lucrative job?"

The girl laughed outright. "How curious we are, mumsie! Yes, I've found it," she stood back a little, the better to watch her mother's face, "my job's with you, mother o' mine. I've come back to work with you in the little shop."

And then, of course, it all came out. How she had taken night classes in millinery at the Technical School. How her professors had held up their hands in horror and exclaimed, "My dear Miss Moore—millinery!"

"But I just told them," Jean laughed at the memory, "that my college course wasn't wasted, that I'd learned to think, and that surely is what college is for. And I told them," there was unmistakable pride in her voice, "that I was going into partnership with my mother."

Mary Moore sat down weakly on the old sofa, "Jean!"

Evidently the girl enjoyed her surprise, "and so it's Mary Moore & Company after this, or how would you like it, 'Mary Moore & Daughter.' We're partners, mother, partners!"

Partners! Partners! In the ears of Mary Moore it had a goodly sound.

Quickly the girl's plans were unfolded, "I'm a working-partner," she explained. "I've a bit of capital from some tutoring I did in college, and I want to revolutionize a bit——"

"But my dear," Mary Moore was still bewildered, "how can you bring us more business, even if you do revolutionize? I make most of the hats sold here now."

"I've got my eye on the Spring Hotel folks. I'm going to make our little shop popular with them too," she nodded that bright head of hers, "just you wait and see!"

There was not so very much waiting to do after all. The little shop was painted afresh, a deep, soft cream inside, a welcome background to the rosy chintz curtains and cushions which sprang into being under the capable fingers of Jean. And the sturdy, sensible little hats gave way to others—dainty, charming, irresistible.

"My land!" Mrs. Bragg told Miss Wimple over the back fence, "thim 'ats of Mary Moore's, they'll never sell, never! I fer one likes 'ats what is 'ats!"

"Ye-es," Miss Wimple agreed weakly and then made her escape, running back into the house to take once more from its tissue wrappings, to try on, to twist and admire again and yet again—that new, adorable, breath-taking little hat with the impressive gold imprint inside, "Mary Moore, Milliner."

Mrs. McGann, following the lead of Mrs. Bragg, also voiced disapproval, and went down to the little shop to tell Mary Moore all about it.

"It's a wicked waste," she said severely, "tryin' to sell them hats in Bonnie Springs where the women are sensible and set in their ways. It's utter —foolishness——" her voice trailed off as her eyes fastened to something in a case, "Y' might," she added, "let me pop that there one on, jes for a jiffy. That little black one settin' up there with the feather-thing a-stickin' up the side."

Twenty minutes later Mrs. McGann left the little shop carrying with her a box containing the "little black one with the feather-thing a-stickin' up the side!" Later still Mrs. McGann was explaining to an argumentative husband that he liked this hat better than any he'd ever seen her wearing before. "It's —" Mrs. McGann said, and the finality in her tone would have convinced a whole regiment of husbands, "It's got style!"

Those were busy, happy days for Mary Moore, those of the following autumn and winter, when the possibility which had flamed so vividly all those years, became remote and obscure. "I hope he never, never finds us now," she told herself, in an access of newly-acquired strength. For it was Jean who was sharing—aye, shouldering—the responsibility now. Jean—eager, enthusiastic, and gloriously young.

And as a result of those busy days Jean's dream came true. The patrons of the Spring Hotel stopped to admire those little hats, and then, the lure proving irresistible, stepped inside to enquire and buy.

"It's the most attractive little shop," they told their friends at the hotel, "positively fascinating. And such a charming girl. Really, my dear, it's worth going in."

To Mary Moore it was almost incredible, but Jean laughed. "It's only a beginning, but it's fun, isn't it?" she said.

IT was one April afternon that Jean returned to the little shop to find her mother in the room back of the store, sitting on the edge of the sofa, white-faced and trembling, "Jean, this—has—just come—" she held out a strip of paper.

Wonderingly the girl read it, then it fluttered to the floor as she voiced her surprise, "from—father—"

"He wants me," Mary Moore spoke slowly, as with great effort, "he's ill and wants me—"

"But you won't go, mother, you won't?" the girl's fingers clutched her arm.

"He wants me," the refrain seemed almost automatic, "he's ill, seriously," she picked up the strip of paper, "so this says."

"But mother, he left you, deserted you, and now—" there was infinite scorn in the young voice, "now, like a coward when he's down and out, he sends for you. Coward!"

Mary Moore shook her head. The girl was voicing the thoughts that had been uppermost in her mind when she first opened that telegram. That desertion had flared back with all the real horror of those first terror-stricken days. And then in quick reaction little, vivid vignettes of her early married life had flashed into memory—the blue-gold of the October morning when she and Larry had come to their first little house; Larry, perspiring and impatient, tacking down the carpet in the tiny parlor. Larry, with baby Jean in his arms, both gray-eyed and laughing—vignettes which wiped out, as with a single sweep, all those later pictures of misery, struggle, and unhappiness.

Coward? Perhaps the girl was right, but it was in the light of those far-past memory-pictures that Mary Moore answered her, "he wants me," she repeated, and there was a new note in her voice — vibrant, triumphant — "he wants me, and I'm going!"

There was a tedious all-night journey, but at ten o'clock the next morning Mary Moore and her daughter stood at the bedside of a dying man in a big city hospital.

"Mary," he greeted her, doubtfully at first, then with increasing glad certainty, "Mary—you've come!"

"I've come," she told him, "and Jean too."

His eyes rested on the girl for a moment but returned quickly to his wife, "Mary," the words came with difficulty. "I heard you've been successful — that you're making good."

"Yes," she said, "I'm making good, Larry."

"I haven't," he gasped for breath, "I should have stuck by you. Mary—" a look of sudden fear flashed into his eyes—gray eyes they were, like those of the girl—"Mary, you'll stick by me now?"

And all that was fine in Mary Moore answered that appeal, "Yes," she promised, "I'll stick by you, Larry," and placed her hand over his — reassuring, comforting.

Late that night Larry Moore slipped quietly over the borderline into the "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns." But there was no fear in his eyes, something, rather, akin to a smile, for his wife's hand still rested on his.

A few days later Mary Moore and her daughter were in the train returning to Bonnie Springs, to the little shop, and the interrupted work. The older woman leaned her head back against the green-plush seat and faced facts squarely. Larry Moore was dead—well, perhaps it was better so. Gone from her heart was that dread, that haunting fear of his return. And an infinite relief and peace had taken its place.

The girl beside her evidently felt something of it too, for she turned and smiled, as if answering those thoughts, "Nobody can come between us now, mumsie."

The older woman smiled and said nothing, but there was a question in her eyes which the girl evidently sensed and answered. She slipped her hand through her mother's arm. "No one," she repeated decisively, "your heart, mother, was big enough for two—well, so is mine."

It was May-time when they returned, and May-time in the garden valley of Ontario is a time of sunlight, and song-birds and beauty.

In all the glory of a May afternoon a few days later Jean Moore and Jim Denison were walking far up over the hill-side. It was her "afternoon off," as she laughingly termed it, and he had persuaded her to accompany him out over Briar Hill to Smith's Farm. "The call won't take me more than twenty minutes," he had coaxed, "wouldn't you sit on the hillside that long, Jean?"

But now the professional call was over and they were both sitting on the side of the hill. "I like my work," he was saying lying back revelling in the strong, life-giving heat of the sun, "it's been jolly worth while coming back to it."

"So has mine," an irrepressible giggle broke through the girl's words, "though I'd never have believed it if anyone had told me I'd end my college career by becoming a small-town milliner. But I love it, Jim. And as for mother—why, she looks years younger and so happy. She could carry on alone now."

He sat bolt upright, instantly alert. "Then if she can carry on alone, Jean," he held her hand and held it firmly imprisoned, "there's no reason——"

Laughingly she pulled her hand away, "Oh yes, Jim, there are hundreds, thousands, millions of reasons!"

But Jim evidently banished those reasons into oblivion, for an hour or so later they came down the hillside with all the glory of the spring-time of youth in their faces. "You can't," the girl was saying, but the twinkle in her voice belied her words, "you—a rising young doctor with a future—can't marry the little milliner of Main Street."

"Can't I?" Jim Denison laughed, "can't I? Just give me the chance. I can marry the little milliner of Main Street! I can marry the prettiest girl in town! I can marry the woman I love! And—what is more—I will!"

Jean slipped her hand through his arm. "All right, you bigamist," she laughed, "go ahead, marry 'em all!"

The sun was shining on the front of the little shop as they approached, though the wide amber awning threw the doorway and interior into grateful shade. But the light on their faces was quite evident as they entered. "Mother," Jean said at once, "we've something to tell you."

"It's spring-time," Jim put in irrelevantly, and just because he was so very, very happy, he trilled forth that happiness in his fresh young voice—

"With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,
In spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring."

A few minutes later they were all sitting on the little spindle-legged, rose-covered sofa and the two young folks were pouring into Mary's ear all the wonder that had come to them that afternoon on the hillside. "And so if you'll let us get married," Jim said, "we'll all live happily ever after."

"Let us all," Mary Moore repeated, and it was in the nature of a prayer that she said it, "let us all live happy ever after!"

When the Shades Are Drawn

Continued from page 14

A final word as to the shade that has begun to show the amount of extra wear that falls to the bottom few inches. Open windows, sudden gusts of wind or rain, a rough pull from a careless hand—these and other causes often bring the lowest section of an otherwise good shade, into a most forlorn state.

If the shade is long enough to spare the worn part, it may be cut off and the edge rehemmed, wide enough to permit the bottom stick to be run through it again. Do not use scissors to trim off the cloth but rather stretch it over a pad of old newspapers or a board that may be scarred at your pleasure, and use a ruler or straight-edge and a sharp knife to cut it; if you can't manage this, at least mark it in this way and then carefully follow your line with the scissors.

If the shade is not long enough to permit the amputation of the whole of the worn part, cut off only what is really torn, unroll the shade, carefully remove the tiny tacks with which it is nailed to the roller, turn it and nail the former bottom part to the rollers; put a hem of the width to accomodate the bottom stick in the fresh end of the shade, and you will find that you have practically doubled its span of life.

The Sick Child

Continued from page 29

forms of tuberculosis should be constantly under the care of a good physician, but there is much that the mother may do to prevent the disease from becoming active if the child has a tendency to it, or to help cure it if it has once become established.

In the first place, if the mother herself is tubercular it will not be safe for her to nurse her baby. She should either secure a very healthy wet-nurse or else give the child cow's milk properly modified. If there are other members of the family who are tubercular do not allow them to come in close contact with the baby nor to sleep in the same room with him. See that anything that they expectorate is put into paper cups and immediately burned. Never, under any circumstances, allow the baby to be kissed by the person suffering with the disease. Boil all the bedding, clothing, etc., that the sick person uses, keeping his things as separate as possible from the rest of the family's.

When a Baby Has Inherited the Disease

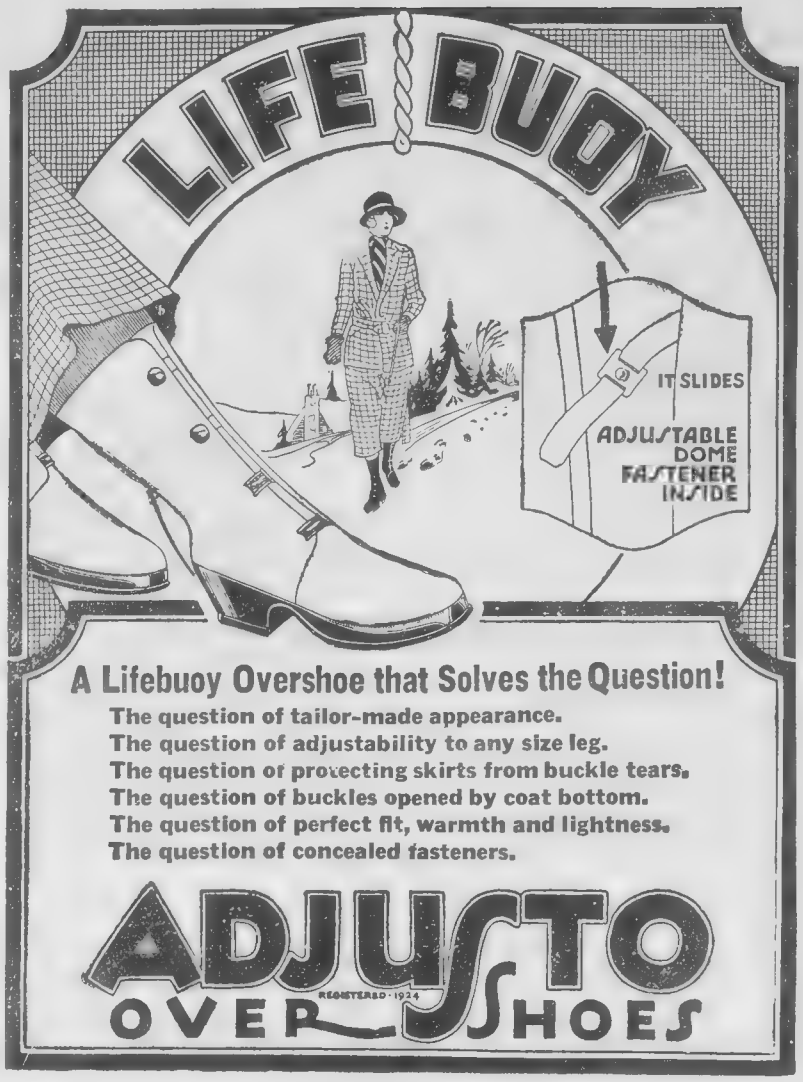
A BABY who inherits the tendency to tuberculosis or who has shown the first symptoms must spend the greater part of his time in the fresh air; if this is done the chances are that the disease will not spread further. Of course, it is best to take the child to one of the numerous places in the country where the air has been found especially good for tubercular people, but this is not possible to every one.

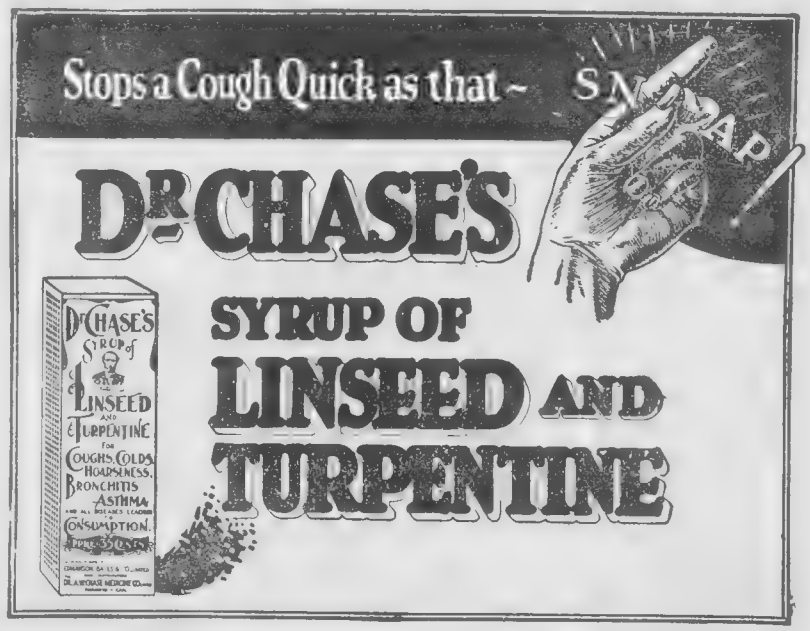
The child should be taught to sleep outdoors in a tent, if possible, or, if not, in a window-tent. For a baby or a young child a skillful father (or a carpenter) may contrive a safe and useful little window sleeping-box which has an awning over it to protect the child from snow and rain in winter and from the sun in summer. A sleeping-bag should be used and a woollen hood for the head when the weather is cool; hot water bags may be also employed. This open air treatment is really wonderful in its results.

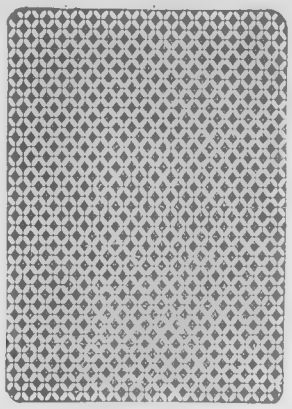
The food of tubercular children should consist of easily digested, nourishing things. Milk and eggs should form a large part of the children's diet, but never should eggs be pushed to such an extent that the child becomes bilious. Well cooked cereals are also excellent, and bacon, broths, and, for older children, meat and vegetables in the usual amounts.

Salt baths and sun baths are helpful, and some form of cod liver oil or iron is usually prescribed.

Do not consider the tubercular child hopeless. Keep constantly at work and you may meet with surprising results.







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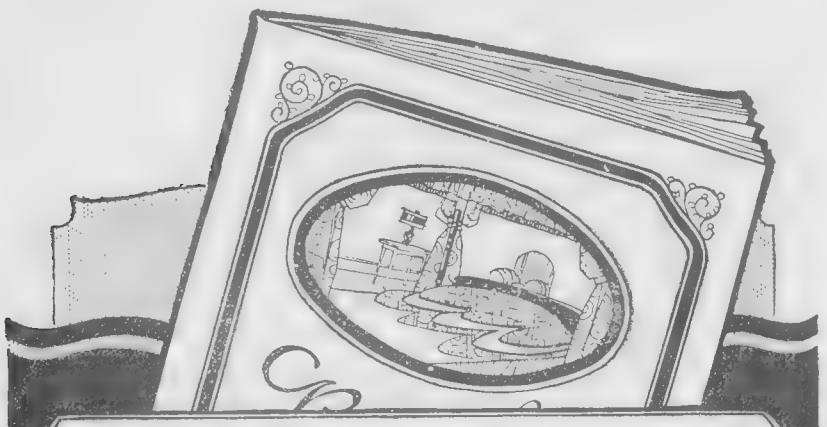

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We're Brithers A'

Continued from page 17

(What a different spirit from that often seen now at contests in other games such as football and baseball.)

When the stones developed into the round shape it required scientific skill on the part of those engaged in the game; then it rushed forward quickly into nationality. It then becomes a greater social force bringing more genial fellowship and kindly intercourse among men. Ever since, it has been recognized as the most truly national of all amusements.

In the early days brotherly fellowship made men better, that is the inheritance of the curler of today. The curler does not live to play—he knows how to temper duty with pleasure. He feels it his duty to guard the honour, and to increase the glory, of curling for the strengthening of the brotherhood of man.

"Behold how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well;
Together such as brethren be,
In unity to dwell."

Curling was an important force in the development of the national character of Scotland and the history of this game has had much to do with Scottish history.

In the early days when "bonspiels" were first celebrated, parish met to measure strength with parish and to decide which was to look up to the other, for a year at least, as superior. Each parish prepared earnestly for the great event and took the honour of the parish into its keeping. At midnight before the contest the stones were carted off and early in the morning the warriors sped over the hills to the scene of action followed by the good wishes of the whole parish. In the meantime the wives prepared the food for the players.

These curlers fought as desperately for the honour of their parish as did their forefathers for civil and religious liberty. Old men filled with the eagerness of youth and young men—broad-chested and brawny-armed—all fired with a desire for glory, put forth every energy they could command, as if the struggle were one of life and death. Their stone weapons were clumsy and awkward, but they "drew," "guarded," "ported," "brittled" and "chuckled" with a dexterity which was marvelous. We have the following description of one of their games.

"Faster and more furious grew the fray—the one side anxious to regain what they had lost, the other determined to retain what they had won. They ran, they soopit, they roared till they were hoarse; yet, with all the uproar, there was no disorder, each rink moving with the precision of a tried regiment under a skillful general. Their ponderous granites 'grouled' along the rink; and though the ice 'rairled' under their tread, they heeded not, as they watched with eagerness the effect of each shot on the enemy and plied their brooms and played their stones as their commander directed. Often fate hung upon the last shot of all, and as the stone of destiny left the hand of the director, every nerve of every player quivered with excitement till the deed was done which decided the fortune of the day. Besoms and Kilmarnock bonnets 'cuist' high into the air, with 'hollars loud and long,' proclaimed the joy of a victory more important than Waterloo to its victors; while Edinburgh after Flodden was no sadder spectacle than the village of the vanquished parish, when the stragglers came back from the scene to tell the story of defeat. Thus closed the day of rivalry; but the evening with its merry gathering around the table in the 'muckle room,' and its finishing touches of mirth and fellowship, without which no bonspiel was considered perfect in the olden time, strengthened the old ties of brotherhood and formed new friendships among the curlers of the two parishes. Thus the pillars of the bonspiel were established more firmly than ever."

These parish bonspiels with their evening sociabilities marked the dawn of Scotland's better day. They were only possible among a people who were brotherly, so they brighten up the picture of Scottish history which before was full of wars, quarrels, border lawlessness and Jacobite risings. Though the game may improve, one thing is true—curlers will never improve upon the good fellowship of the curlers in the old times on the ice and by the social board, and will never give a better account of themselves than did the founders of the Duddingston Society, when in the name of the brotherhood they resolved that "to be virtuous is to reverence our God, religion, laws, and king;" that "virtue without which no accomplishment is truly valuable, and no enjoyment really satisfactory, shall be the aim of their actions;" and that "peace and unanimity, the great ornaments of society, shall reign among them." It was something more than a mere amusement to them. Every true Scotch curler feels that "Scotland's ain game" has done much for his country, his kindred and himself. The curlers in this great Canadian country seek to develop more and more, at each succeeding bonspiel, the extension of brotherly love and good fellowship, and may these annual gatherings do much to aid the advance and progress of this wonderful productive country.

Canada's curlers acknowledge their indebtedness to Scotland, the mother of curling, for many are her sons. Not until Scotland herself passes into oblivion shall any true sons of hers allow the noble game to be forgotten.

"Though we're far frae bonnie Scotland noo—
We can sing auld Scotland's sangs
To cheer us when we're wae,
The cherished strains o' 'Auld Lang Syne,'
Or stirring 'Scots Wha Hae.'

'The Bonnie Woods o' Craigielea,'
And 'Loudon's Woods and Braes,'
We'll lilt them ower as canty yet
As erst in ither days.

And ower us waves the grand auld flag
That floats frae Scottish tower,
The pledge o' oor security
Frae every envious power.

We're proud o' oor Canadian home,
Oor country aye to be,
But Scotland's memories shall be dear
Until the day we dee."

Year after year as our curling societies meet we bid a

"Welcome to our Scottish friends,
We'll play the game together,
We'll learn from them, they'll from us,
We're birds o' the same feather."

Another splendid characteristic of the curlers is their spirit of benevolence mingled with their conviviality. They often cause the hearts of the widow and the orphan to sing for joy by kindly distributions from their pocket books.

Curlers are, of all men, most loyal. The first and last lesson on the rink is obedience to the "ruling monarch" and such training makes them obedient to the powers that rule over their country. The manner of the game is such that curlers may well say "We're brithers a'," and the good fellowship that binds them together in every age is stronger than the developments that distinguish one age from another in the history of their "ain game." We hear of the games of cricket and football, but there is none that has done more to promote good-fellowship, keenness, and rivalry than the grand and noble game of curling.

It is in the bonspiel that the true art of curling is exemplified. The renown which certain curling clubs have gained for excellence in the art is based on the matches they have gained against other clubs. The heroes whose names are remembered with honor in their different provinces won their laurels in the bonspiel, so let us all join in the encouragement of our annual bonspiel—our great winter carnival, for there is really no game which, to be played with any degree of perfection, requires so much skilful resource on the part of the player. "Precision of eye, clearness of head, steadiness of aim, accuracy of judgment, dexterity of hand, force tempered by discretion, decision of character, coolness, confidence, and enthusiasm are all necessary." It is a combination of strength and science.

"Nae game can mak' your blood run quick,
As when ye draw a port or wick,
Or run the winner out, and stick
Upon the tee, that's curlin'.

Oh hopeless wretch who ne'er has known
The music o' the curlin' stone."

Let Winnipeg therefore be proud of her great winter carnival—the Bonspiel. She is the Athens of curling. For a fortnight during the month of February this metropolis of the "Granary of the World" gives herself up to the interests of curling. The windows of her busy stores are decorated in Scotch plaids, brooms, curling trophies and miniature curling rinks, while farmers and others come from all quarters including Alaska, the U.S and the northern countries of Europe to take part and witness the curling matches so skillfully played. Canada is the chosen home of Scotland's ain game, and in the annals of curling there has been no place like Winnipeg.

For the time Winnipeg is wholly given over to curling. The newspapers are full of the various competitions. Nearly all the prizes—and they are valuable—are given by Winnipeg firms.

It is a pleasant sight to see old men carrying brooms to the various curling rinks. On the way many hearty hand shakes and kindly greetings give evidence that brother curler has met brother curler after months of separation. At every place where curlers are grouped one sees plainly that ever present good fellowship that is so strongly linked with the game.

Then let us encourage with enthusiasm the growth of this national game of fellowship because it carries with it the greatest of all blessings—love for fellowmen, for do we not believe with Tennyson

"Shall we not through good and ill.
Cleave to one another still?"

FIELDS

By Clara Hopper

Wise and potent,
Quiet lie,
Gazing at
The moody sky,
Like an ancient
Artisan.
Waiting there
Since time began,
At the whim
Of Master Man.

Lend a bushel
Or a grain,
To a hillock
Or a plain,
They will take
Your measured gold
And pay you back
A hundred fold.

Give them barley,
Give them corn,
Hips or haws
Of rose or thorn,
Fluff of thistle,
Zephyr borne—
Anything,
From anyone
Underneath
The shriv'ling sun—
They will mother
Any waif,
Cover it
And keep it safe.

Fields are generous,
Fields are sweet.
If you dress
And keep them neat
They will bring you
Rye and wheat.
Though you harrow
Till you tire
They will heap you
"Coals of fire":
Though you plough them
Till they're sore
They will only
Bring you more!
Overlook them
Leave them fallow—
They will bring you
Mint and mallow.

Fields are honest,
Fields are human,
Fields are patient
As a woman:
Sweet as blossoms
Children find,
Fields are generous
And kind.
By their deeds
They stand revealed:
What is better
Than a field?

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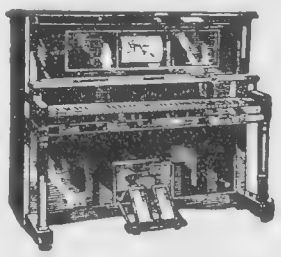

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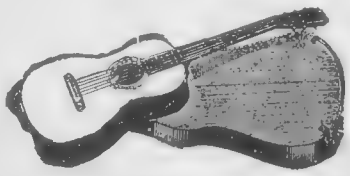

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The Gentleman Adventurer

Continued from page 19

was by no means confident of a speedy release. Admittance to the Bastille was one thing; departure from it another. Many a man with powerful friends at court had rotted for years in a dungeon behind those formidable walls. And to think an over-eagerness for matrimony had brought him to this. What a fool! He, who ever shunned such a venture as dangerous, had come hot-foot to France for that very purpose and instead found himself headed for the Bastille. It seemed like a just retribution for renouncing his philosophy. Or, were the gods preserving him from a worse fate? He smiled grimly at this cynical thought. Never again, he promised himself, would he desert those excellent principles, if he were once quit of this miserable business. Better far was the slack life at Monti's Court in time of peace than this. Arrival at the grim old fortress brought him back to earth.

Having passed through the main gates into a spacious courtyard, they crossed this and entered a small door. Once inside they mounted a narrow flight of steps and passed along a gloomy corridor. At the extreme end of this was a door on which the captain knocked. At the invitation to enter he opened it and motioned the Vicomte into the room. Then he himself followed, leaving the soldiers outside.

The room, one of medium size, was sparsely furnished. An officer sat at a table covered with papers. Two secretaries were busy writing in another part of the room.

D'Auverne clicked his heels.

"A prisoner, mon colonel," he said, handing over the lettre-de-cachet.

The colonel took the document, glanced over it and then touched a bell. Having done this he resumed his writing. Silence reigned except for the noisy scratching of quills and the breathing of the captain, who had not yet recovered from his climb up the stairs.

A warder entered the room. He was a heavily built man of perpetually sour expression.

The colonel looked up. "A new prisoner, Martin. Take him to Number 45 in the old wing."

With a curt command to the Vicomte to precede him, Martin left the room.

"Think of me, Vicomte, when the rats are running over you at night," said Captain D'Auverne with a fat chuckle as he departed down the hall with his men.

St. Croix ignored the taunt. After passing down what seemed to be interminable corridors he at last found himself outside Number 45. The warder took a bunch of keys from his belt, fitted one into the clumsy lock and opened the door.

"Enter," he said briefly.

The Vicomte did so and the door slammed behind him. The key grated in the lock. Mechanically he stood listening to the retreating steps on the flagstones.

His first instinct was to look around his new abode. Its musty smell proclaimed dampness. The stone walls were bare. High up on one of these walls was a window, a foot or so square, crossed by two iron bars. In the middle of the floor was a three-legged stool and beneath the window a rough pallet on which was a pile of dirty blankets. St. Croix sank down on the stool and buried his face in his hands. A feeling of utter dejection overcame him.

MADEMOISELLE de RAMBOUILLET arrived in Paris two days later. The Marquis' joy at her coming was undisguised. It seemed to him that during the last few months she had grown even more desirable. Her figure, still delightfully girlish, was more rounded, and, if possible, more graceful. The sparkle of her dark eyes seemed more brilliant, the gloss of her black hair more silky. How he loved her! At last true love had come to him. All those other affairs seemed for once cheap and tawdry. He thought of the deceits he had practised to obtain her. Pah! how little they really were. To what depths of cunning would he not still descend to make her his wife! But was not this last nearly realized? Surely she would have no objection to marrying him, one of the most distinguished gentlemen of the Court and one who possessed no small way with the ladies. No, there was nothing to fear now if he played his cards carefully.

To this end, as soon as she was rested after the fatigues of travelling, he sent for her and with apparent reluctance informed her that the Vicomte was not worthy of her hand; that a day or two ago he had been arrested by the King's own order for certain offences too awful to repeat. He conveyed the idea that they were fellow-sufferers at the hands of his good-for-nothing brother. An undercurrent in his words impressed on her the contrast between himself and the Vicomte. He was too clever to speak too harshly of his brother, but instead took the part of long-suffering generosity. It appealed to the girl's gentle nature that one so hardly used should preserve such a forgiving spirit towards the offender. So subtly did the Marquis set forth the state of affairs that, as the confusion of the girl's mind sifted itself out in the course of the next few days, two outstanding impressions were left: the goodness of the Marquis and the wickedness of the Vicomte. When the Marquis saw this taking place he set about changing his role of guardian to that of lover. Wherever Solange turned she found almost daily evidence of his devotion, a bouquet of flowers, a tasteful volume of verse or some other dainty present.

Small wonder it was that under such treatment the impressionable young girl soon began to think she was falling in love with the Marquis. All young girls of that age crave romance and this gallant courtier seemed such a perfect one to bestow her affection on. She never dreamed that he was encouraging this emotion, or that his attentions were the outcome of anything but a parental love. However, her unsophisticated mind was unable to conceal her budding passion from the experienced eyes of the Marquis. His pleasure was unbounded at such early return for his planning. Under these circumstances he found it difficult to maintain his self-restraint and against his better judgment decided to declare his love openly. Commonsense told him it would be better to delay a little while until the spark had become a flame, but his mood was not tolerant of such caution. Thus resolved, he went at once to her room before reason could assert itself.

He found her doing a piece of fancy-work in front of the open window. A light breeze was playing with a few rebellious tresses. The slightly ruffled appearance became her. An unaccountable shyness seized the Marquis. He found it difficult to begin. What the devil was the matter? Had he become dumb? This would never do. He must say something.

"A nice breeze here."

"Simply wonderful. Do sit down and talk to me."

"Ah, yes."

But he didn't. He stood gazing over the housetops. One could see the Seine in the distance like a long silver ribbon. The girl prattled gaily on. What was she talking about? He didn't know. Dieu, what a voice, though! It hypnotized him. Then it stopped.

"Why so quiet, Gaston," she enquired. He had asked her to address him by his Christian name.

"I beg your pardon, Solange, I was thinking."

"Is there something worrying you? You seem strange today."

Now was his chance to out those passionate words, but they wouldn't come. He must recover his balance first.

"My brother," he said sadly.

"Ugh, don't talk of him. You shouldn't worry. You've done what you could. Almost too much. He's safer where he is."

"Then you're not sorry he is there?"

"I'm sorry a little boy I used to play with should have turned out so badly, but I'd rather have him in the Bastille than he be my husband. I shall always be grateful to you for saving me from him."

"Solange!" His tone was queer — hoarse with passion. The girl was startled.

"Yes!"

"Oh nothing," he mumbled. He started to pace up and down the room. Solange

ran to him, threw her arms around his neck.

"Oh, Gaston, what is the matter with you? Do let me help you if I can. Can I?"

The barriers of his mind were down. He only knew that he loved her. His arms went around her.

"Solange!" he breathed. "I love you as I never thought it possible to love anyone. I am possessed by it. I am almost glad that Henri is such a rotter that I can speak of it to you. Oh, say that you love me just a little."

He would then and there have printed a kiss on her lips, but she pushed him gently away. Her cheeks were crimson. The experience thrilled her, but at the same time it frightened her. It was so new. She was not a lady of the Court.

"You honor me greatly, Gaston," she said softly, "but you must give me time—a day or so by myself. I am not sure of myself."

He seized her hand again.

"You shall have a week ifyou wish to think it over. I will not come near you until today week. But you give me hope?" he pleaded

"Perhaps."

He pressed her hand to his lips. After a moment she snatched it away and ran from the room. The Marquis gazed ecstatically after her. She would be his. He had no doubt of it now.

ON Wednesday next Solange strolled through the large garden of Palais St. Croix. Shade from the tall beech trees was very pleasant on this sweltering afternoon. Heat was everywhere. Bees hummed drowsily from flower to flower. The place was like a piece of the country buried in the city. Solange sat down on a garden seat by a clump of rhododendrons. The Marquis was coming today for his answer. She had not seen him since the day of his proposal but he had made his presence felt by an even greater number of little gifts. The St. Bernard puppy, nestling in her lap, was the latest of these. As to her answer, she was quite decided to accept him. She believed she loved him. As a matter of fact she really loved what she thought him to be.

The dog wriggled and she put her hand down to caress it. How fluffy and warm it was.

"Pardon, mademoiselle, there is a woman to see you. Will you see her?"

It was Annette, the maid whom the Marquis had obtained for her. The words roused her from her dream.

"A woman to see me? But I know no one in Paris. What is her name?"

"Juliette Ambré. She says it is something important."

"Juliette Ambré. The name is strange to me, but I'll see her.

"Bien, Mademoiselle."

Juliette Ambré. No, she had never heard the name before. Perhaps it was not altogether wise to see strangers. Would Gaston approve? But then, what harm could come of it? The woman was likely in trouble. Money or something of the sort.

A step on the gravel attracted her attention. The visitor was coming towards her. She was tall, slim and graceful, clad in smart walking clothes of rich quality. Her face, a delicate oval, had an oriental touch about it, attributable chiefly to the almond-like eyes. Beautiful, without a doubt, but it was the beauty which is akin to ugliness.

She came straight towards Solange, who arose at her approach.

"You are Solange de Rambouillet?" she asked almost harshly.

"Yes, madame," answered the girl, somewhat abashed at the tone.

"I am Juliette Ambré. Do you love the Marquis de St. Croix?"

Solange blushed crimson. "Madame, you go—"

The other laughed and cut her short. "Pah, a fig for your delicacy. I love him, too. I have been his mistress for more than a year."

The girl drew herself up to her full height in the manner of a grand lady. "Madame, you lie. Leave me at once."

"Pish, girl, why should I lie? There would be no reason for it. I see you love him and I'm sorry for you, but hear my story. Then you can decide whether it is true or not."

Solange sank again to the seat. This was awful. In loyalty to the Marquis she should not listen. But why should this woman make up such a story? Truly there would be no point to it. Better hear the story anyway and then decide as to its truth afterwards.

The other continued: "A year ago the Marquis saw me and fell in love with my beauty. To my unending misfortune I returned his affection almost to worship. Being only an impetuous young girl I disregarded the good advice of my father and went to live in a little house the Marquis had prepared for me. In short, I became his mistress. As time went on I was more and more his slave. Up till a few months ago his devotion was everything I could wish and the scorn of my family seemed but a small price to pay for such happiness." She paused as if to gather her control before going on. "Then three months ago he left Paris. When he returned there was a difference. His visits became less and less frequent. Lately he has hardly come at all. My life has been a misery. I enquired around for a reason. I found none. Then yesterday your maid, who is a friend of mine, told me that she had overheard the Marquis proposing to you. So I came to you. I thought you would want no man with anything like that in his past. There have been others, too. If you refuse him he may come back to me. If he doesn't, there is the Seine."

Her voice trailed off to nothing. Solange buried her head in her arms on the back of the seat. The puppy had dropped unheeded to the ground. It was pawing at her foot for attention. She did not notice it. Against her will she believed this girl. Her words contained too much of desperation to conceal a lie.

"Oh, say it is not true," she moaned. It was more a wish than a hope.

The other laughed coldly. "Why should it not be? I'd stand to gain nothing by inventing such a thing."

Solange began to weep. Juliette's heart softened. She was not really hard.

"I'm sorry," she said more softly than before. "I know how you feel. I have been going through it for weeks."

"Oh, go away, please, and leave me alone," begged Solange between her sobs.

"But you will refuse him, won't you?" persisted Juliette.

"Of course, of course, what else would you expect me to do?"

Juliette cast a pitying glance at the huddled form and drew away. She was sorry, but it had to be one of them. They couldn't both have the same man. Considering her sacrifice of home and family, who would question her better right?

The figure on the bench did not move after Juliette had gone. Poor little Solange! She sobbed quietly to herself. Her ideal was broken and she found it hard to readjust things. Only youth can realize the bitter agony of a broken ideal. Mind and body were both paralyzed by the terrible blow of disillusionment.

PRESENTLY there was a crunching of the gravel again. The Marquis came jauntily down the path. He felt very pleased with the world just then. The fates had dealt him a good hand for once and he was determined to take good advantage of it. One's affairs did not often turn out so well. He looked around for Solange. Annette had said she was in the garden somewhere. Then he saw her—a little heap of dejection. He hurried towards her.

"Solange!" he cried, "what is the matter?" He put his hand on her shoulder. The girl shrank away.

"Don't touch me," she begged. "Go away and leave me alone."

"Solange, what is the matter? Why do you tell me to go away? I have come for your answer. What do you mean?"

Brushing his hand away, Solange leaped to her feet. Her face was flushed and her eyes red-rimmed from weeping. Her voice was full of scorn as she addressed him.

"And that is my answer," she cried; "go away! Never could I marry you. No, don't interrupt me. I have heard of your wicked life and your women. Perhaps you will say you do not know Juliette Ambré." It was plain from his expression that he had. "So you don't deny it; and you expect me to marry you after that. Oh, you beast, leave me at once and go back to your precious Juliette."

"But Solange, even if I have fallen from grace in the past," broke in the Marquis, conciliatingly, "don't condemn me for it now. It is over and shall not

Continued on page 44

Gray Hair Conquered

By This Clean Colorless Liquid

Applied to Any Gray Hair
It Restores the Original Shade

Results in a Week

What is the story your mirror tells? Have you reason to feel that your friends are whispering "She is showing her age. See how gray she is"? Or are you a man still full of ambition and the ability to win and yet regarded as "too old for active service" because your hair is gray?

But no matter how gray it may be, no matter what you have tried without success, you can see your hair quickly restored to its original color by means of a simple preparation as easy to use as water.

This wonderful treatment comes in the form of a liquid, clean and colorless, known as Kolor-Bak. Simply apply it to the hair and scalp as directed and not only will the former color return, but your hair will have renewed strength and beauty of texture. It will not appear streaked, faded or dyed—the color will be uniform. Years will be taken from your appearance.

No Sample of Hair is Required

It doesn't make any difference what the former color was—brown, black, red, blonde, etc.—this one, clean, colorless liquid will restore it. No need whatever for a special formula for each shade of hair—no sample of hair required, no "matching" to obtain the right shade. Several people whose hair was originally of different colors could use the same bottle of Kolor-Bak and each would obtain satisfactory results.

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"Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray and becoming grayer. It was falling out. My scalp itched anddandruff appeared. "Only a few applications of Kolor-Bak stopped the itching and dandruff. My hair soon stopped coming out. Most wonderful of all, however, is that my hair is again its original color. I look ten years younger. No wonder I'm so thankful for Kolor-Bak!" (*A typical letter.*)

Guaranteed by the Makers

With every full treatment we send our legal, written, binding agreement and guarantee which contains the provision that Kolor-Bak will restore your gray hair to its original color, will remove dandruff, stop itching scalp and falling hair or your money will be returned.

For Dandruff, Itching Scalp and Falling Hair

Kolor-Bak also banishes dandruff, and prevents itching of the scalp and falling hair. Thoroughly cleanses the scalp and hair.

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"It restored the natural color to my hair and has cured my little girl of dandruff."

"Am 60 years old. Hair was white. Now brown as in youth."

"One bottle restored my gray hair to its original color and put my scalp in healthy condition."

"Hair was streaked with gray. Now the former shade, and dandruff all gone."

"My hair was falling out badly. Kolor-Bak has stopped it and put it in fine condition."

From everywhere come words like the above, praising this wonderful treatment for the hair.

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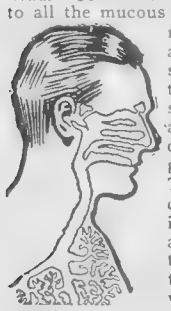
What is Catarrh?

An insidious scourge—how to recognise it —its effect on general health—how to get rid of it quickly and pleasantly.

Doctors say that four out of five people suffer from some form of catarrhal trouble. Doctors say, moreover, that it is an insidious scourge whose presence is often quite unsuspected by its victim but whose effects are all the more serious because they are consequently allowed to go unchecked.

What is Catarrh?

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane. Usually it begins with a simple cold in the head. Commencing in the nostrils, it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the head, the nose, the throat, the lungs and stomach. Thence it spreads its poison through the blood all over the body, sapping the bodily energy and weakening the powers of resistance to disease and germ-spread illnesses.



This diagram shows how the catarrhal infection spreads into all the minute passages and channels of the respiratory system, till the inflamed tissues choke the tiny air-ways.

How to Know Catarrh

If you catch one cold after another; if your eyes are inflamed and watery; if there is a huskiness of the voice; if there is a constant discharge from the nose, forming scabs, or the dropping of phlegm into the throat, causing frequent spitting of white, yellowish or greenish mucus, with an offensive breath; if there is difficulty in breathing with the mouth closed, or loss of the sense of smell or taste, you may know you have catarrh. If you have catarrh of the throat, you will feel hoarseness, sore throat, weakness of voice, frequent desire to clear throat, etc. Catarrhal deafness brings failure of hearing, noises in the head, ringing, roaring and popping. None of these symptoms should be neglected, because it cannot be too strongly urged that catarrh will spread its ill-effects through the whole of your body.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

Having seen how catarrh inflames the membranes in all the minute passages and channels it is evident that the only way to effect a remedy is to employ some healing element which can actually reach the parts that are infected. Obviously ointments cannot do this, nor can liquid sprays reach more than the outer parts, while no stomach medicine can affect the passages of throat and nose.

Fortunately there is one remedy which is not only unfailingly effective in penetrating to the affected part, but is also exceedingly pleasant. It is put up in the form of delicate cigarettes containing no tobacco, cubebs or habit-forming drugs, but made of aromatic herbs, leaves and flowers and called, after the famous Specialist who discovered them, Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes. The healing properties of these herbs and flowers are carried by the act of smoking into various nooks and crannies of the respiratory system, where they soothe the inflamed tissues and banish all trace of catarrhal trouble in a very short time. This diagram shows clearly how the healing vapours of Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes may reach every part that could possibly be affected.

How to Prove it

If you think you have the slightest trace of any catarrhal trouble, colds, asthma, bronchitis, etc., etc., just send a post-card or the coupon below and we will send you a few of the actual Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes for you to try. When you have proved them yourself, you can get further supplies at any drug store, but we make this offer in all sincerity and you would be wise to take advantage of it now, before this paper gets mislaid.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR **Trial Package**

The Blosser Co., 326 AA, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Please send by mail your trial package containing eight Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes for which I enclose ten cents (coin or stamps) to cover postage and packing.

Name .....
Town .....
Street .....
or R. F. D. ..... State .....
(spell out name with pencil very, very plainly)

The Gentleman Adventurer

Continued from page 43

happen again. I am no worse than many others."

"Perhaps not, but I thought you fine and honorable. I loved you because of that."

"Solange, be reasonable."

"Never in that way. I would die first. If you have one spark of honor left, leave me at once."

"But, my dear, I love you. Think only of that, not of the past. I humbly crave your forgiveness. Be generous to one who loves you better than life."

"Oh, why will you insult me with words of love? Leave me."

The Marquis lost his temper. "Insult, is it, for such as I to love you? Then, young lady, if you take that attitude, I swear, as I live, that you shall marry me."

"You underestimate my endurance. Don't imagine that you can marry me by force. No priest would perform the ceremony." She was mockingly scornful.

"Not by force, but of your own free will."

"My own free will. Do you think me mad?"

"I shall arrange the wedding for the fifteenth."

"Arrange as much as you please, but I shall not be there."

"Should you still feel this way on the eve of the fifteenth when I visit you, methinks before I leave you will change your mind and be as eager as I, or more so, for a wedding." He leered evilly as he played his trump card. The girl, catching the all-too-evident meaning, blanched.

"You would not dare," she gasped in horror.

"You misjudge me, mademoiselle. There is nothing I would not do to have you for my wife. I dislike threats, but your scorn drives me to them. You will admit I tried kindness first."

"Then know my scorn has increased a hundredfold. I shall leave your house immediately." She threw up her head defiantly.

"That you shall not. It will be the special duty of Martin and Anatole to see that you do not. I am quite within my rights as your guardian."

"Oh, you vile villian! You wretch! God will punish you!" she cried desperately.

"As you will, Solange. I will say au revoir until dinner." Then, with a smiling bow, he left her.

When he had gone she ran from the garden. Shut in her room she sat thinking of what might be done, but try as she would no solution came. She seemed hopelessly enmeshed in the toils of the Marquis. Wherever she turned Martin or Anatole were at hand to watch her. One day a dressmaker came to fit her for her wedding dress and she passively submitted. Hope grew fainter and fainter as the fifteenth drew near.

The fourteenth dawned. All day she heard the sounds of cannon fire and musketry. The streets outside were noisy and turbulent and crowded. The distant firing frightened her at first but Annette assured her it was only a riot among the people which the soldiery were suppressing. She did not know that the guns were clamoring for admittance to the Bastille, that the military were in revolt as well as the people. Her own trouble was too imminent to allow her to take much interest in aught else.

In the evening the Marquis came. What else could she do but what he wished? She was completely in his power. When he had gone the thought came to her that she had come to Paris full of hopes of happiness and here she was forced to marry a man like the Marquis. Happiness! There was no such thing she thought, and then laughed aloud. Annette was startled. She jumped up.

"What is the matter, mademoiselle?" she asked anxiously.

"Nothing, Annette," she replied. There was a wild strain in her voice. "I am just beginning to understand life, that's all." Again she laughed loudly.

ALL day the noise of the guns had resounded through the streets of Paris. The various thoroughfares were crowded with the turbulent mob intent on doing something for the cause—what it was they hardly knew. The centre of activity was the Bastille. Here, at least, was a definite object, a tangible symbol of tyranny which they could overthrow. For hours they had besieged it, and now, as the day drew to a close there was talk of capitulation. Ah, the people were winning. Frantically they urged each other to renewed efforts. Just as the clock of the Bastille announced nine o'clock the governor surrendered on condition the defenders were given the honors of war. The gates swung back and the mob rushed in. Hardly had they entered the courtyard when their promise was forgotten, and losing their heads they began to slaughter the helpless soldiers. In vain did some of their leaders attempt to restrain them. They were out for blood, and nothing would stop them.

The prisoners within knew little of what was going on outside. Some of those who, like the Vicomte, had been brought in more recently, did guess at the situation, but even they could not grasp how widespread the affair really was

The faithful Andrea was one of the first to pass the gates. Here, thought he, was an opportunity to repay his master in some measure for saving his life. His first impulse was to rush hither and thither along the corridors in search of the Vicomte's cell. Soon his common sense reasserted itself and he stopped to formulate a more feasible plan.

The place in which he found himself was a square enlargement of the hallway. In one corner was a desk, heaped high with papers. Andrea went across to this, hoping to find some record of the Vicomte's whereabouts. Only when he was right beside it did he notice a man in the garb of a warder hiding in the gloom. Drawing his sword he pointed it at the quaking apparition.

"Come out, you skulking coward, or I spit you," he cried.

The man rose gingerly and came from behind the table.

"Oh, monsieur," he begged, "do not kill me; spare my life, I beseech you!"

"Stop your chatter and I will think on it."

"Oh, most gracious——"

"Enough, I said, enough. Keep quiet, dog, or you die." Andrea was enjoying himself immensely. "Dost thou know where the Vicomte de St. Croix is hidden in this filthy hole?"

"Aye, monsieur, aye, 'twas I took the august gentleman his meals. Shall I show your worship there?"

"Knave, thou art too wordy. Thy tongue will get thee killed one of these days. Lead me to the Vicomte's cell and I may be lenient with thee, but play me no tricks or I'll send thee on a visit to thy father, the devil."

In a state of awful panic the man led Andrea to the Vicomte's cell. So much was he trembling that he could hardly open the lock. No sooner was the door open than Andrea rushed in.

"Monsieur, monsieur," he cried with tears in his eyes, "say that you are well."

"Ah, my dear fellow, is it you?" St. Croix exclaimed. "You are indeed faithful. I thought that you would have left Paris ere this. Yes, as well as might be expected after a month in this hole. But tell me what is taking place outside?"

"All Paris is in arms. The Bastille is in the hands of the people."

"Is it revolution?"

"Aye, revolution, bloody and awful revolution."

"It came at last then. I feared it would. But let us not delay here. I crave the fresh air."

"Well said, master. But let us first visit the armory and borrow a sword for you. The streets are not safe for an unarmed man."

"An excellent idea. We will act on it."

Having obtained a fine sword for the Vicomte, they pushed their way through the swarming crowd of men and women to the streets. As they went along Andrea related what had taken place during the past month to drive the people to open revolution.

THEY were passing through a narrow alleyway which was practically deserted when just ahead of them they

heard the rush of heavy feet, a scuffle, and then cries of help. Drawing their swords, they ran in the direction of the noise.

Three men were rifling the pockets of an unconscious soldier on the ground. At the approach of the two newcomers they hastily gathered their booty together and fled. It would be useless to follow them, for, once out on the main thoroughfares they would be lost to sight. Realizing this, the Vicomte knelt down by the unconscious man. It was too dark to discover the nature of his hurt, so they picked him up and carried him around the corner to the sign of the Blue Bull.

It was only when they had him comfortably laid on a bed and had washed the blood from his face that Andrea exclaimed: "D'Auverne!"

"God's truth, and so it is! We seem doomed to meet each other. But it will not be for long. I fear the poor fellow is as good as gone with that wound in his chest."

"A good end for such a varlet," pronounced Andrea, sententiously.

"Nay, be not too hard on him, Andrea, he is in a bad way now. After all he was more to be pitied than to be condemned. Look, he is recovering consciousness. Fetch that glass of water quickly."

It was a fact. The eyes were open and wandering a little, trying to take in the surroundings. At last they rested on St. Croix. A puzzled expression filled them, and then recognition.

"Vicomte! You!" breathed the sick man with extreme difficulty.

The Vicomte sat beside him.

"Yes, I, D'Auverne. We found you battered up like this in the street."

"Ah, yes, there were three men, I remember." Speaking was becoming a greater difficulty. "And did you take the trouble to bring me here after all I've done to you?"

"Yes, yes, of course."

Silence. Then at last: "Am I dying?"

St. Croix hesitated. The other read his hesitation.

"Then I am?"

The Vicomte nodded.

Again, silence. Strange that a man like this should take death so calmly when it actually came. He must have feared it a hundred times, yet when actually upon him he was almost undisturbed.

"Come closer." It was a mere whisper.

"You have been good to me. I can repay you. I have something important to tell you." A rush of blood from his mouth prevented further words. He sank back exhausted. The Vicomte waited expectantly. Presently the other recovered a little. "It was your"—again a spasm—"your brother." The voice died out.

"Yes, yes, my brother. What of him?"

"He bought the—the lettre-de-cachet."

"My brother! Never! He did his best for me." There was incredulity in every word.

"I swear by the True Cross it's true. I think he did it to marry—" A spasm worse than the others seized him. He fell back, dead.

The Vicomte sat gazing spell-bound at the dead man. His brother! Good God! Was the man dreaming? Was it a hallucination such as sometimes comes to the dying? "He did it to marry—" Why couldn't he have finished that sentence? Marry who? Ridiculous. Ah, Solange. The girl was rich. Could it be his brother was inspired by the same motive as himself? Pish, he was letting his imagination run away with him. Yet, how logical it was. He must think, think. How ridiculous. Yet the man's words sounded sincere and unlike one in a delirium.

A doubt, once sown, is hard to eradicate. He rose stupidly from the bed.

"Andrea, did you hear what the man said?"

"Oui, monsieur."

"Good. Send for mine host."

The man departed and presently returned with the bowed old host of the inn. The Vicomte addressed himself to the latter.

"Ah, my good fellow, this officer has died from his wounds. Be good enough to send a message to the quarters of the King's Guard that Captain D'Auverne is lying here dead."

"Mais, oui, monsieur."

"And now, show us rooms for the night. The best you have."

The man bowed and led them along the hall to a neatly appointed suite in front of the inn. They sent him off with an order for wine.

When they had finished their bottle, he despatched Andrea to his house for a change of raiment and other essentials.

An hour or so later found him still restlessly thinking over the problem of the dying captain's words. At length, seizing his hat, he went out to walk through the lively streets. Everywhere was celebration at the taking of the Bastille. Bonfires, built in the middle of the street, were surrounded by noisy men and women, all suffering from an over-indulgence at the wine shops. Some harangued little groups; others sang the crude songs of the gutter. St. Croix passed unhindered and unnoticing by these assorted throngs. Only once did anyone speak to him. It was a woman. She gayly seized his arm and cried to him not to look so glum on such an evening, but he pushed her angrily away and strode on in silence. About midnight, tired out, he sought his bed. He seemed to be the only one in Paris who proposed to sleep that night.

THE next morning's sun was shining brightly as the Vicomte and Andrea set off for the Marquis' residence. Many restless throngs passed them. No one seemed to be working today. All seemed to be bent on things political. And although it was verging on eleven o'clock very few shops were open for business.

The Vicomte rapped on the door of Palais St. Croix. A lackey who was unacquainted with him appeared.

"Is the Marquis at home?"

"Yes, monsieur, but he gave orders that he is not to be disturbed. He is at present wedding Mademoiselle de Rambouillet."

Rage for a moment blinded the Vicomte. Then it was all true. His face was white, his lips set. He managed just one word.

"Where?"

"In the salon."

"Andrea, await me here."

Brushing aside the amazed servant before he could protest, he rushed to the door of the salon and threw it open.

There were five people within: the Marquis, Solange, a priest and two other gentlemen, evidently witnesses to the wedding. One of these was unknown to the Vicomte but the other was the young Comte de Berceuse, whom he had met several times during his stay in Paris. They all turned at his sudden entry. The priest hastily made the sign of the cross. The intruder addressed himself straight to the Marquis.

"Gaston, you blackguard, stop this ceremony at once. I have business with you first."

The Marquis saw from his brother's tone that he had in some way learned of the trick played on him. He decided to put on a bold front.

"Too late, my dear Henri. This lady is already my wife."

"Then as God lives she will soon be your widow!" With that the Vicomte hurled his glove in his brother's face.

The Marquis winced and then picked up the glove. His manner was biting. "Very well, Henri, if you insist on dying my friends will wait on you later in the day. These gentlemen will bear witness that this meeting is none of my making."

"Some time today will not suit me. I demand immediate satisfaction." He turned to the two men. "Gentlemen, I refer to your opinion. This man, who calls himself my brother, bought a lettre-de-cachet a month ago and had me incarcerated in the Bastille that he might steal my affianced wife. Have I not the right to immediate satisfaction?"

The two thus addressed drew aside to discuss the point.

When the girl heard the Vicomte disclose himself she left the Marquis and rushed to his side.

"Henri, is it really you? And he told me you were imprisoned because you had committed some awful crime. Oh, he's a terrible man! He was so cruel and he forced me to marry him. Do save me from him!"

The Vicomte looked down into her appealing face. It was the first time he had noticed her since he entered the room. Never had he conceived such a girl even in his dreams. He was her slave from that moment. He put his arm around her protectively.

Continued on page 47

I Have Found Out How to Get Rid of Superfluous Hair

Here's the Method

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PATTERN DEPARTMENT

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

STOVEL BUILDING WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY BOBBY BURKE

"IN READING THERE IS KNOWLEDGE"

DEAR Boys and Girls of the Cosy Corner,

Do you know that the most awful thing nearly happened? Bobby Burke pretty nearly forgot the Cosy Corner this month. I think a big Christmas box must have jumped in and taken up all the room where the Think Box usually is, and if there hadn't been a telephone handy and some one who rang that telephone, well—we wouldn't have had any chat this month at all. Didn't they give us a big share of the Christmas number? I think the editors were most awfully good to us weren't they, for the story of "The Animals' First Christmas Party" belonged to us, although it began on another page. I hope you have all sharpened your wits and your pencils and written me a splendid story about the "Christmas Nightmare," I am expecting to be deluged with them very shortly.

This month we have an interesting story written by Kathleen Woodley of Oak Bay, and I hope you will enjoy it as much as I did. There are other things too you will enjoy I am sure, and I hope that 1926 will welcome many more members to our Cosy Corner, and that the old members will come and visit us often.

Happy New Year to you all, and the best and jolliest of times for everyone.

THE FRUSTRATED PLOT

By Kathleen Woodley

ONE morning in the seventeenth century the July sun was streaming on a beautiful country estate in Richmond, England. The spacious grounds and dignified mansion signified the owner of a man of high rank.

In the library sat a man busily engaged in writing. His glossy brown wig fell in long curls over his shoulders. His coat of rich, red velvet had cuffs of snowy white lace, which almost reached the tips of his hands. His long tapering fingers were laden with massive rings. This gentleman was Sir John Trenton, Captain of the Guards in the service of His Majesty, King Charles the First.

Hearing laughing voices, Sir John looked up from his work with a smile, as a merry lad of twelve rushed into the room, closely followed by a pretty girl of nine or ten years. With excited cries they flung themselves upon their father, talking and gesticulating at the same time.

"Father, father, the country folk are going to the village to prepare for the fair, and they are all dressed in bright clothes, and—"

"And they're all singing, father, and they have piles of red apples in their wagons, and, and—"

"Fie, fie, little ones, but your words are all tumbling one on the other, and as for making sense out of what you are trying to say," and Sir John lifted his hands in mock dismay, which action made the children peal with laughter.

"Now Guy, my lad, as you are the elder, you shall tell me all about it, although methinks the lass would have her sex given the preference," said the baronet with a broad smile to Mistress Anne who was pouting.

"Well father," said Guy, trying to keep the excitement out of his voice, "the country folk are going to the village to prepare for the fair to be held this day noon, and I heard them say that the King was to be present, and oh, father, you promised me that I should see the King soon, so will you take me to the fair, please sir?"

Sir John's face grew grave, and when he spoke it was quietly, as if he was trying to impress his words on his young son's mind. "Ay, lad, an' I think 'tis but time that you should see the King, whom you must always obey, so that if trouble arises in time to come, the son of Sir John Trenton will not delay in offering his services to the King. So my lad, you and I will journey tomorrow noon to Richmond Fair to make our obeisance to the King."

Without another word he returned to his work, but a soft, treble voice piped up, "But, father, will you not take me to the fair, too? Am I not to see the King?"

"No, little maid," replied Sir John, "thou art but young for me to take. Little maids are better by far home than amongst the noisy crowds at the fairs. Tut, tut, Mistress Anne, I did not mean to disappoint you. See, you shall have that little brown pony like Guy's, which old Thomas has been teaching you to ride," and with a loving kiss on her tearful face, he returned to his papers.

The sun next day was shining brightly when Guy and his father set out for the fair. Guy was dressed in a new suit of blue velvet and wore a black plumed hat which he doffed and waved gaily to Anne, who was wistfully watching their departure. As soon as they had disappeared she returned to the house where she played on the harpsichord for her mother, who was not very strong and confined to her room. Immediately after her mother had settled down for a nap, however, Anne crept from the room and hastened outside in search of Thomas, the gardener.

"Thomas, will you be needing Rufus this afternoon?"

"No, Mistress Anne, and what be you wanting of Rufus?"

"I am going to the fair," said Anne, "and I want Rufus to come with me."

"Going to the fair? But—"

"Hush," she said, stamping her foot, "I am going to the fair and Rufus is going with me. I will not be gone long and it's not right that Guy should see the King and not I. When I have seen the King I will return at once." So saying, she ran towards the stables, leaving old Thomas shaking his head in perplexity.

Rufus, a young yokel, did not know the word disobey and when his young mistress demanded him to saddle her pony and the old mare for himself he obeyed. Soon they were trotting down the highway in the direction of Richmond Fair.

It was a glorious day. The excitement of their adventure made Mistress Anne's blood tingle with joy. On either side wild roses bloomed in the hedges. The fields, newly mowed, smelt fresh and sweet, and a lark startled by the hoof-beats, rose from its nest and uttered a trilling rhapsody of song. As they neared the village the songs and laughter of the merry-makers reached their ears. The riders quickened their pace. On reaching the edge of the grounds Anne reined in, dismounted and bidding Rufus stay with the horses until she returned, started on a tour of exploration.

To Anne this fair was a land of enchantment and for half an hour she wandered happily through the throngs of frolickers, enjoying her stolen pleasure to the full. At last she grew tired, and thinking she had remained long enough, although she had not been able to see the King, began to search for Rufus. After a fruitless attempt to return to her henchman, she sat down and leaned against a tree, hot and tired, and completely lost.

In her wanderings she had strolled towards the outer side of the fair where the horses were lined up. Suddenly she heard voices conversing, and was surprised to hear her brother's name mentioned. The voices came from beyond a farm-cart, and the little girl's face grew hot with anger and fear as she heard what was spoken.

"Didst notice if Sir John Trenton's lad was with him?"

"Ay, and very smartly dressed too. A bright, merry lad he is and I would—"

"Thou wouldst what, fool? Think thou to have a weak heart at the last hour? Curses on the gentry and I would they were all wiped out. But tush, lad, the child will come to no harm unless—. A day or two without food and his father won't hurt him and Sir John will pay dear to have him back again. But if he waxes wroth and refuses to pay, then there are other ways and means."

"You mean torture?"

"Ay, a little cruelty to the lad will bring Sir John to his senses. Now, remember, at the tall oak half way along the highway. They will doubtless pass within the hour."

A cry rose to Anne's lips but she checked it. With trembling limbs she rose to her feet and looked dazedly around her. The ruffian's words kept ringing in her ears. Oh Guy, Guy, she must save Guy! But where was Guy? She must find him, and Anne anxiously hastened in search of her father. She mingled with the crowd, but in vain. Nowhere could she see her father's tall figure or her brother's short one. As she hurried along she saw a group of richly dressed men and women standing apart from the crowd and happily noticed her father's straight figure among them. Not bothering to look at the others, she raced into their midst and clutching her father's coat, stammered out her story.

For a moment her father was too astonished to speak and then he angrily interrupted her with the words, "Be quiet, Anne. Knowst not that ye stand in the presence of His Majesty? Remember your manners, child." Sir John hurriedly turned to the King, "An' it please Your Majesty, I beg you to excuse my daughter's unseemly behavior. I had thought her home with Mistress Trenton."

King Charles bowed gravely to Anne, who was now trembling at her audacity and turning to Sir John replied, "Methinks the little maid is to be pardoned, as she was but anxious for the safety of her brother. If what Mistress Anne says is right, then in truth you have a daughter to be proud of, Sir John, rather than ashamed. Ay, but the ruffians shall find themselves in a plot but a plot in which they are the losers. Sir John, take some of my guards and before this hour passes the villains will find themselves caught in their own noose."

Sir John bowed and gratefully murmured his thanks for His Majesty's grace. Soon he and his son were galloping homewards, closely followed by several armed horsemen, who concealed themselves behind the hedges. Rufus and Anne followed at a short distance. To all appearances Sir John and Guy Trenton were alone, unarmed and unsuspecting. So thought two masked horsemen who leaped from the shadow of the old oak and rudely accosted the wayfarers. The ruffians had just laid their hands roughly on the lad when the soldiers burst through the hedges and in a moment the highwaymen were overpowered and trussed up.

Sir John Trenton shuddered as he thought what a narrow escape his son and heir had had. Instead of a severe lecture and punishment, Anne found herself overwhelmed by her mother's and father's gratitude and always remembered how she frustrated the kidnappers' plot and her first introduction to her King.

Opportunity

A stranger knocked at a man's door and told him of a fortune to be made.

"Um," said the man, "it appears that considerable effort will be involved."

"Oh, yes," said the stranger, "you will pass many sleepless nights and toilsome days."

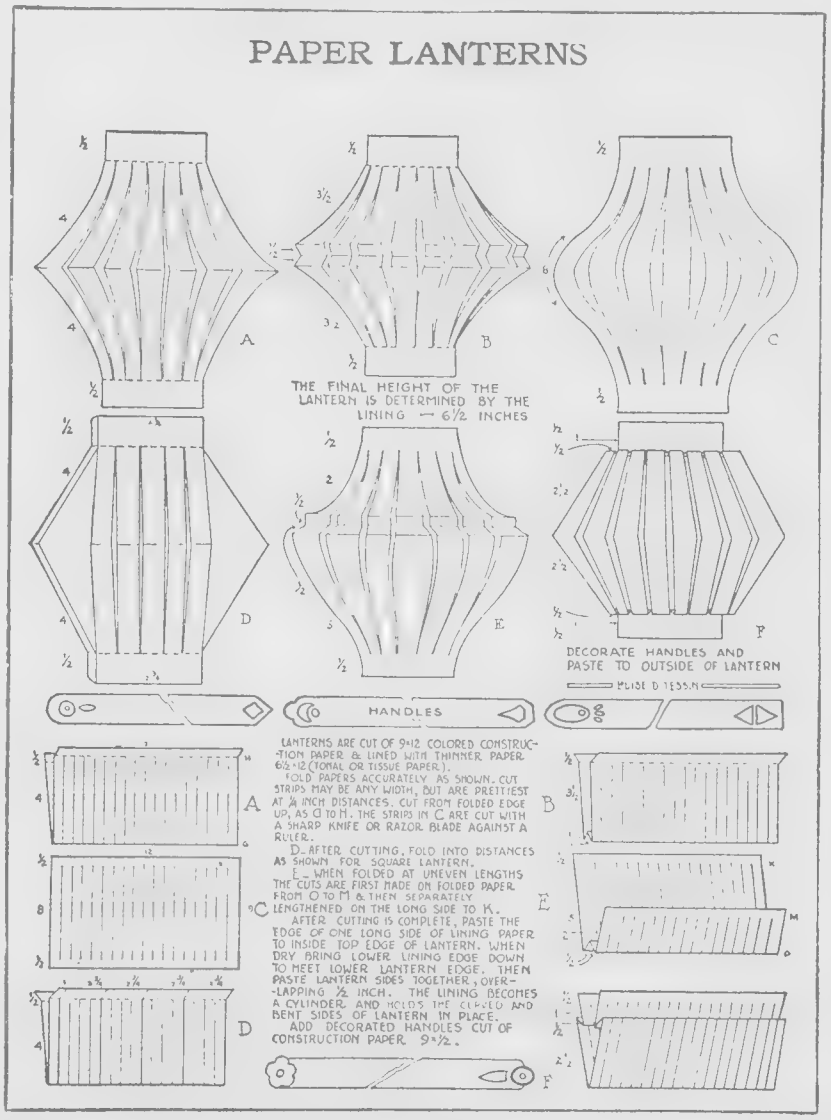
"Um," said the man, "and who are you?"

"I am called Opportunity."

"Um," said the man, "you call yourself Opportunity, but you look like Hard Work to me."

And he slammed the door.

Something to Make



Here is a dainty lantern to make and color. Try your hand at this one and see how nicely you can make it. The directions are very clear and it should be just the kind of work you want to do. Send your best effort in to the Cosy Corner and there will be a prize of a gold button for the two best lanterns. Wouldn't a lot of these be pretty to decorate a room for a party?

A Gentleman Adventurer

Continued from page 45

"Don't fear, dear lady, I will protect you."

Her eyes thanked him in such a way that he would fain have said more but at that moment Comte de Berceuse announced the decision of himself and his colleague. He spoke to the Marquis.

"We consider the Vicomte has the right to demand immediate satisfaction."

"Very well, gentlemen, it shall be as you say," he agreed, and then turned to the other. "Monsieur le Duc, will you do me the honor of acting for me?"

The Duc de Bretagne bowed his acquiescence and the Comte de Berceuse expressed his willingness to perform a like office for the Vicomte.

"Then, messieurs," said the Vicomte, "let us adjourn to the lawn behind the house; it is admirably suited to our purpose." He pushed the clinging girl gently from him. "Keep up your courage, Mademoiselle Solange. I will return to you in a few minutes."

"You forget to add that it will be feet foremost, my dear boy," commented the Marquis pleasantly.

The Vicomte ignored the remark and the principals and their seconds made their way to the garden. When they had gone Solange slipped upstairs to a back window whence she could watch the fight which was to mean so much to her future.

The preliminaries of position and measuring of swords were soon concluded, and presently the Marquis and the Vicomte were facing each other, rapier in hand. The Duc de Bretagne recited the rules arranged by the seconds.

He stepped back as the command was given and he and de Berceuse, one on each side of the duellers, settled down to watch the struggle, ready at any breach of the rules to stop the contestants.

The pair were very well matched and for some minutes the duel continued evenly. Finally, however, the Marquis lay bleeding on the ground with a thrust through his chest. The two seconds rushed to his side. The Vicomte wiped his rapier on a dainty lace handkerchief. Then he, too, approached the prostrate man.

"Is he dead?" he asked.

"A bad wound, but not necessarily fatal," replied de Berceuse, busy with the Marquis' shirt.

"A plague on it! I was ever a bungler. Well, I must leave him to your care. My business takes me away. I thank you, Comte, for your assistance." With that he departed to the house.

SOLANGE met the Vicomte at the door.

"Oh Henri, how brave you are! I saw it all. I was so afraid for you. Is he dead?"

"No, I made some slight mistake. I'm afraid you still have a husband."

"Then I can't stay here. Oh, what shall I do? You must take me away somewhere!"

The Vicomte thought a moment. "I will endeavor to formulate a plan. I must leave you now, but I will come back this afternoon. Au revoir till then."

When he returned that afternoon the Vicomte suggested that Solange accompany him to Monti's court. There he would place her under the protection of that powerful prince. Since the girl was so eager to be quit of the Marquis' influence, they quietly left Paris by coach for Marseilles the very next day. Andrea was left behind to wind up some of his master's affairs; after which he would join them at the southern city before they sailed.

During the long journey to Marseilles the Vicomte's love for the girl continually increased. Yet he breathed not one word of his affection, because legally, if not morally, she belonged to the Marquis. However, his unspoken words were apparent to the girl and she seemed in no wise to object. Although nothing was said, a sort of tacit understanding was felt by both. Many a time the Vicomte cursed himself for arriving a scant few minutes late on that fatal morning. He felt that with this woman at his side he would be spurred on to accomplishments never before dreamed of.

A week after their arrival Andrea came. They had waited impatiently for his delayed appearance but the news he brought was worth it and more; the Marquis had died unexpectedly from his wounds. Solange was free.

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If you want to buy or sell anything, or if you want help or employment, the Classified columns of the Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you.

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DR. H. P. McPHAIL, M.D., C.M., Physician and Surgeon for Obscure conditions. 202 Enderton Bldg., Winnipeg. 4-26

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PRESCRIPTIONS, patent medicines and surgical supplies, unattainable elsewhere, mailed at once. Ruttan's Drug Store, 2579 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg. We are agents for Fletcher's A. K. Rheumatic treatment, $5.00. Ruttan's guaranteed bronchial treatment, $1.00, and Humphrey's Homeopathic tinctures and remedies. 6-26

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COLLECTION SENT FREE. Postage 3 cents. 100 Stamps, Album, Hinges, 25 cents; 1,000 Stamps, 25 cents. Stamp Co., 349-23rd West, Vancouver, Canada. tf

FREE STAMPS of your own choice. Just send for my premium approvals, post free. Agents wanted. Heath, 422 Craigflower, Victoria, B.C. 1-26

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MASONIC SYMBOLISM, History Science, Philosophy; correspondence invited; enquiries treated sympathetically. W. Haydon, 564 Pape Ave., Toronto—6. 3-26

HEAVEN AND HELL. Swedenborg's great work on the life after death and a real world beyond. Over 400 pages. Only 25c postpaid. A. W. Law, 486 Euclid Ave., Toronto. 4-26

NOVELTY CATALOGUE listing latest Novelties, Masquerade Supplies, Toys, Decorative Goods, Books and also goods for Bazaars, etc. Sent postpaid. United Sales Co., Station B, Winnipeg, Man. 1-26

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I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Quebec.

HUNTERS, TRAPPERS — Fox, coon and mink are easily taken by my methods, so easy that any boy can catch the sly old Red. Enclose 10 cents, silver, for reply with full particulars. C. M. Decker, Huntingdon, Que. 1-26

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NEW AND USED MACHINERY bought and sold. General Machinery Company, 67 Frederick St., Toronto, Ont. 2-26

DAINTY MISS—New and wonderful apron made of durable rubber, with pocket and edged with gingham. Colors: Orange, blue, pink, green. Send 60c. Money refunded if not satisfactory. National Products Co., Dept. A, 119 Craig St. West, Montreal. 1-26

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Change of Rate For Classified Advertising

THE circulation of The Western Home Monthly is now in excess of 60,000. The very high cost of producing such a great quantity of this high-class magazine necessitates a change in the rate of classified advertising.

Commencing with the January number, the charge for classified advertising will be 7 cents per word per insertion, with a minimum charge of $1.00. Cash with order. Special rate of six insertions for the price of five.

The Western Home Monthly
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

Civilization

Civilization is largely a slow process of learning to be kind.—Toronto Globe.

Memo for Motorists

Always park alongside a new and shiny car. It will back out without scraping you.—Montreal Herald.

They Made Their Advantages

Apparently some men are successful because they did not have the advantages others had.—Brandon Sun.

Many Are in Chicago, Apparently

A headline refers to a "Safe Robber in New York." Aren't all robbers safe in New York?—Chicago Tribune.

A Point of View Too Many Have

Too many people think that opportunity means a chance to get money without earning it.—Canadian Finance.

But Surely Not Many Nowadays!

Some men won't buy labor-saving devices for the home because they think they married one.—Kingston Whig.

Both Eyes and Nose Had It

They have had a free-for-all fight in the Italian parliament. The eyes had it, especially the black ones.—Kitchener Record.

The Editor Scorns a Restricted Diet

The diet sharps tell us now that to live long we must subsist on fish, carrots and spinach. And they call that living!—Galt Reporter.

Liberty's Attitude

It remained for a British visitor to remind us that the Statue of Liberty stands with her back to the United States.—Omaha Bee.

An Unforseen Finish

Lipton's old yacht, the Shamrock II., is being used as a rum-runner. The boat probably thinks it's merely cold tea.—Duluth Herald.

Governor-General Speaks Sound Doctrine

"We must think of Canada as a whole," says Lord Byng. The trouble is that too many Canadians think the part is greater than the whole.—Lethbridge Herald.

Gravitation Reversed

The tighter apples are packed to the barrel the greater seems the tendency for the larger ones to work to the top.—Fargo Tribune.

An Author Who Wrote with Feeling

After all these years somebody has discovered that the author of those famous lines, "Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight!" had a note coming due at the bank.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

A Girl Who Was Modern Very Long Ago

A female mummy believed to be over 3,000 years old has been unearthed near the city of Ur. And to think that some 3,000 years ago she was "the modern girl!"—Brockville Recorder-Times.

But Not as Famous as Jackie Coogan

It turns out that "old" King Tut was a little boy of fifteen years. But it can be truly said that he is now the oldest little fifteen year-old boy in the world. —Sault Ste. Marie Star.

At That Rate of Increase!

We read in the Houston Despatch that Houston expects to have a population of 2,000,000 eventually. At that rate of increase for every town of 50,000 people in the country we seem to be in for a total population of about 4,718,862,919,307 — eventually. — Boston Transcript.

Chinese Developments

An editorial says that the young Chinese in China "are tearing their shirts for self-government." Over here the Chinese are tearing other people's shirts for nothing at all.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

One More Fact Stranger Than Fiction

A woman in New York who had no food for her four children went out in desperation and smashed a grocer's window in order to obtain sustenance for her hungry babes. The noise of the shattering glass attracted the attention of a policeman who happened to be passing and he as a matter of duty arrested the woman. It was then discovered by the authorities that she was entitled to a widow's pension of $72 a month and an insurance allowance of $1,200. She had not known this when she broke the window.—Washington Star.

The Insanity Plea

It now seems to be the fashion to kill a man and then go crazy to escape punishment.—Detroit News.

Millinery Note

Much of the smart of a smart hat is when one woman sees it on another woman.—Toronto Star.

The Wicked Flea

We read that a flea can pull eight times his own weight. But even that doesn't recommend him to us. —Vancouver Sun.

No Doubt

It is entirely probable that the Pelican Hotel in Florida is named appropriately. The pelican has a large bill.—Minneapolis Journal.

Ford Joke—New Style

When those Ford airships stall it will be lots of fun to get out and crank them.—Victoria Times.

Always It Will Be Next Month

Next month the bank deposits will break all records. Next month everybody is going to begin saving.—Buffalo Express.

Defective Lubrication

It hardly seems possible, but most of the friction in the Balkans appears to be caused by Greece.—Calgary Herald.

A More Drastic Way Than Ours

A newspaper heading says: "Chinese ministers quit; others flee." Now that is the kind of election they have in China.—Moosomin World-Spectator.

They Are Distinguishable

The settler has no quarrel with the hunter, but he does wish the hunter would learn to distinguish between a deer and a red cow.—Ottawa Journal.

Cause and Effect

How many bank robberies have there been in this town since the bankers offered their reward for bank robbers dead or alive? Not any.—Chicago News.

It Would Almost Seem So

In the United States it looks as if it were becoming easier to get someone murdered and harder to get anyone hanged than it ever was before.—Montreal La Presse.

Progress in Radio

It's now reached the stage in radio where a citizen listens to Miami, Florida, or Hocus Pocus, Texas, without saying, "Doesn't it beat all?"—Niagara Falls Review.

Would Be a Useful Thing To Know

"Montreal borrowing cash without adding to debt," says a headline. There are plenty of people who would like to learn how it is done.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

How Doth the Busy Little Bee!

Canada's busy bees set a headline for thrift and industry. Honey production in the Dominion jumped from 6,000,000 pounds in 1920 to over 21,000,000 pounds in 1925.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

Possibly So

Underneath the foundation-stone of a new building there were recently buried a newspaper, a gramophone record and a cinema film. These builders do the right thing sometimes, don't they?—Punch.

A Gain of 3 Per Cent

A Boston observer with a marvelous knowledge of human frailties estimates that ninety-seven per cent of the population is guilty of the art of evading the truth. The world is improving. The Psalmist said: "All men are liars." A gain of three per cent since David's time.—Saskatoon Star.

Wages Depend on Production

The teaching of economics in the schools might explode a popular fallacy that there is such a thing as a living wage upon which industry should be organized. The wages a man can earn depend upon the value of what he produces. The value in its turn depends upon what can be obtained for the product in the market. Where there are high wages and short hours the product of these cannot compete with the product of longer hours, harder work and lower wages. As one writer has put it succinctly: "Economic laws are laws of nature, and, like other natural laws, are sanctioned by rewards and punishments which cannot be evaded. Neither nationalization, nor Socialism, nor Communism, can make the slightest difference in the action of these laws."—Victoria Colonist

Man the Victim of Illusions

None is perfect; when a man outgrows fairies and Santa Claus he still believes in statistics.—Neepawa Press.

In Regard to Chicago

Chicago is the place where they discover more crimes and fewer criminals than anywhere else in the world.—New York World.

If They Were Mosquitoes, They Did

Mosquitoes are reported to have invaded parts of Great Britain last summer. The question is, did they dig in?—Toronto Telegram.

They Are Other Squealers

Complaint is made that some radio sets do too much squealing. But why pick on the radio sets?—Indian Head News.

Another Efficiency Expert

That British Columbia man who wrote 12,125 words on a postcard saved all of two cents in postage.—Hamilton Herald.

A Philosophical Young Lady

"'Tis better to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of," was what the young lady said on being offered ice cream after eating lobster salad.—Moose Jaw Times.

There Are Always Many Willing

Seeing what happens to you after you get elected to something it is amazing the number of men who are always willing to get elected to something.—Fort William Times-Journal.

The Problems Are For Us To Solve

Another gentleman has been speaking about Canada's problems. Is there nothing else in this great land of ours to talk about except problems?—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

Will History Repeat Itself in Rome?

The cartoonists are comparing Mussolini to Julius Caesar. It is not one that will appeal to Mussolini, because Caesar departed this life full of holes.—Border Cities Star.

The Election at the Antipodes

After reading reports of the Australian election campaign and what the leaders were saying about each other, our late fracas in Canada appears a very tame affair.—Winnipeg Tribune.

A Strenuous Day for the Editor

The News is late this week because the editor assisted J. McLellan in moving his household goods into his new abode. This happened on our regular press day, and today we felt like we had been through a ten-round bout.—Viking (Alta.) News.

Criminals Most Valuable Aid

The most valuable weapon in the hands of criminals today is not the pistol but the automobile. By use of it they gain unprecedented mobility, nor can their use of it be prevented, for they almost invariably ride in stolen cars.—Kansas City Star.

The Importance of "Mixing In"

Look about in your own community and see who are the men of power there. Undoubtedly they are the men who have the most contacts with their fellows. The hermits may be interesting curiosities, but they carry no weight in community councils. The moral is, if you want to be a power in the world, "mix in."—Hamilton Spectator.

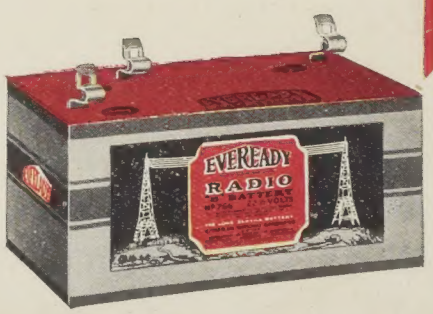
The Bees Get No Such Chance

We see where the Natural History society spent an evening dealing with bees. Which, of course, is far better than to have the bees spend an evening dealing with the Natural History society.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Education for Citizenship

It is not too early to begin the education for citizenship in the primary grades of the common schools. Of every one hundred pupils who enter the common schools, only two will reach college. But the ninety-eight as well as the two will become citizens in due course of time. It would seem to be the part of wisdom to see that the ninety-eight as well as the two were considered throughout their formal education and trained how to conduct themselves not only as individuals but also in their relations with others. The more the public schools train our children for life work and for citizenship the more useful will they be to the nation. And the same may be said of the colleges and universities. Training for citizenship is the best training any school can give.—Ottawa Citizen.

Confidence



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